JANUARY, 1925 MONTHLY VOL. II NO. 8

The Adelphi

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EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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The Adelphi
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VOL. II. NO. 8. JANUARY, 1925

POETRY, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION

By John Middleton Murry

IN my last essay I gave an account of the spirit of the Renaissance out of which the modern Western consciousness was born. The Renaissance, I said, was a rebellion against the theory of the universe and of human life, held by and embodied in the mediæval Church; it was an assertion, or a re-assertion, of the right of the individual to prove all things for himself.

The complete expression of this movement of mind, of which we are the inheritors, is co-extensive with the whole spiritual activity of man—his art, his science, his politics, and his religion. In all these we can follow out the slow percolation of the great initial impulse: in those spiritual activities in which large bodies of men are inevitably involved—in politics and religion—not merely was the percolation slow, but the impulse itself was degraded, until to-day it can fairly be said that the ordinary thought of politics or religion lags hopelessly in the rear of the thought of science or art. It was necessary that this should be so, for neither in politics nor in religion was it possible to carry through that unfettered exploration of the universe by the individual, to which man dedicated himself at the Renaissance. In religion the issue was prejudged; therefore the exploring spirits held themselves aloof

from it. And politics is not really an affair of the individual at all; it is an affair of masses and therefore of crude approximations and still cruder caricatures. Political action, at best, could secure only the conditions of freedom—freedom of thought and freedom of speech. These once secured, the possibilities of politics as a field of expression for the free spirit of man were exhausted.

Only in art and science was the field truly adequate; and between these one deep and clean division immediately appears. Science contains the exploration of the universe without, and literature (which is the only completely expressive art), contains the exploration of the universe within. Literature is essentially the expression of man's reaction to experience, whereas science is the investigation of the thing experienced. The object as it is in itself is the matter of science, the object as it is to me is the matter of literature. The division between these things is, of course, not absolute. The investigations of science into the object as it is in itself can change the object as it is to me. Keats and Charles Lamb were once heard to agree that science had taken all beauty out of the rainbow by explaining that it was caused by the refraction of light through drops of water. That was the utterance of momentary spleen. But there have been more durable interactions. There was, for instance, a change in the whole background of men's thoughts and feelings when they began to learn from science that the sun was an immense sphere of incandescent gas round which the earth revolved, instead of a convenient abode for angels dutifully circling round the earth. Their realization that the earth was certainly not the actual centre, and not obviously the spiritual focus of the universe began to colour the whole of their reaction to experience. But although the separation between literature and science is by no means absolute, we may distinguish between them for our purpose by saying that the exploration

of the world without by science increased the opportunities and made urgent the necessity for literature to explore the universe within.

The inevitable effect of man's new freedom was to increase the tension of soul of those who availed themselves of it. Contradictory forces were immediately at strain in them. They had asserted the significance of man, and one of the first consequences of this assertion was to throw into a clear cold light man's insignificance: they rushed forth impetuously to discover the universe, and the first thing they discovered was that man was an exceedingly small part of it. The mediæval system against which they rebelled had placed man, with all his burden of original sin, beyond challenge at the pinnacle of creation: the new system —if we can call it a system—glorified man only to make him the plaything of a vast and inscrutable process. On the one hand a new trust in man's faculties and a new exercise of them: on the other a wholly new and disturbing doubt concerning man's destiny and purpose. Confidence and mistrust went hand in hand. The epoch of the divided soul had begun.

This internal warfare, this incessant struggle within man's soul for certainty, was the portion of literature after the Renaissance. To science fell the positive work of exploration, and science is never concerned with the effect of its results, but only with its results. Its wholly engrossing purpose is to discover objective truth: it is for other men to accommodate themselves to the objective truth discovered. It is sometimes said that this accommodation is the function of philosophy, and that these other men are the philosophers. I do not believe it. For the adjustment effected by philosophy, in so far as philosophy is a science at all and not a peculiar kind of poetry, is a purely intellectual adjustment; and because it is purely intellectual it is partial and unsatisfying. It is felt to be so by the

philosophers themselves; and their real power might be measured by the extent of their spoken or unspoken admission that they are seeking to satisfy by the intellect alone an appetite that is more than intellectual. If they are great philosophers, they are either poets, like Plato or Lucretius or Spinoza, men who with their whole soul passionately contemplate the universe presented to them by their intellectual vision, or they are men of science, like Aristotle or Descartes, who include among the objects for their positive investigation the human faculties themselves. To make clear what I mean by the inadequacy of a philosophy which does not remain science or become poetry, I will take the words not of one of the great speculative masters of the past, but of one of the most distinguished philosophers of the present, the late F. H. Bradley.

> When in the reason's philosophy the rational appears dominant and sole possessor of the world, we can only wonder what place would be left to it, if the element excluded might break through the charm of the magic circle, and without growing rational, might find expression. Such an idea may be senseless, and such a thought may contradict itself, but it serves to give voice to an obstinate instinct. Unless thought stands for something that falls beyond mere intelligence, if "thinking" is not used with some strange implication that never was part of the meaning of the word, a lingering scruple still forbids us to believe that reality can ever be purely rational. It may come from a failure in my metaphysics, or from a weakness of the flesh which continues to blind me, but the notion that existence should be the same as understanding strikes as cold and ghostlike as the dreariest materialism.

This "obstinate instinct," this "lingering scruple," to which Bradley gave utterance, is the stubborn protest of the whole being of man against the attempt to enforce upon it an allegiance to a truth created by a single part of it. And in the inward struggle for certainty, which either begins, or takes a new, acute and intimate form at the Renaissance, it is the whole

being which has to be satisfied. What we need to remember is that the being makes different demands at different periods in human history : or rather it makes always the same demand which can be satisfied in different ways at different times. It seeks the freedom of its own unity. If it has been imprisoned in a dogmatism, it can find this freedom in a vision of the universe which to a man born into other conditions will be bleak and intolerable. To Lucretius, for example, the vision of the universe as a majestic mechanism was a cause of exaltation, because it liberated his soul from the dark fears of superstition and the terror of death : so also, when Spinoza contemplated the universe as a realm of Necessity, where what is cannot be otherwise, he was kindled to admiration and ecstasy, and it became a matter of wonder to him that men should refuse the stern comfort of their manifest destiny. Consider this sentence from the introduction to the third book of the Ethics, a sentence which contains Spinoza's central thought.

> Most who have written on the emotions, the manner of human life, seem to have dealt not with natural things which follow the general laws of nature, but with things which are outside the sphere of nature: they seem to have conceived man in nature as a kingdom within a kingdom. For they believe that man disturbs rather than follows the course of nature, and that he has absolute power in his actions and is not determined in them by anything else than himself.

This inclusion of the internal world of freedom in the external world of necessity, which kindles in Spinoza the flame of " the intellectual love of God " might well be a nightmare menace to other minds in other times. But to Spinoza's soul it meant freedom, and not merely the freedom he had enjoyed in the process of reaching this certainty, but the deeper freedom which the free man finds in a voluntary and open-eyed submission to a principle far greater than himself.

When, therefore, I say that philosophy is inadequate to the task of the adjustment of the human soul to truth, I am not denying that there have been philosophers who have attained this final goal. But they are more truly to be called poets : because they are men to whom their intellectual vision of the universe is a deeply felt reality, to which they react with their whole being. It is this reaction of the whole being which distinguishes the process of poetic comprehension : that is to say, the philosopher who attains to a vision of the universe which, with his whole being, he can accept for true—and these alone are the philosophers whose work makes an indelible impression upon us—becomes a poet. It is the complete acceptance by the philosopher of his own vision which matters ; it is that which excites and fascinates us in our turn. I do not believe there is much of this complete acceptance in what is called philosophy, and I believe that where it is found we are on safer ground and nearer to the truth if we call it poetry.

For the driving impulse of poetry is this striving towards a vision of life which the poet can completely accept. That may sound a dubious assertion. The obvious impulse of poetry, it may be said, is creativeness itself, the power to use words in such a way that they communicate to us, even compel us to feel, the thoughts and feelings which the poet desires to communicate. That, of course, is an essential, but it is also one which is assumed, a *datum.* We are concerned with the thoughts and feelings which the poet is impelled to communicate. He desires to communicate truth, and his truth is of a different kind from the truth of the scientist : it is the truth not of the object as it is, but of the object as it is to him : it is his own truth, the complex of related thoughts and feelings which seem to him significant and have gradually formed in him a habit of soul which is a vital part of him. It is this truth of his, and the personal use of language necessary in order

to express it, which confer upon him the individuality of a true style.

I am not saying that every poet* reaches, or indeed strives for, this condition of personal certainty : but I believe that the greatest and most memorable do, and that they are the greatest and most memorable because they do. The more complete they are as men, the more inevitable and more absorbing the struggle for that certainty becomes. The poet may not pass beyond the instinctive and lyrical phase, in which he surrenders to an overwhelming emotion aroused by some object or incident in life : somehow the encounter is significant, simply because it is vivid, and the quality of this moment of vivid apprehension clings to his record of it. He is content—who would not be content if he could?—to live in such moments. But the greatest poets are quickly driven beyond this point. They are compelled to consider the nature of their own perceptions, to distinguish between the importance of them, to reject some as trivial and nourish others as profound, to try to reconcile them with a world of thoughts and ideas, to struggle to achieve some sort of harmony between their intellectual judgment and their emotional perception, to ponder over the inward purpose of their own activity. They have a gift, and precisely because they have a gift, they are troubled. For this gift in its fundamental form is nothing else than a capacity for being enraptured by the particularity of the universe, of seeing vividly what others scarcely see at all. This enhanced sensibility, this heightened awareness, lacking which no man can begin to be a poet, is liable to extreme disturbance. It is perpetually threatened by the discrepancy between the moments of delighted apprehension, and the pains of normal experience ; it lives under the menace of chaos, as did Othello.

*The "poet," for simplicity's sake, is used here and henceforward as the type of the creative writer in every kind.

When I love thee not
Chaos is come again.

That is to say, the conflict between the inward world of freedom and the outward world of necessity, which is common in some degree to all humanity, becomes infinitely more acute in the poet, precisely because he is a poet. As his immediate sense of freedom is greater than the ordinary, so is his subsequent sense of captivity. And that is why in the history of English poetry you so often find the instinctive lyrical poet wandering forlorn, moonstruck, and melancholy in the world of everyday. I do not want to be romantic about this truly romantic theme : but the facts are facts, and it is important to understand what they mean. It is not pure accident that we find Collins, Chatterton, Smart, Cowper, Clare, Coleridge, Poe, and Swinburne in perpetual peril of what men call sanity. It cannot be an accident : the proportion is too high. These incipient or actual madmen are the authors of half the authentic English poetry written in the last two hundred years.

And, to follow this particular clue for a moment, the poetry of these men occupies a queer midway position in the scale of poetry. Theirs is not major poetry, and emphatically it is not minor poetry. Theirs is pure poetry that only lacks the sustained strength of the greater kind : it is spasmodic and intermittent. And the cause of this lack of the higher poetic power is, I think, fairly plain : they lacked the capacity to harmonize their own conflicting experience, they could not hold the inward and the outward world together, their ascents into illumination and their descents into normal life remained for them utterly opposed. They could not hold both worlds for real, as indeed they are real, and work out a synthesis between them. Of the gift that makes true poetry they were possessed, of the further gift that makes great poetry they were deprived.

They had poetic apprehension; they had not poetic comprehension.

But the conflict in which these poets were defeated, the conflict in which every man who is gifted with "the vision and the faculty divine" is inevitably involved, was precisely the conflict in which the spirit of man was involved at the Renaissance. There on a large, on the largest possible scale, you have the conflict between the inward world of freedom and the outward world of necessity. Is it not clear that poetry was, as it were, predestined to be the battleground on which the struggle would be fought? Here, at any rate, the battle was bound to be most intense and most visible; here, in the poet's mind, it was most likely to be a life-and-death encounter. If comprehension was to be found, if the state of inward unity was to be attained, it is in poetry, in literature, not in philosophy or religion, that we must look for the evidence of them. Not in philosophy, for reasons which I have tried to explain: but also not in religion.

That also I must try to explain more fully. Not least because I believe that this struggle for comprehension and inward unity is in the last resort religious, it seems to me most necessary to distinguish between this effort of literature towards a religious goal, and actual religion. The moment will come when the final connection, perhaps the ultimate identity of religious aspiration and literary endeavour will be fully recognized: but for the present, it is the distinction which I have to emphasize. And the distinction at the Renaissance is almost absolute. Indeed we may call the Renaissance spirit definitely anti-religious. For religion, to the Western world, is Christianity and Christianity is the organized Christian Church. The Renaissance was a rebellion against the Church. Among its by-products it threw up the Reformation, which was a sort of Renaissance in a nutshell—im-

portant in its way, but altogether a timid and parochial affair compared with the real rebellion that was carried through by literature and science. The rebellion of the Reformation was only a compromise, a half-way house: that is why, I suppose, it was most strikingly successful in England. But the pure spirit of the Renaissance was one of no compromise; it either denied the Church or ignored it. Religion did not exist for it; its God was man. A reform of the Church was futile, first because it prejudged the issue and determined beforehand what the human soul was to find on its voyage of discovery, and, secondly, because it took away from the Church many of those elements of ritual and symbolism which hold the greatest content of spiritual freedom. If there was to be a choice between Churches then the ideal man of the Renaissance would have chosen the old one rather than the new—for in the old he could find more actual and more imaginative liberty. And that, I imagine, is the explanation of the curious irrelevant discussion that crops up every now and then as to whether Shakespeare was a Catholic. No one who had really read Shakespeare would dream of asking the question. Shakespeare's comprehension was poetic, and poetic comprehension completely includes religious comprehension. But if we must assign to a Church a man who was manifestly of no Church at all, well, in a sense it is truer to say he was a Catholic than to say he was a Lutheran. When he has to represent actual religion as a reality for his ulterior dramatic purposes, he is more at home with the old faith than the new. If Shakespeare had had to make a choice he would have chosen the old: but by making the choice he would have become other than Shakespeare. And, to dismiss the question for ever, it is only necessary to consider how sedulously, or how instinctively, he avoids reference to actual Christianity; when Shakespeare makes his approach to the truth

enshrined in Christianity,—and I believe he did make one—his road is altogether more direct than by adherence to a Church. He strikes to the very heart of the mystery.

I have said that poetic comprehension completely includes religious comprehension. The justification of that assertion will be implicit in the story of Keats. But I hesitate to leave so provocative a remark even for a little while unmotived ; at all events I must try to show that it is not a random firework, even at the cost of anticipating the story that will follow. The essential act of religious comprehension is, I believe, the act of knowing God. That is not an act of intellectual knowledge ; it cannot be achieved by the intellect. God is known by the soul. That knowledge of God, which we will assume for a fact just as the existence of religion itself is a fact, involves for its own perfect completeness a knowledge that the universe is harmonious. If there are powers and forces in it which strive against God, they strive against Him with His consent and by His ordinance (if we conceive of God as a person), or if we find it unnecessary to conceive God as a person except in deliberate metaphor, these apparently evil and discordant forces are revealed to us by our knowledge of God as necessary to the harmony which is revealed to us also by that knowledge. That, I believe, is essential to the religious act of knowing God ; in other words we know ourselves and the whole universe, as parts of God.

That act of knowledge, with all its consequences, is a tremendous thing ; and it is a rare thing. And even for those religious minds which do indeed achieve it, it seems necessary that they should schematize their knowledge into some sort of theology, which is an intellectual formulation of an act of knowledge which is not intellectual. But this intellectual formulation is used, or should be used, simply as a ladder by which the mind

can ascend (and its ascent change its nature and become the soul) towards a knowledge of the divine reality. The mind contemplates, the body partakes of, the soul communes with, this divine reality in the central act of worship. The mind has its theology, the body its ritual, and the soul its knowledge and itself. But in the act of pure poetic comprehension these scaffoldings are not external to the man. The poet makes contact with the divine reality in its immanence : the reality that is God's garment and is God, he knows immediately, without the intervention of theology and ritual. He, instead of passively knowing the harmony, does actually elucidate and reveal it in the created world, and this even though he is, as he often is, unconscious that it is a harmony that he is revealing. So long as he remains a pure poet he does this thing and no other. This is the import of Keats's famous remark that "the excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relationship with Beauty and Truth." Or, to put it more plainly still, poetic comprehension is the realization and justification of religious comprehension. No man can *prove* to you that God exists except the poet, because religion is abstract so soon as it is uttered, whereas poetry is always concrete.

All these statements I hope to justify, though not by argument. They cannot be argued. But just for the moment we may consider what is implied in the most fundamental act of all poetic perception. Ever since men became conscious of poetry and began to speculate on the nature of its strange potency, it has been agreed that the most essential poetic gift is the faculty of making metaphors. I do not say the greatest poetic gift, but the most necessary. Without the faculty for metaphor a poet can scarcely be said to be a poet at all.

I open my Shakespeare at random and pick out the

first metaphor I find. It is a simple one. Macbeth speaks:

> I have lived long enough: my way of life
> Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf.

Oddly enough, the phrase has stuck in the general consciousness. Why? Partly because it is true, partly because it is beautiful. But it seems to me that neither of these answers will suffice. There is a sort of comfort in the phrase; it brings our fitful fevers under the dominion of the natural process of things, and makes our life one with the larger life of trees and flowers. It reminds me immediately of another metaphor:

> We must endure
> Our going hence even as our coming hither:
> Ripeness is all.

Mysteriously enough, human destiny is enriched and made more lovely in being thus assimilated to the destiny of things not human. The secret surely is that this likening of one order of things to another, which is almost an identification of one order with another, is the discovery of a harmony in the universe. If it were not so, we should never feel that metaphors were true, and I think we should never feel that they were beautiful. But this incessant revelation of a harmony immanent in the world thrills us and brings us peace.

The seizing of a metaphor is the elemental act of poetic thought; it corresponds to the syllogism in logic: but it belongs to a totally different kind of thought. Implicit in this elemental act of poetry is the assumption that the universe is harmonious, whereas the implicit assumption in the syllogism is that the universe is rational. Those assumptions are not necessarily contradictory: but the assumption that the universe is harmonious is more satisfying than the other, because it does not involve any abstraction from the unique reality of things. If the poet reveals that one thing is like another, both

things remain themselves in spite of the unity he elicits in them. The unity is a rich and pregnant unity. Whereas if the logician says one thing *is* another, the reality is impoverished by the unity. In her most elementary and instinctive act of thought poetry is loyal to the glorious singularity of the universe, while theology on the one hand and logic on the other are compelled to sacrifice that singularity to a scheme. Yet poetry insists on a fundamental oneness, no less than they: or rather more truly than they, for whereas they proclaim a unison, she reveals a harmony.

The consequence is this. So long as the poet remains a pure poet, that is so long as he is loyal to his own unique faculty of perception and thought, and does not try to superimpose other faculties upon it, no matter how remote his conscious mind may be from discerning a harmony in the universe, he is for ever a witness to the harmony. Intellectually he may be a rebel, but if he is truly obedient to the poetic genius within him, his most impious blast of defiance and his most embittered curse of disillusion are changed in the utterance to their opposite.

I have dealt with this question summarily. The question is central, and it will emerge later in a different form. Then, I trust, the issue will be made clearer; but perhaps I have said enough to justify my assertion that poetic comprehension includes religious comprehension.

If that phrase be taken rigidly, there is danger—the danger of imagining that the poet, by the mere fact of his being a poet, prejudges the issue with which the modern consciousness has been confronted since the Renaissance. The difference between being a poet, and being a poet conscious of his own implications, is vast, and in that vastness there is room for a hell of suffering.

THE AFTER-MEETING

By Roger Dataller

Blop! . . . Blop! . . . went the gallery lights . . . Blop! . . . and as the last globe was extinguished Mr. Reuben Sanders closed his eyes. Quiescently his arms fell into place upon the seat to which his face was turned, and a slight smile occupied his lips. For he loved to close his eyes. He loved to hearken to his fellow-worshippers, marking each separate point of entry, and recognizing with an infallible recognition, the furtive sequence of tappings and whisperings that denoted the presence of one or another of his Methodist acquaintances. . . .

Here upon the extreme right came Lemuel Welsh. Mr. Sanders could have recognized the rustle of that asthmatic breathing anywhere. He had entered from the pulpit door, and with him Henry Coleman, whose silver cuff-links made a diminutive clashing as he shook a silken kerchief out and laid it on the floor. . . . Crk! Crk! . . . The pettish plaint of Mrs. Corder's stays arose as she bowed herself upon the rusty footstool with its tangle of well-worn threads. Hush! Hush! . . . sh-sh-sh-sh . . . came the delicate, the cautionary rustling of Mrs. Wainwright's satin gown . . . Ah!

The smile deepened. Within the warm and darksome sanctity of his lowered eyelids, Mr. Sanders called her presence into mind. Her tantalizing fingers pink with health, and crowded with the burden of curious adornment that the late Josiah Wainwright had heaped upon her, were wonderfully capable. You should see

her run the knife around a currant tea-cake (Mr. Sanders could not for the life of him bear plain ones), in the "cuttings-up," or work the butter, frozenly obdurate, into an easy spreading mixture. . . . Hush! . . . . s-s-s-sh. . . .

She would be kneeling now, within the high exclusive territory of the corner pew—devoutly kneeling on the crimson glory of her footstool, the strange, malevolent glistening of her carved jet hat-pins alone perceptible above those oaken walls . . . malevolent?

Lucy Wainwright? . . . Lu-cy?

He turned his head a trifle to the left, and opening a cautious eye, peeped out. At first the lamp beyond, a brilliant incandescent globe of light, swam in the centre of his vision, making his eye to water slightly; but bravely he maintained his gaze and swept the ragged distribution of worshippers to where she sat. And all was as he had supposed. The cut jet ornament winking lazily was the only evidence of her presence there . . . He cast his glance beyond . . . a pair of pale grey eyes, a long straight nose, a wisp of thinning hair . . . so Maleham had arrived.

Mr. Sanders brought his lids together with a sense of grievance. And he gave a subdued snort. It was just like Maleham to steal in silently . . . soft-footed . . . creepy-creepy . . . like the tailor that he was. . . .

Oh! no . . . he didn't dislike Maleham. Fools he always had tried to suffer gladly. But there were some fools who might be suffered far more gladly than others. And Maleham was not of these. The tailor always seemed to be such an indeterminate character. He sought to draw around himself a cloak of—what? Of intellectual exclusiveness? Mr. Reuben Sanders was not at all sure. But whatever this slightly irritating quality might be, of one thing he was absolutely certain, that Maleham sprang of Jewish stock. . . .

THE AFTER-MEETING

The fellow never mentioned it, of course . . . not that it mattered much. It didn't really matter in the least . . . but. . . .

" Almighty Father ! . . ."

Mr. Sanders moved to ease an aching knee. That was Lemuel, of course—Lemuel, always in :

" We thank thee that thou hast spared thy children out of thy almighty love."

" Amen ! Amen ! " cried Mr. Sanders explosively, as he always did in the discovery of common ground like that . . . " Amen ! " he murmured diminuendo, meeting the speaker once again and allowing the full seductive tides of Lemuel's voice to lift and bear him on its surges. . . .

Even Lucy—even Mrs. Wainwright knew . . . not that it mattered . . . Last Wednesday evening, after service, the man had hung around, eating up the conversation in the porch outside. . . .

" Bless this church in all its ram-i-fi-cations. Thou has blessed us mightily in the past——"

" Hallelujah ! " said Mr. Sanders determinedly. " Praise Him ! " He might have had a Grand Duke's competence by all the fuss and flowered words . . . instead . . . a measly shop, and a dirty back-street establishment at that . . . that such a man should raise his eyes ! . . .

Mr. Sanders ran a finger down his nose incredulously as he remembered his own position at the colliery, and the prestige of an under-manager's certificate. . . .

" In Jesu's name——" Lemuel stopped suddenly. A stray " Amen " arose. Then silence . . . a subdued breathing . . . a smartly indrawn sigh . . . a touch of utter weariness ? . . . the double tinkle of the Tollgate tram-car bell, frailest point of sound in that vast hinterland of outer darkness. . . .

" O Lord our God——" The stays were creaking spasmodically. It was Mrs. Corders, poor woman . . .

poor, daft woman ! heaving to her feet. Mr. Sanders turned his head away from her in an unavailing effort to escape her voice. But the opening sentences began to dominate his thought, and to his unutterable disgust he found himself compelled to listen while she sallied down upon her Maker in that abominably chatty attitude that he (Mr. Sanders) so detested. As usual, she was ladling over her gossip, her morning-milkman garrulities, with an undue insistence upon irrelevant detail. . . .

"We thank thee for that bow—that beautiful bow what thou did'st give to hus las' night. . . ." Mr. Sanders wriggled his shoulders pettishly, angry with himself for this compelling circumstance, and angry that he should be angry, in the sanctity of the after-meeting of all places.

"Thou 'as told hus when thou gave hus thy bow, that thou would never drownd the world away again, but that thou wouldst deal with hus in another fashion. . . ."

Mr. Sanders cleared his nostrils with an aggressive snort. He clashed his cuff-links savagely upon the book before him. Meditation had become impossible. . . .

"O Lord, wash us clean, as thou didst wash thy disciples' feet in them olden days. Wash all the corners out. . . ."

He clicked his tongue with infinite pity. Was it possible that there could be so great a gulf of difference between two women in the service? Lu-cy, and . . . and this?

"Put thy loving arms right round about hus, over our 'eads and right underneath our feet. . . ."

Abominable !

II.

"Would any other brother care to pray—but briefly, please?" asked the leader in his level tone. Another brother would, and Mr. Sanders brought both hands

together, loosely interlocked in the preparatory movement, when a voice whose timbre there was no mistaking broke from the rear-most pew. It was the tailor opening out in prayer.

Mr. Sanders's fingers fell apart. With no definite purpose at all he found himself groping around in the darkness for his hymn-book . . . to run a firm thumbnail along its leaves. . . . Everybody, the tailor included, understood that Mr. Sanders always prayed the third, and this unwarrantable intrusion—what could it mean? He thrust out his lips portentously. There was a certain sinister flavour. . . .

"Almighty Spirit. . . ." Ah! there he was again with that New Theological bugaboo. "Monarch"—"Lord of All," weren't quite good enough for Maleham.

"The things of the spirit. . . ."

Mr. Sanders opened his eyes, gazed down reprobatively upon his waistcoat, and followed the thin bright line of his watch-chain as it looped across his stomach. Too often and too long had that familiar phrase concealed the anarchistic leanings of his neighbour. So . . . he was praying for the heathen now . . . he was praying for the Government. So. . . . Well, another would pray that night for His Britannic Majesty's Ministers of State, thank God! So . . . he passed into the prisons now . . . the slums . . . what next?

Mr. Sanders stirred uncomfortably, shifting his weight from one knee to another. This easy flow of diction was somehow strangely disquieting. . . .

"O Thou, who art perfection here—Ineffable One!—our dreams, our thoughts go out to Thee——"

At first he struggled with the semblance that the spoken words imposed, yet slowly, slowly, a nameless fear crept in his heart—a dominating emotion that seemed to gnaw into his very vitals. The serpent's tongue, in its age-old nefariousness, that silky serpent's

tongue was weaving webs of unspeakable abomination. Impossible that Lucy should be listening to this . . . and even to this. . .

" We bring thee all our unworthiness. We lay it at thy feet, O thou who art perfection. . . ."

Mr. Sanders ran his hand across his brow, away over the briefest stubble of hair to the further fringes of a large bald patch. And, covering his eyes once more, incuriously he became aware of his perspiration-sodden fingers. Ah! that was Maleham—the perspiration . . . the prayer . . . the tripping pauses . . . insufferable the counting of the seconds as they ambled on . . . tick tick . . . tick . . Maleham's voice, his words, his message, seemed to race the slothful-footed clock. . . to leave the prinking points of sound a thousand miles away . . . " a gowden bracelet what 'eedna got offna young Boer woman " . . . that was the banksman talking last Friday as he waited for the cage . . an old South African or something . . . " gone raand my guts it would " . . . " well yer want a woman ter comfort yer, eh Mester Sanders? " . . . " the bigger the better—eh? " . . . the Pit-head must have known. . . .

" In the name of One——"

Maleham had already entered into his concluding sentence. . . . Mr. Sanders rose.

" Almighty Monarch! " he began impetuously. " We love the place O Lord wherein Thine honour dwells, the joy of Thine abode all earthly joy excels. We thank thee for the blood that thou did shed for the remission of sins. We are poor unworthy vessels in thy sight, yet we would throw ourselves unreservedly into thy arms. Thine arms are warm and comforting. We feel that thou canst take care of us O God, even as thou didst take care of the mother of Lazarous in her affliction. Incline our hearts graciously towards thee. May we find favour in thy sight. Speak in our

hearts the comforting word. The world is a great big lonely place, O God. We are awaiting thy presence with us to comfort and to bless, to find a balm of woe, to tend the lone and fatherless is angel's work below. . . ."

Mr. Sanders paused and drew a deep breath through his teeth.

"If it is a word of decision we are waiting for to-night, help us to make up our minds, O God, to be at one with thyself. Wilt thou not speak to thy servant? Speak, for thy servant heareth!"

He paused again, and with half-uplifted hand betrayed some measure of surprise. Was not that the faintest "Amen," winsome and feminine, lifting from the fastness of the Wainwright pew?

"For Jesu's sake," he said abruptly. As he slid into a kneeling posture once again, he trembled with unwonted eagerness. He began to wonder vaguely how the hour stood, and whether other of the brethren wished to pray. He hoped not, quite sincerely, for the night was well advanced, and people would be tiring soon of chapel and the service. . . .

"A gowden bracelet offner a Boer woman. . . ." How that silly phrase persisted in his mind. He eased his watch into the light. Another two minutes—he'd give 'em another two minutes, and then. . . ? Well, Maleham didn't matter any more. He just didn't matter. And Mr. Sanders squeezed his eyes together more tightly than ever. . . .

THE DIVORCE BETWEEN THEORY AND PRACTICE

By James A. Aldis

Few things were (and are) more harmfully distinctive of English national life than the gulf separating the intellectual classes from the men engaged in practical work. Happily the Universities have begun to bridge this gulf in one or two directions.

This divergence is perhaps rooted in racial characteristics, strengthened by our geographical position and political surroundings. It is no doubt to some extent a legacy from the civilizations of Greece and Rome, where all handicraft, including MS. copying and arithmetic, was done by slaves; while freemen devoted themselves to abstract philosophy, deeming the Universe of sense essentially irrational. To a still greater extent it is due to the fact that from the Reformation onwards the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were mere appanages of the Established Church, and so gradually became a preserve for the ruling classes, from which the common herd of business and handicrafts was jealously excluded. The divorce between theory and practice thus became complete: the book-learned university man and the practical man of the work-a-day world mutually distrusted and despised each other.

The most striking illustration of this divorce is the *fiasco* which deprived England of the glory of discovering the planet Neptune. Herschel found the planet Uranus by the accuracy and thoroughness of his work in mapping out every star in the heavens. One night he thus accidentally discovered a new star. His prac-

tised eye told him it was not a star : he concluded it was a comet, and announced it as such. Further observation proved it to be a planet. Thus Uranus was discovered by mere practical skill, quite apart from theory.

But after this new planet had been under observation for a length of time its orbital motion was found to be strangely irregular. It was always more or less out of its calculated place. At last astronomers were driven to the conclusion that its motion was interfered with by the attraction of some unknown exterior planet. Could the whereabouts of such a planet be found by mathematical calculation from its observed errors of position? Airy, the Senior Wrangler of 1823, who in 1835 had been promoted from the Cambridge Observatory to the post of Astronomer Royal, was consulted on this point. He declared publicly that the problem was an impossible one.

A young undergraduate, Adams, made a note in his diary that as soon as he had passed his Tripos he would attempt this "impossible" problem. He was Senior Wrangler in 1843 ; and after a short time found out a rough solution ; from which he subsequently worked out the orbit of the unknown planet. When he had made sure of his calculations he took the results to Challis, who had succeeded Airy as head of the Cambridge Observatory ; and asked him to search for the planet with the powerful Northumberland telescope which Airy had designed and mounted in 1835. Challis was a weak man, entirely under Airy's influence. He gave Adams a note of introduction to the Astronomer Royal, and relieved his feelings by an entry in his diary, which he subsequently published in his own defence. He looked on the request as an absurdity, to which no practical man would pay any attention. Airy and Challis in turn snubbed Adams, and showed a studied indifference to his work, until it was known that the French

astronomer Leverrier was on the track of the same problem. Then Airy told Challis to institute a careful search, through a long tract of the ecliptic band comprising every position in which the unknown planet could possibly be. Challis was to note the position of every star in this tract; he was to do this thrice, and then compare the positions of all these hundreds of stars in the three sets of observations. If one of them was thus found to have shifted its place it would be the planet in question. Notice that neither Airy nor Challis dreamed of looking at the place named by Adams, except when it should come in the inevitable order of their work. The planet was thus observed thrice, and its position noted simply as a common star. The third time Challis wrote this damning record in the margin, "*It seems to have a disk.*" A star, seen through a telescope, is a mere point surrounded by a faint blur due to unavoidable optical defects: a planet shows a circular disk which grows larger as the power is increased. If Challis had taken the trouble to compare the third observation of this star with the two previous ones he would at once have proved it to be a planet. But no, he determined to wait till his laborious catalogue was completed. A few days later the world was thrilled by the news that Dr. Galle, of Berlin, had found the planet in the place predicted by the French astronomer Leverrier. Thus England lost the glory of the greatest astronomical discovery that had been made since Newton found out the Law of Gravitation.

It is clear from the details of this story that Airy and Challis looked on themselves as practical astronomers and despised Adams as a mere mathematician. It is equally obvious that, up to the bitter end, they both felt sure that the planet would be found by Herschel's "practical" method; and that it would be found in a place so remote from the one assigned by Adams and Leverrier that the mathematicians would be publicly

discredited, and their own contemptuous disbelief in mere theory would be as publicly justified.

There is a moral attached to this tragic tale. *Whenever theory and practice are thus divorced both suffer alike.* The mere theorist makes unaccountable blunders in theory, while the mere practical man stultifies himself in his practical work.

In searching for a planet a star-atlas used to be indispensable. Stellar photography has now made the problem an easy one. Stars show as mere points, while planets show as lengthened streaks. But, in Airy's time, if you had no atlas, you were compelled to go through the tedious work that Challis undertook ; which was virtually making his own atlas as he went along. An atlas shows every visible star, but planets are necessarily excluded as they move about in the sky. If therefore a star that is not in an atlas be seen in a telescope it is almost certainly a planet (or comet).

Now it happened that the particular part of the sky in which Neptune was found was not included in the ordinary atlases. A map of that region had been published in Berlin two years previously. Neither Airy nor Challis had heard of it. Their practical apparatus was not kept up to date.

As soon as Leverrier had finished his calculations he wrote to his friend Dr. Galle, head of the Berlin Observatory, and gave him the calculated orbit, and the exact position of the unknown planet night after night. Dr. Galle received the letter in the afternoon, and the same night went into his observatory : pointed his telescope exactly where Leverrier indicated, and almost immediately found a star which was not in the atlas. To make sure he waited till the next night. found the star again, and saw that it had moved through the space that Leverrier had predicted. I have seen this map in Berlin. Near the bottom left-hand corner are two small pencilled crosses, close to each other.

Opposite to them in the margin in Dr. Galle's own handwriting are the words " Neptun gerechnet, Neptun beobachtet " (Neptune as calculated, Neptune as observed).

Thus was Neptune discovered by the prompt and willing co-operation of Practice and Theory.

This mulish " practicalhood " seems peculiar to England. It is not found in Germany. One university there, Jena, has devoted its energies to theoretical and practical work in optics, especially in the art of glass-making. One German investigator, Abbe, stands to optics in much the same relation as Newton stood to astronomy. He founded, with the liberal aid of the German Government, what was almost an artistic republic ; and did all he could by his regulations to make it impossible for its members to sacrifice perfection of work to the greed for profit. Thus it came about that, from the latter part of the nineteenth century right up to the Great War, opticians over the whole world depended on the supply of Jena glass, while Zeiss & Co. had almost a monopoly of the most effective optical instruments.

My next story has a happier ending, in spite of the apathy of English manufacturers. About 1908 a Cambridge graduate (second wrangler, 1900) invented a new method of calculating the optical arrangements for making the most perfect possible signalling-lamp. This invention, in itself, was merely a mathematical theorem. But it had its germinal idea in a practical detail. This graduate, after leaving Cambridge, worked his way from the bottom bench to the top in a photographic lens factory, and had thus made himself master of every detail of mechanical manipulation. All previous designers of signalling-lamps had taken the telescope as their model, and had done their best to arrange the reflecting and refracting curves so as to bring a beam of parallel rays accurately to a point. This is a waste of

work. For the light of a lamp does not come from a point, it comes from a number of incandescent threads. All that is necessary is that every part of the parallel beam shall come to a focus, not at one point, but anywhere along a series of short lines (the incandescent threads). This gives a far easier problem in geometrical optics, and one which can be solved with greater accuracy. Since a ray of light will always retrace its own path, it follows that, for a lamp thus constructed, all the light coming from its incandescent threads will come out of the lamp as a parallel beam ; and will thus be visible to an observer at the greatest possible distance ; and what, in war, is equally important, it will be invisible to everyone else.

This invention was published as a separate chapter in a professional book on "Motor Headlights." The inventor then spent several months in trying to induce some manufacturers to work out the idea, and construct a lamp on this principle. He found himself up against a dead wall of prejudice. The attitude of the lamp-makers to him was that of Airy and Challis towards Adams. Only they were more polite. "Your idea is no doubt an excellent one, and deserves the highest honours that your University can bestow. But we are practical men, and cannot afford to spend time or money on academic theories."

Thus it came to pass that the Great War found us, as usual, unprepared. Happily the authorities were not so blinded as the manufacturers. This young man was already known to the Admiralty as an inventor (or improver) in the "optical level" for submarines, and the "all-round periscope." So he was sent for early in 1915 to examine and report on the signalling-lamps then in use. He went to the headquarters of the Flying Service on Salisbury Plain ; sent in his official report, and was encouraged to get a lamp constructed on his own principles. A trial lamp was soon made. Its front

was 4½ inches in diameter, and it was so light that it could easily be worked by an airman while flying. The best lamp of the authorities had a front diameter of 9 inches; *i.e.*, four times the area, which therefore should have been visible at twice the distance. But it was too heavy to manipulate by hand. So it was mounted and worked on a stand, while the airman took the new model and flew off. The two men kept signalling to each other. At seven miles the large lamp was invisible, while the new model could be seen clearly with the naked eye; and with field-glasses its signals were read up to a distance of about twelve miles.

This was the beginning of a series of other inventions, or improvements, especially in the unit-magnification telescopic gun-sight for aeroplanes. Other optical firms were stirred up to a wholesome rivalry, with the result that, before the war was ended, our Flying Service was almost as supreme in the air as our Navy was on the sea. This happy result was thus ultimately due to the co-operation in one personality of Theory and Practice.

But it was also largely due to a change in the spirit of the Universities, which had been going on for some years before 1900. I believe that before 1901 a Fellowship had never been given by any college to a graduate who was actually engaged in business, and intended to devote his whole life to business. It is true that the business was an intellectual one, that of photographic lens manufacturers and optical specialists. The work done by the elder brother of this graduate, the head of the firm, is described in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 1902, Vol. XXXI., p. 696 b, c, d. And the authorities of Trinity Hall could hardly help themselves. In my year, 1863, Romer, of that college (afterwards Lord Justice of Appeal), was Senior Wrangler. From that date onwards till 1900 Trinity Hall never had any wranglers higher than one seventh, one eighth, and three tenth wranglers. So when in 1900 they secured a

second wrangler they could hardly help giving him a fellowship. Verily they had their reward. For that fellowship guaranteed comparative leisure and freedom from financial worries. Without such leisure invention is almost impossible. If Newton had been obliged to earn his own living by taking pupils he would never have discovered the law of gravitation. And if in 1901 the governing body of Trinity Hall had been so far obsessed by old-time academic prejudices as to refuse a fellowship to a man engaged in business, in all probability the new signalling-lamp would never have been invented.

I have often been astonished to find how profound is the gulf between theory and practice in England. A friend of mine was head of a firm for the wholesale manufacture of spectacle lenses. I went to him once about my own spectacles, which were too weak. He gave me a series of lenses to try with my own. I soon found one which exactly suited : and so wanted to order a pair whose power should be equal to that of my own glasses *plus* the extra one. To my astonishment I found that he was ignorant of the formula for calculating the power of two thin lenses placed in contact. Here was the head of a lens factory ignorant of the A B C of geometrical optics. And from all I hear a similar ignorance prevails in most departments of practical work that involve the results of any kind of theory.

But the one department of practical work in which this divorce is most extreme is probably organ-building. And it is precisely the one which (with the exception of optical work) most needs the help of mathematical research. There ought to be a mathematical expert on the staff of every organ-building firm of any pretensions. As things now are, organ-builders are stuck in a traditional groove, and have no wish to get out of it. Indeed, without mathematical aid it is almost impossible for them to do so. Only one such attempt is recorded in Hopkins and Rimbault's text-book on the organ, *viz.*,

Ouseley's *Pyramidon* stop. A mathematician could have warned the inventor beforehand that it was an almost useless experiment. In a letter published in *Nature,* August 30th of this year, I have given the theory of the *Pyramidon,* and shown that it cannot possibly have a good quality of tone; while the only merit it possesses, depth of pitch in proportion to its height, can be secured far better by a new kind of pipe I was led to invent through a purely mathematical research on a suggestion made to me by a cathedral organist. The non-mathematical organ-builder who quits the beaten track in search of novelties is simply groping about in the dark to find one possible chance among ninety-nine hopeless ones.

On the other hand the mere mathematician is helpless. He can invent new forms of organ pipes, he can calculate the pitch of their fundamental notes and overtones, and he can thus say whether they have or have not the possibility of the one all-important thing, *viz.,* a beautiful quality of tone. Any decent carpenter can make a wooden diapason-pipe which shall give as good and steady a tone as a common harmonium. But to voice such a pipe so that it shall be worthy to rank beside one of Father Smith's diapasons demands genius to begin with, a musical ear of the utmost delicacy, and the strenuous application of a lifetime. The organ-pipe voicer in his way is as much an artist as Paganini—indeed, he is an artist of a higher type, for he needs a more vivid musical imagination, and he never descends to mere virtuosity. Were a mathematical inventor to ask such a man to bring out the unknown loveliness of tone which theoretically is latent in a new invention with a peculiarly promising set of harmonics his reception would be cold and curt. Adams modestly asking Airy and Challis to demonstrate the truth of his calculations by the use of the Northumberland telescope gives us a faint idea of such an interview. After all, Challis was

himself a Senior Wrangler and understood the nature and power of mathematical analysis ; but to the organ pipe voicer mathematical research is an unknown shibboleth, and the notion of applying it to his art would be unintelligible nonsense.

In this case it is the mathematicians who are to blame The letter in *Nature* above referred to shows that the mathematicians have stuck in a groove more closely than the organ-builders themselves. When writing that letter I referred to two books, Lord Rayleigh's *Theory of Sound* (1894), and a smaller elementary book by Basset on Hydrodynamics (1890). These two books tell the organ-builder nothing beyond what he has found out for himself by experience and rule of thumb. There is one half-hearted exception. Lord Rayleigh points out that, although open conical pipes have the same pitch and overtones as cylinders, yet their "nodes" are in a different place. But he does not tell the organist where to find those "nodes"; he merely says their position can be found by carrying out his calculations in that direction ; which could only be done by someone who is on the level of a Cambridge wrangler.

The reason of this is obvious. Neither of these writers shows any interest in, or special knowledge of, organ-pipe construction. They are little more than mathematicians. And the Nemesis of such one-sided intellectualism makes itself glaringly manifest in Basset's book.

I do not imagine that any organ-builder knows enough mathematics to follow Basset's calculations. But if he did, and then found on p. 180, ll. 1-10, that a conical pipe open at the end gives a lower note than the same pipe when the end is closed, and found this paradox repeated and emphasized on the last page in a concluding note, he would throw down the book in disgust, and would be confirmed in his belief that, however useful mathematics may be as a mental

gymnastic, they are worse than useless in organ-building.

Basset's statement is demonstrably untrue; and it is easy to see how he fell into this mistake, which no practical organist would ever have tolerated for a moment. This section of his book is avowedly an epitome of Lord Rayleigh's work. But he takes no notice of Lord Rayleigh's work on open conical pipes. Instead he bases his own whole work on what Lord Rayleigh had proved about a purely abstract theorem, *viz.*, the rate of spherical vibrations diverging from a fixed centre, and shut in by a rigid spherical concentric envelope. The answer is found from a trigonometrical equation. The first solution of this equation is obviously zero; but, as this solution had no practical use, Lord Rayleigh left it unnoticed, and worked out an approximate value for the next higher root. He was not thinking about organ pipes; consequently the distinction between fundamental notes and overtones was for him irrelevant. But it so happens that the method of this spherical investigation is applicable to conical organ pipes, if you take the trouble to put in the conditions required by a mouth near the narrow end. Basset, slavishly following Lord Rayleigh has neglected to do this, and has found out the notes of a mouthless cone, either closed or open at the broad end. Such a pipe is as fabulous as a cockatrice: Lord Rayleigh certainly was not thinking of it when he worked out his approximate root; which Basset, ignoring the zero root, supposes to be the fundamental note of a closed conical pipe. It is really its first overtone. All that Basset has proved is the proposition, almost self-evident to any practical organist, that the fundamental note of any open pipe is lower in pitch than the first overtone of the same pipe when the end is closed.

If he had taken the trouble to find the condition for a mouth near the narrow end, he would have discovered

the theory of Ouseley's *Pyramidon,* which I have given in *Nature* : and from that he would have deduced the meaning of the zero root, which in the case of an organ-pipe cannot be neglected. He would then have seen that, for a given closed cone, the nearer the mouth is taken to the vertex the lower is the pitch of the fundamental note ; and that this process of lowering goes on without limit. Roughly speaking, every time we make this distance of the mouth from the vertex one quarter of what it previously was, we lower the tone by a whole octave. But we may go on quartering a small distance for ever, without reducing it to absolute zero : hence, in the limit, the fundamental note of Basset's mouthless cone is an infinite number of octaves below the lowest note of any real organ.

That Lord Rayleigh's solution corresponds to the first overtone is easily demonstrable. In a closed pipe, when speaking its fundamental note, the whole air-column vibrates as one ; the length of swing gradually changes from zero at the closed end to its maximum at the open mouth. But when speaking its first overtone, the column breaks into two—the shorter part next the stopper vibrates as a closed pipe in perfect unison with the longer part next the mouth, which vibrates as an open pipe. If Basset had taken the trouble to work out the figures he has given he would have found that the air-column in his closed cone had really broken up into two : a part, about seven-tenths of the entire length, vibrating as an open cone in exact accordance with his own formula ; while the remaining three-tenths, next to the stopped end, was vibrating like Ouseley's *Pyramidon.* He has fallen into the blunder of mistaking an overtone for a fundamental note ; and he has done this simply through his entire neglect of the practical realities of organ manufacture.

Nothing short of a world war would have compelled our lamp manufacturers to attend to the results of

mathematical research. But such a remedy would be worse than the disease in organ-building; for *inter arma silent organa.* The only hope lies in the Universities. The art of the organ-voicer will never attain its greatest triumphs till some college at Oxford or Cambridge gives fellowships to enthusiastic musical mathematicians who intend to devote their lives to organ-building as a profession. But in the present state of Europe such an idea is a useless dream. The one problem on which the whole future of humanity hangs is how to inaugurate a permanent world-peace. Till that problem is finally solved, to concern one's self about inventing novel organ-pipes is to fiddle while Rome burns.

The Master

By Wilfred Gibson

NIGH to the window-sill the snow
Had drifted when 'twas time to go,
And, lifted shoulder-high, we bore
The master from Starkacre door.

His well-beloved fields in snow
Were shrouded when 'twas time to go,
And in the shieling snug and warm
His flock was sheltered from the storm.

Stormbound and blinded by the snow
Nor sheep nor pasture saw him go
Although his whole heart's hopes and fears
Had been bound up in them for years.

Indifferent to the driving snow
He went when it was time to go,
And yet 'tis hard to think that he
Left flock and field indifferently.

THE DREAM

By Mary Arden

A PERFECT morning. . . . To toss about all night—toss in an agony of unrest, never expecting a wink of sleep, to drop suddenly into dark unconsciousness just as the dawn is breaking, and then to awake—awake to this! Awake! Awake! Francis thought that the word had a lovely sound, but he said it dreamily, calmly. It didn't rouse him, it soothed him, it gave him a sort of bliss. Very still he lay, careful not to move a muscle, careful not to think. And yet, why careful not to think? He knew somehow that this morning would be different. Yes, different. He'd no longer be afraid of his thoughts. Something had happened in that last deep sleep of his. He felt that he was changed. Slowly, slowly he moved his arms, stretching them out, slowly he moved his legs, extending them across the width of the great, broad bed. It seemed cool and vast and delicious as he lay there alone. He loved its coolness. He loved his aloneness. There was something precious in this morning solitude of his. There was a delicate, exquisite thing that knew, but not as he knew, himself and his employment, his existence between suburb and city, his wife, his children, his home, that realized, far more acutely, far more vividly than he did, the scent of lilac that drifted in through the window and the little dancing leaves of sunlight and shadow that moved across the dressing-table, over his wife's brushes and combs, her plated hairpin tray. . . .

"Had my bath, father, and mother says—mother says——" the small Alan paused breathless, "do you want tomato with your bacon?"

"All right, old man, all right. Yes—yes, please," said Francis, and after a moment or two he sat up in bed and clasped his knees.

"What an extraordinary thing it is!" he thought. "I feel absolutely different. Yes . . . yes, I do. By Jove," he cried, kicking the sheet about, "everything'll turn out all right somehow! It will. It will. I don't care *what* anyone says. No. They can all go to the dogs and stay there. I'm a human being, my dear friends. I'm not a damned African slave . . ." and, full of elation, he jumped out of bed, grovelled for his slippers, shook himself into his dressing-gown, and started for the bathroom. . . . But, dash it all, he'd left his sponge and flannel behind, and back he had to come! Shaving, his hand suddenly trembled, and he got a beastly little cut on the jaw; his shirt somehow managed to get on inside out, and the stud had gone. What next? But all this he bore with marvellous patience. It was part of a conspiracy to "hold him down." He'd have none of it. And when the devil himself, yes, the devil himself, flew in at the window and hid one of his socks, he said mildly:

"Confound the thing! Where can it have gone?" and rummaged about in the drawer for a clean pair.

"Oh, Francis, *do* hurry up! It's fearfully late. You'll *never* catch your train. Alan's started to school by himself."

"Sorry, darling, sorry. Don't worry. I'll go by the 9.20."

"Yes, yes, you know, don't worry. Nothing like it. Good as a tonic every time," he thought as he went briskly downstairs.

"You're sure it won't matter, your not going till the 9.20, dear?"

"Oh, no. I don't think so . . ." he stood still, a little disconcerted because she hadn't looked up when he came into the dining-room. No, just went on

spreading bread and marmalade for Peggy, who sat near her. Peggy looked up and smiled slowly. On top of her very small head she wore a big blue and white check hair-ribbon. On someone not quite so little it would have said : " Oh ! Oh, *really* ! " But it belonged to such a small round placid person that it didn't at all.

" Well, of course—that's all right," said Sheila, tightening her lips, " *You* know best . . ." And at last she looked up. A peaky little woman she was, rather like some kind of bird. Francis, the robust and stalwart, always felt enormous beside her, simply a giant.

" I've a great feeling," he began, as if he were going to make a speech, " that everything'll turn out absolutely for the best, absolutely," and then realizing all at once that this was an utterly wrong way to begin, he went forward, put his arms round her and held her tight.

" Darling, I don't know—I can't imagine how or why, but I really do feel that it will. I mean, everything really will turn out for the best, be quite all right."

She dropped her head on to his shoulder and he felt she was struggling with tears.

" All right ? " she said, a little hysterically, " All *right ?* "

" Yes, yes, all right." And he knew then that he couldn't possibly explain. It was hopeless.

" I know I'm a beast to you," he said, " always unpunctual, all that sort of thing. I know . . ."

" No, no, you're not, you're not. Don't let's worry about that—now."

Francis was troubled. He stroked her hair clumsily across and across.

" Well, darling, there's just this. I can't tell you how, but I *know* somehow, that if old Sidgwick buttonholes me to-day it'll be all right. It won't—matter."

" I—I'm glad," she said, but it was as if there wer(many things, oh, many things she would have said only she was so—tired.

An errand boy went by in the road whistling cheer fully, a sunbeam poured in on to the rather thread-bar(carpet, the knives and forks and plates glittered lik(sunny water. Ah, where are the shadows on such : morning? They creep away into corners and hide thei faces. You would scarcely know they existe(at all. . . .

One o'clock. Over. Francis put down the lette he was answering and waved to the stenographer " You may go." He had a feeling even now tha Sidgwick wouldn't want to " talk to him " at all. No He would escape. And why, when one came to thinl of it, shouldn't he? Fate could be so very kind whe she liked, so kind, so kind! He took his hat and sticl from their peg and went forth out of the beastly littl dark room he hated, and, with a little sense of holiday which, for some reason, he always felt at lunch time pressed the lift bell, saw the domed top ascending an heard the click of the gates.

" Splendid weather we're having," he said to th pale-faced youth, and put one foot into the cage, bu just as he did so a fat man came panting up.

" Hullo, Robson," he said to Francis, " I wer and looked in your room, but you'd gone. Wanted t ask you to come and have lunch with me. Have a b of a talk."

" Thanks very much, sir, delighted," said Francis

" Now remember," he told himself, " it'll be all righ Don't get down in the mouth or worry. . . . By Jingo I'm in a bit of a funk, though . . . Idiot! "

But as soon as he got out into the sunlight a warı softness crept round his heart. Everyone in th crowded street seemed fitting, right, part of a patterr Ah, yes, part of a kind of mosaic, part of the blue an gold of the glorious early summer day!

" There are just some days," he said to Sidgwick, " when even the city responds, I think."

" Mm," Sidgwick nodded abstractedly, and led the way into a dark place called The Tavern Restaurant where you got " quite a good feed " for half-a-crown. " This is where I usually go. Not at all bad on the whole."

" Oh, excellent, excellent, I'm sure. . . ."

" The fact is," said Sidgwick, as he sat down and hitched up his trousers, " the fact is, Robson, that I don't see how things are to go on like this. Might as well get to the point at once, eh? " and he lowered his voice a little. " Frankly the business can't afford to employ a—a—an assistant of so little use. Can't do it. Funds can't stand it."

" No," said Francis, " I quite see that."

" You do? My dear fellow, do believe me—I'm sorry. I've persuaded myself again and again when we've had these talks together that it was inexperience. Merely you had to become accustomed to the work, and so on and so forth, but—when constantly—constantly, Robson, your reports have practically to be done again, it seems—it's more than that."

" I'm afraid so."

" I'm the last to relish turning a—a personal friend out of his job. It's very painful to me, and I'm sure you know, my dear Robson, that I have a very high opinion of you, very. Only I can't help being surprised that you embarked upon the work at all. It seems so utterly alien to your type of mind. But of course," he added, glancing quickly at Francis, " it was a case of letting no chance slip, wasn't it? "

" It was."

" Tell me. Is there any particular walk of life in which you feel your powers could—" Sidgwick paused —" as it were . . . express themselves to the best

advantage. What, for instance, were your ambitions as a lad I wonder?"

"Except—well, except when I passionately longed to be a postman, I don't remember any time when—"

"Nothing later than that?"

"I don't think so."

"Well. . . ."

"Well, I might," said Francis slowly, feeling that Sidgwick would think him mad and not caring, "I might possibly—sell baskets in a caravan."

"Come, come now," said Sidgwick kindly, "don't give way."

Francis smiled to himself and twiddled his pudding fork. He had a suspicion that he was becoming light-headed. He had a very strange sense of being in a wood where a lot of birds kept twittering.

"No, no," he said. "You're—very kind."

"What'll you take to drink?"

"Only water, thanks."

"Sure?"

"Yes. . . ." Twitter, twitter! went the birds in the wood. Francis wondered vaguely what was happening. It was as if he were sinking into a kind of dream. . . .

And they left the restaurant, and again he was in his little room, and no one who spoke to him seemed quite real, and it seemed as if all this—all this were falling away. . . . He got into the crowded train at Cannon Street, and they steamed out of the station, and there was a brilliant evening sky.

No more dinginess, no more office, no more London, no more grind. The open country now, blue sky and birds singing, hedges with flowers. He pictured it all some beautiful June day with warm sun, clean-cut dark shadows on the white road and scent of hay. So beautiful! Such an exquisite dream! And he thought:

"All life, yes, yes, all life," he thought, "is living my dream. . . ."

THE HOPI SNAKE DANCE

By D. H. Lawrence

THE Hopi country is in Arizona, next the Navajo country, and some seventy miles north of the Santa Fé railroad. The Hopis are Pueblo Indians, village Indians, so their reservation is not large. It consists of a square tract of greyish, unappetising desert, out of which rise three tall, arid mesas, broken off in ragged, pallid rock. On the top of the mesas perch the ragged, broken, greyish pueblos, identical with the mesas on which they stand.

The nearest village, Walpi, stands in half-ruin high, high on a narrow rock-top where no leaf of life ever was tender. It is all grey, utterly dry, utterly pallid, stone and dust, and very narrow. Below it all the stark light of the dry Arizona sun.

Walpi is called the "first mesa." And it is at the far edge of Walpi you see the withered beaks and claws and bones of sacrificed eagles, in a rock-cleft under the sky. They sacrifice an eagle each year, on the brink, by rolling him out and crushing him so as to shed no blood. Then they drop his remains down the dry cleft in the promontory's farthest grey tip.

The trail winds on, utterly bumpy and horrible, for thirty miles, past the second mesa, where Chimopova is, on to the third mesa. And on the Sunday afternoon of August 17th, black automobile after automobile lurched and crawled across the grey desert, where low, grey, sage-scrub was coming to pallid yellow. Black hood followed crawling after black hood, like a funeral cortège. The motor-cars, with all the tourists, wending their way to the third and farthest mesa, thirty miles

across this dismal desert where an odd water-windmill spun, and odd patches of corn blew in the strong desert wind, like dark green women with fringed shawls blowing and fluttering, not far from the foot of the great, grey, up-piled mesa.

The snake dance (I am told) is held once a year, on each of the three mesas in succession. This year of grace 1924 it was to be held in Hotevilla, the last village on the furthest western tip of the third mesa.

On and on bumped the cars. The lonely second mesa lay in the distance. On and on, to the ragged ghost of the third mesa.

The third mesa has two main villages, Oraibi, which is on the near edge, and Hotevilla, on the far. Up scrambles the car, on all its four legs, like a black-beetle straddling past the schoolhouse and store down below, up the bare rock and over the changeless boulders, with a surge and a sickening lurch to the sky-brim, where stands the rather foolish church. Just beyond, dry, grey, ruined, and apparently abandoned, Oraibi, its few ragged stone huts. All these cars come all this way, and apparently nobody at home.

You climb still, up the shoulder of rock, a few more miles, across the lofty, wind-swept mesa, and so you come to Hotevilla, where the dance is, and where already hundreds of motor-cars are herded in an official camping-ground, among the piñon bushes.

Hotevilla is a tiny little village of grey little houses, raggedly built with undressed stone and mud around a little oblong plaza, and partly in ruins. One of the chief two-storey houses on the small square is a ruin, with big square window-holes.

It is a parched, grey country of snakes and eagles, pitched up against the sky. And a few dark-faced, short, thickly built Indians have their few peach trees among the sand, their beans and squashes on the naked sand under the sky, their springs of brackish water.

THE HOPI SNAKE DANCE

Three thousand people came to see the little snake dance this year, over miles of desert and bumps. Three thousand, of all sorts, cultured people from New York, Californians, onward-pressing tourists, cowboys, Navajo Indians, even negroes; fathers, mothers, children, of all ages, colours, sizes of stoutness, dimensions of curiosity.

What had they come for? Mostly to see men hold *live rattlesnakes* in their mouths. *I never did see a rattlesnake, and I'm crazy to see one!* cried a girl with bobbed hair.

There you have it. People trail hundreds of miles, avidly, to see this circus-performance of men handling live rattlesnakes that may bite them any minute—even do bite them. Some show, that!

There is the other aspect, of the ritual dance. One may look on from the angle of culture, as one looks on while Anna Pavlova dances with the Russian Ballet.

Or there is still another point of view, the religious. Before the snake dance begins, on the Monday, and the spectators are packed thick on the ground round the square, and in the window-holes, and on all the roofs, all sorts of people greedy with curiosity, a little speech is made to them all, asking the audience to be silent and respectful, as this is a sacred religious ceremonial of the Hopi Indians, and not a public entertainment. Therefore, please, no clapping or cheering or applause, but remember you are, as it were, in a church.

The audience accepts the implied rebuke in good faith, and looks round with a grin at the "church." But it is a good-humoured, very decent crowd, ready to respect any sort of feelings. And the Indian with his "religion" is a sort of public pet.

From the cultured point of view, the Hopi snake dance is almost nothing, not much more than a circus turn, or the games that children play in the street. It has none of the impressive beauty of the Corn Dance

at Santo Domingo, for example. The big pueblo of Zuni, Santo Domingo, Taos have a cultured instinct which is not revealed in the Hopi snake dance. This last is grotesque rather than beautiful, and rather uncouth in its touch of horror. Hence the thrill, and the crowd.

As a cultured spectacle, it is a circus turn: men actually dancing round with snakes, poisonous snakes, dangling from their mouths.

And as a religious ceremonial: well, you can either be politely tolerant like the crowd to the Hopis; or you must have some spark of understanding of the sort of religion implied.

"Oh, the Indians," I heard a woman say, "they believe we are all brothers, the snakes are the Indian's brothers, and the Indians are the snakes' brothers. The Indians would never hurt the snakes, they won't hurt any animal. So the snakes won't bite the Indians. They are all brothers, and none of them hurt anybody."

This sounds very nice, only more Hindoo than Hopi. The dance itself does not convey much sense of fraternal communion. It is not in the least like St. Francis preaching to the birds.

The animistic religion, as we call it, is not the religion of the Spirit. A religion of spirits, yes. But not of Spirit. There is no One Spirit. There is no One God. There is no Creator. There is strictly no God at all: because all is alive. In our conception of religion there exists God and His Creation: two things. We are creatures of God, therefore we pray to God as the Father, the Saviour, the Maker.

But strictly, in the religion of aboriginal America, there is no Father, and no Maker. There is the great living source of life: say the Sun of existence: to which you can no more pray than you can pray to Electricity. And emerging from this Sun are the great potencies, the invincible influences which make shine and warmth

and rain. From these great inter-related potencies of rain and heat and thunder emerge the seeds of life itself, corn, and creatures like snakes. And beyond these, men, persons. But all emerge separately. There is no oneness, no sympathetic identifying oneself with the rest. The law of isolation is heavy on every creature.

Now the Sun, the rain, the shine, the thunder, they are alive. But they are not persons or people. They are alive. They are manifestations of living activity. But they are not personal Gods.

Everything lives. Thunder lives, and rain lives, and sunshine lives. But not in the personal sense.

How is man to get himself into relation with the vast living convulsions of rain and thunder and sun, which are conscious and alive and potent, but like vastest of beasts, inscrutable and incomprehensible. How is man to get himself into relation with these, the vastest of cosmic beasts?

It is the problem of the ages of man. Our religion says the cosmos is Matter, to be conquered by the Spirit of Man. The yogi, the fakir, the saint try conquest by abnegation and by psychic powers. The real conquest of the cosmos is made by science.

The American Indian sees no division into Spirit and Matter, God and not-God. Everything is alive, though not personally so. Thunder is neither Thor nor Zeus. Thunder is the vast living thunder asserting itself like some incomprehensible monster, or some huge reptile-bird of the pristine cosmos.

How to conquer the dragon-mouthed thunder! How to capture the feathered rain!

We make reservoirs and irrigation ditches and artesian wells. We make lightning conductors, and build vast electric plants. We say it is a matter of science, energy, force.

But the Indian says No! It all lives. We must approach it fairly, with profound respect, but also with

desperate courage. Because man must conquer the cosmic monsters of living thunder and live rain. The rain that slides down from its source, and ebbs back subtly, with a strange energy generated between its coming and going, an energy which, even to our science, is of life : this, man has to conquer. The serpent-striped, feathery Rain.

We made the conquest by dams and reservoirs and windmills. The Indian, like, the old Egyptian, seeks to make the conquest from the mystic will within him, pitted against the Cosmic Dragon.

We must remember, to the animistic vision there is no perfect God behind us, who created us from his knowledge, and foreordained all things. No such God. Behind lies only the terrific, terrible, crude Source, the mystic Sun, the well-head of all things. From this mystic Sun emanate the Dragons, Rain, Wind, Thunder, Shine, Light. The Potencies or Powers. These bring forth Earth, then reptiles, birds, and fishes.

The Potencies are not Gods. They are Dragons. The Sun of Creation itself is a dragon most terrible, vast and most powerful, yet even so, less in being than we. The only gods on earth are men. For gods, like man, do not exist beforehand. They are created and evolved gradually, with aeons of effort, out of the fire and smelting of life. They are the highest thing created, smelted between the furnace of the Life-Sun, and beaten on the anvil of the rain, with hammers or thunder and bellows of rushing wind. The cosmos is a great furnace, a dragon's den, where the heroes and demigods, men, forge themselves into being. It is a vast and violent matrix,where souls form like diamonds in earth, under extreme pressure.

So that gods are the outcome, not the origin. And the best gods that have resulted, so far, are men. But gods frail as flowers ; which have also the godliness of things that have won perfection out of the terrific

dragon-clutch of the cosmos. Men are frail as flowers. Man is as a flower, rain can kill him or succour him, heat can flick him with a bright tail, and destroy him : or, on the other hand, it can softly call him into existence, out of the egg of chaos. Man is delicate as a flower, godly beyond flowers, and his lordship is a ticklish business.

He has to conquer, and hold his own, and again conquer all the time. Conquer the powers of the cosmos. To us, science is our religion of conquest. Hence through science, we are the conquerors and resultant gods of our earth. But to the Indian, the so-called mechanical processes do not exist. All lives. And the conquest is made by the means of the living will.

This is the religion of all aboriginal America, Peruvian, Aztec, Athabascan : perhaps the aboriginal religion of all the world. In Mexico, men fell into horror of the crude, pristine gods, the dragons. But to the pueblo Indian, the most terrible dragon is still somewhat gentle-hearted.

This brings us back to the Hopi. He has the hardest task, the stubbornest destiny. Some inward fate drove him to the top of these parched mesas, all rocks and eagles, sand and snakes, and wind and sun and alkali. These he had to conquer. Not merely, as we should put it, the natural conditions of the place. But the mysterious life-spirit that reigned there. The eagle and the snake.

It is a destiny as well as another. The destiny of the animistic soul of man, instead of our destiny of Mind and Spirit. We have undertaken the scientific conquest of forces, of natural conditions. It has been comparatively easy, and we are victors. Look at our black motor-cars like beetles working up the rock-face at Oraibi. Look at our three thousand tourists gathered to gaze at the twenty lonely men who dance in the tribe's snake-dance !

The Hopi sought the conquest by means of the mystic, living will that is in man, pitted against the living will of the dragon-cosmos. The Egyptians long ago made a partial conquest by the same means. We have made a partial conquest by other means. Our corn doesn't fail us : we have no seven years' famine, and apparently need never have. But the other thing fails us, the strange inward sun of life ; the pellucid monster of the rain never shows us his stripes. To us, heaven switches on daylight, or turns on the shower-bath. We little gods are gods of the machine only. It is our highest. Our cosmos is a great engine. And we die of ennui. A subtle dragon stings us in the midst of plenty. *Quos vult perdere Deus, dementat prius.*

(*To be concluded.*)

THE EPILOGUE TO "CLAREL"

By Herman Melville

IF Luther's day expand to Darwin's year
Shall that exclude the hope—foreclose the fear?

Unmoved by all the claims our times avow
The ancient Sphinx still keeps the porch of shade
And awes Despair, whom not her calm may cow,
And coldly on that adamantine brow
Scrawls undeterred his bitter pasquinade.
But Faith, who from the scrawl indignant turns,
With blood warm-oozing from her wounded trust,
Inscribes even on her shards of broken urns
The sign of the cross—*the spirit above the dust!*

THE EPILOGUE TO "CLAREL"

Yea, ape and angel, strife and old debate—
The harps of heaven and dreary gongs of hell—
Science the feud can only aggravate;
No umpire she betwixt the chimes and knell.
The running battle of the star and clod
Shall run for ever—if there be no God.

Degrees we know, unknown in days before;
The light is greater, hence the shadow more;
And tantalized and apprehensive man
Appealing: *Wherefore ripen us to pain?*
Seems there the spokesman of dumb Nature's train.
But through such strange illusions have they passed
Who in life's pilgrimage have baffled striven—
Even death may prove unreal at the last
And stoics be astounded into heaven.

Then keep thy heart, though yet but ill-resigned—
Clarel, thy heart, the issues there but mind;
That, like the crocus budding through the snow—
That, like a swimmer rising from the deep—
That, like a burning secret which doth go
Even from the bosom that would hoard and keep,
Emerge thou mayst from the last whelming sea
And prove that death but routs life into victory.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CONSCIOUSNESS.—The word is one of those useful labels we use to indicate a state, or function, that we cannot define. If we could define it we should know what man is; and be able to guess, perhaps, at the nature of God. But in common usage we know fairly well what we mean by consciousness or its psychological synonym "awareness"; although, even so, we find ourselves in deep water when we ask: awareness of *what?* Certainly not, for instance, of the outer world; and if of ourselves, of what part or function of ourselves? And how far can we be said to be "conscious" in our dreams?

But I do protest against Mr. Murry's vague use of the phrase "modern consciousness" as used in his article on Keats; in which he tells us (*a*) that Chaucer "anticipated the modern consciousness"; (*b*) that it would be nonsense to imply that this modern consciousness is "somehow superior to Chaucer's"; and (*c*) that this modern consciousness "is not a thing which actually exists," but is "rather a potentiality of the human spirit which is occasionally realized."

Now, taking (*a*) and (*b*) and comparing them with other references in the article, we might infer that Mr. Murry intends by his phrase that Chaucer and presumably many earlier classical writers before him had a clearer realization of themselves in relation to the sensible world than was common in their own times, and that this same clearer consciousness of relationship is now become a distinctive feature of the modern mind. Not only have we an immensely larger content of experience, whether actual or literary, than was possible for the average intelligent man of Chaucer's period; but we have, also, a remarkable tendency to transcend this larger content by the mere fact of regarding it as

" experience," thereby explicitly differentiating between subject and object.

This simple and comprehensible inference is, however, completely upset by (*c*), which—or so it seems to me—refers to an entirely different condition, namely, that state of heightened sensibility which produces exaltation, and is most commonly associated with genius. And is it possible to combine these two inferences without some reasonably clear idea of what we mean by consciousness in this connection?

Have we, in the first place, any sort of ground for believing that the fact of our having a larger content of experience together with our sceptical regard of it as object, is likely to encourage states of exaltation? If we could demonstrate this—upon which deduction I do not feel competent even to express an opinion—we should at once be able to reconcile Mr. Murry's three quoted statements.

In the second place, assuming that my last question be answered in the affirmative, are we to infer that the amplification of consciousness is due to the increase of the means of knowledge, or to increased susceptibility of the instrument. It is possible, of course, that these two alternatives are, to a certain extent, interdependent, either being precedent.

I give these questions, sincerely hoping that someone may be inspired to attempt an answer, because I believe that this problem of consciousness is the most important in the world at the present time. It confronted me, most intriguingly, for example, when I read in the same number of THE ADELPHI the following sentence from Mr. Sullivan's " Sketch of Einstein's Theory " : " The suggestion is . . . that what we call matter is, indeed, only the way in which our minds perceive the existence of certain geometrical peculiarities of the four-dimensional continuum." Whence we must infer that " matter " is only a mode of consciousness, and can have

no existence apart from it. This is not, of course, a new concept, philosophically; but it is interesting to find it re-arising from a basis of purely mathematical theory. —J. D. Beresford.

A Reply to Mr. Beresford.—I hasten to confess, in reply to Mr. Beresford's justified protest, that my use of the term "the modern consciousness" *is* vague, though I doubt whether it is vaguer than most uses of the ambiguous word "consciousness." I do not know whether I can reconcile the three statements, which Mr. Beresford finds irreconcilable, to his satisfaction. But I will do my best.

First, as regards the general scope of the phrase, I would say that the adjective "modern" should have implied that this "consciousness" of which I was speaking is not a constant. It varies from age to age and from man to man. I suppose it would be more exactly described as "the content of consciousness"—but I doubt whether that would be helpful. I used the phrase instinctively, without a clear sense of outline, as a less vague and less misleading form of our old friend the *Zeitgeist*.

But though I do not think it can be *defined*, I think it can be fairly exactly described, though only in terms of its origins. The modern consciousness arises out of a precise sense of the subject-object distinction, which could only begin when there was (as there was at the Renaissance) freedom to regard the external world as mere object, for exploration. This freedom was obviously in the vast majority of men merely potential. It could be anticipated by such a one as Chaucer (*a*). But since even now the freedom has been but very incompletely realized by the bulk of men, it would be nonsense to imply that this modern consciousness is "somehow superior to Chaucer's" (*b*). Nevertheless since this freedom is the basis of all modern intellectual

activity it is legitimate to speak of it as the prime element in "the modern consciousness." Still, it exists only in potentiality, for the capacity of following out the implications of this precise sense of the subject-object distinction is still, speaking generally, in embryo. It is realized only occasionally (*c*).

That is the connection between my three statements. Mr. Beresford has evidently been misled by my mention of the word "genius" in connection with (*c*). That also is a troublesome word, I know. But I do not think my use of it gave any grounds for supposing it referred to "a state of heightened sensibility, which produces exaltation." My words were chosen deliberately to avoid this suggestion. I spoke of "a truly comprehensive genius." To define what I mean by "a truly comprehensive genius" would only be to anticipate all that I have to say concerning Keats. I propose to show how "a truly comprehensive genius" does follow out the subject-object distinction to the last verge of implication. It may be that to Mr. Beresford the truly comprehensive genius, as I shall describe him, will always appear the victim of states of exaltation, simply because the faculty of knowledge he possesses is not intellectual and rational. I can only refer Mr. Beresford to my essay in this number of THE ADELPHI, and suggest to him that the assumption that the universe is rational is merely an assumption—a necessary axiom of a particular kind of thinking—and that there is another kind of thinking, equally cogent, and to most minds (however unconscious of it they may be) more permanently satisfying, and more obviously true to the perceived nature of reality.

A state of "exaltation," as I understand it, is a supersession of the subject-object distinction by abolishing the object. A state of "knowledge" is a supersession of that same distinction by a deep acceptance of the reality of both subject *and* object. This "knowledge" is a

complete realization of the potentialities of the modern consciousness. But, of course, the modern consciousness, as an actual condition, is at present hopelessly bogged in a bewildered and cynical awareness of the subject-object distinction *merely* as distinction. That is a state of transition. In trying to struggle out of it one has to take risks—among others the risk (which I cheerfully accept) of appearing to the literary editor of *The Nation* as a reincarnation of Pecksniff. As he says :—

> I am one of those old-fashioned people who want messages to be expressed in words and sentences which have a precise meaning, Mr. Murry is not. He objects to definitions; he uses words like " knowledge," " faith," " religion," " God," to mean what they do not ordinarily mean, but he does not explain what *he* wants them to mean. Consequently his message degenerates into either platitudes like " the good things are the things which make for life, and bad things are things which make for decay," or vague injunctions about loyalty, passionate desires for truth, isolation, and " holding the fort " of your editorial chair.

It may be unduly optimistic in me, but I cherish the hope that those old-fashioned people will become *very* old-fashioned in the course of another generation.—J. M. MURRY.

THE QUARREL BETWEEN COLERIDGE AND WORDSWORTH.—In his recent book of reminiscences, Mr. St. Loe Strachey prints a strange and startling remark of Coleridge's (to which my attention was drawn by " Affable Hawk " of *The New Statesman*).

> To be feminine, kind and genteelly dressed, these were the only things to which my head, heart, or imagination had any polarity, and what I was then, I still am.

That was obviously written towards the end of his life when, under the cotton-wool solicitude of the Gillman's, he was becoming " sleepy " like a pear. In such conditions a sad lucidity of soul is not unusual.

But an added interest of this unfamiliar self-judgment is the light it throws on Coleridge's relations with Wordsworth.

In THE ADELPHI of April last (p. 926) Mr. Murry discussed these relations, and " ventured his guess " at a solution of the problem why, after these two poets had parted from one another, their powers so conspicuously failed.

> The reason was (Mr. Murry guessed) that each of these two men needed the other in order to believe in his own belief. For those beliefs, being high and deep, were not of a nature to be maintained alone.

Coleridge's remark suggests that the condition of things was rather different. In the thrilling and productive days of their collaboration it was he who did the believing; he believed in Wordsworth's gospel as proclaimed in *Tintern Abbey,* and gave Wordsworth confidence and himself backbone. And that suits better with our impression of Wordsworth as a rather ungenerous soul, pleased to sniff up incense as his due and resentful when he no longer received it. Was he not angry at *Biographia Literaria*—the most open-handed, critical tribute ever paid by one living poet to another, in which Coleridge showed a positively pathetic concern for Wordsworth's feelings? Wordsworth never did much believing in Coleridge, and his lips must have shut with a snap when Coleridge—in lines both feminine and kind—ventured to utter his doubt of the sufficiency of Wordsworth's philosophy.

> O William, we receive but what we give;
> And in our life alone doth nature live.

In order to corroborate this impression of Coleridge's " femininity " I hunted up my copy of *Anima Poetae,* the selection from S.T.C.'s notebooks published in 1895. By hazard the book opened at his notes for

1804, when he was at Malta. On one page I found this :

> Oh, said I, as I looked at the blue, yellow-green and purple-green sea, with all its hollows and swells and cut-glass surfaces—oh, what an *ocean* of lovely forms ! And I was vexed, teased that the sentence sounded like a play of words. . . .

And, on the opposite page, this :

> One travels along with the lines of a mountain. Years ago I wanted to make Wordsworth sensible of this.

Nothing could be more like a woman's sensibility ; one feels it is a woman writing. And the second quotation gives a hint of the part that Coleridge played in the collaboration, or the *Concern* as they called it.

Coleridge (and Dorothy Wordsworth, no doubt) was the sensibility. He did not only the believing, but also the perceiving. There is a good example under September, 1st, 1800 :

> The beards of thistle and dandelions flying about the lonely mountains like life—and I saw them through the trees skimming the lake like swallows.

That, as E. Hartley Coleridge pointed out, is the original of Wordsworth's

> And, in our vacant mood
> Not seldom did we stop to watch some tuft
> Of dandelion seed, or thistle's beard,
> That skimmed the surface of the dead calm lake. . . .

And, as one glances through these notes of Coleridge, one comes, with no feeling of surprise on this first evidence of the rift within the lute (October 26, 1803). Coleridge is frightened like a woman at " dear and honoured William's " audacity of pantheism.

> A most unpleasant dispute with Wordsworth and Hazlitt. I spoke, I fear, too contemptuously ; but they spoke so irreverently, so malignantly of the Divine Wisdom that it overset me. . . . But *thou*, dearest Wordsworth—and what if Ray, Durham, Paley have carried the observation of the

> aptitude of things too far, too habitually into pedantry? O how many worse pedantries! How few so harmless with so much efficient good. Dear William, pardon pedantry in others, and avoid it in yourself, instead of scoffing and reviling at pedantry in good men and a good cause and *becoming* a pedant yourself in a bad cause—even by that very act becoming one. But, surely, always to look at the superficies of objects for the purpose of taking delight in their beauty, and sympathy with their real or imagined life, is as deleterious to the health and manhood of intellect as always to be peering and unravelling contrivance may be to the simplicity of the affection and the grandeur and unity of the imagination. O dearest William, would Ray or Durham have spoken of God as you spoke of Nature?

That, surely is extremely interesting not only for its blend of feminine solicitude and feminine fear, but for its hint that the rock on which the friendship split was precisely the Wordsworthian apotheosis of Nature. Mr. Murry's quotation of the two lines which I have requoted above had already suggested this. But this passage brings a powerful corroboration; and more yet comes from a note towards the end of 1805.

> The *thinking* disease is that in which the feelings, instead of embodying themselves in acts, ascend and become materials of general reasoning and intellectual pride. The dreadful consequences of this perversion instanced in Germany, *e.g.*, in Fichte *versus* Kant, Schelling *versus* Fichte, and in Verbidigno *versus* S. T. C.

Verbidigno is Coleridge's name for Wordsworth. I imagine that it was coined after the estrangement had begun. Coleridge is making the same accusation against Wordsworth that Keats made a dozen years afterwards, namely, that he was "an intellectual monopolist." That even Charles Lamb stomached Wordsworth's intellectual arrogance with difficulty we can gather from his letter to Manning (February 26, 1808).

> Wordsworth, the great poet, is coming to town; he is to have apartments in the Mansion House. He says he does not see much difficulty in writing like Shakespeare, if he

had a mind to try it. It is clear then nothing is wanting but the mind. Even Coleridge is a little checked at this hardihood of assertion.

Nevertheless, the actual occasion of the quarrel remains mysterious. It is generally supposed to have occurred in 1810, when Coleridge, having left the Wordsworths and abandoned the publication of *The Friend,* came to London to stay with the Montagus. Montagu repeated "a warning phrase" of Wordsworth's concerning Coleridge's difficult habits as a guest. In the phrase the word "nuisance" occurred. Coleridge was bitterly hurt, and straightway left the Montagus.

But it seems plain that the estrangement had begun long before then, for it was some time in 1806 or 1807 that Coleridge wrote in his notebooks, in Latin :

> Alas ! what misery to be wounded by him of whom you cannot complain ! Alas ! what misery of miseries to be wounded by him of whom you cannot complain by reason of your love of him !—

ARTHUR INGLEBY.

ANNOTATION TO A LETTER.—I am writing a paper on "Significance." With the egotism usual in a microcosm, I envisage myself as a Galahad among scientists, searching just across the boundaries of biology for the thing which you call truth, and of which you have said that it is incomprehensible ; or that your version of it is incomprehensible—but not negative—and involves you in something like mysticism, although you have come to it by no mystical "way."

It is curious : you, as critic, say that truth has to be lived, and that a man's life is the test of it. I, as biologist, am driven to say that all my life-science is barren of meaning unless I can demonstrate that an organism, *in its relations,* has significance ; and that significance must be apart from its bionomic adaptation, its place in

the nutritive chain. I shall say that this "truth" of your recent editorials, and this "meaning" of my paper hinges on relations; but that these are not the relations of a cog in the machine.

It is curious; you say that you are not a mystic,—and yet perhaps you are. Before I read your words I had typed this query: "Why am I called a mystic, who assert that the only *significance* and the only '*values*' lie in a consciousness of relations, that are both immediate and free? Because I use the word 'immediate'? But therein I show more of common sense than of mysticism, which (some) experts define as a philosophy of the Absolute, reached through abstraction. I have no philosophy of the sort, and if I had I would not have reached it through an abstraction. What I have is probably a philosophy of the *relative* (since it hinges on relations and out of these grow the only values it knows) and I have reached it through the concrete experiences that I, as an organism, have had."

It is curious. You have said that "life and death are true opposites" and that these two "in their magnificent opposition, *must* be a formulation of that which is beyond them, and is one"; and before I read your statement I had been writing, "in order to understand life we must familiarize death." I had used a transitive verb, meaning much more than to familiarize ourselves with *an idea about death.* What I *meant,* you have *implied* in your own statement; but the full meaning is one of those "lost secrets" which still hangs in the mind, like a great web of which we have grasped the nearest node.

The occasion of my writing is this; I am full of an inchoate philosophy, allied to mysticism, which scorns dialectic (for its own uses) but would formulate its position for the sake of real relations, in which it believes. Its whole impulse is to find expression in an art; but

friends and human contacts divert this impulse and compel an effort in the direction of formulation, in the lines indicated by this theme. "For the sake" denotes my recognition of the fact that personal satisfaction, found in equilibrium—a mind-state in which ultimate philosophies are dissolved—is not an adequate good. I would even stoop to ratiocination (which to me is almost an evil) to make my own grasp of "significance" available to an unsatisfied world; but that I find the "death-instinct" predominant in my own living, and can identify it with the ultimate beauty of life . . . as I am doing in a forthcoming book.

Unamuno, passionate, struggles with an aspect of this same theme in his "Tragic Sense of Life."

Santayana, passionless, resolves an aspect of it in his "tragic Realm of Truth."

Freud, apostle of the libidinous, at last uncovers an important speculative protagonist of his "libido" in "Beyond the Pleasure Principle," but cannot rise with it above the mechanism, which is his only concern.

Chapman, classicist and humanist, finds neither light nor dignity in science, and is an acrid critic of the cultures in which science has a part.

I sympathize with all of them and care only to synthesize them in thought.

Meanwhile the world seems to fall into two classes: those who are indifferent, and those who go violently astray on the *real* significance of what is thought.—HENRY CHESTER TRACY.

MR. DE LA MARE.—Mr. Walter de la Mare has attained a completely individual position among modern English poets. Amid all the contention (expressed or unspoken) of literary coteries, he stands apart and in his own sphere unchallenged. No one is against him; everyone for him: and of late he has achieved a measure of popular fame which he richly deserves. Wherever

poetry is read in England, Mr. de la Mare's poetry is now read, sometimes with an admiration which touches extravagance.

For Mr. de la Mare is not a great poet: but he is a true one. And at a time when England is distinctly lacking in poets, it is not surprising that he should occasionally be set on an equality with poets of the past whose range is much greater than his. I have heard him called our finest lyric poet since Shakespeare, which is preposterous. The well-known critic Mr. J. C. Squire has been at once courageous and prudent by comparing him to Coleridge: he has declared that Mr. de la Mare is the equal of Coleridge. That is not so extravagant as it sounds to people who unconsciously make it an article of faith that the present in literature is never as good as the past. There is a very real affinity between Coleridge and Mr. de la Mare; and it is certainly true (in my opinion) that Mr. de la Mare has written more *good* poetry than Coleridge, and in something of the same kind. Coleridge was a very unequal poet; Mr. de la Mare is a very equal one. He is never commonplace; he never fails to maintain a high level of distinction and technical excellence. But it must be recognized also that he has never touched the heights attained by Coleridge in "The Ancient Mariner," or "Christabel," or "Kubla Khan." Mr. de la Mare remains within the world of fancy; he scarcely enters the realm of imagination.

Mr. de la Mare's poetry, in other words, always represents an escape from the world of reality; it is, *par excellence*, a poetry of dreams. So, it may be said, is Coleridge's. But Coleridge's dreams have a singular strength and power; in "The Ancient Mariner" they assume a symbolical significance. One would be inclined to say that Coleridge was inspired by some direct mystical experience. No one would have the same feeling towards Mr. de la Mare's poetry. It is charm-

ing, whimsical, beautiful, but (in comparison with Coleridge's) it lacks intensity. Mr. de la Mare's dreams are almost day-dreams. "Almost," I say; for at their best they are something more. At their best they are thrilled with the anguish of desiderium for the kingdom of beauty and perfection which is denied to mortality. It is at this moment, when Mr. de la Mare is turned slightly aside from his creation of a dream-beauty, when the beauty he creates suddenly appears to him as the symbol of a perfection from which he is shut out, when he voices—in exquisite words—the secular longing of humanity for some changeless abiding-place,

> "Where all things transient to changeless win,"

that he comes nearest to satisfying the deepest demands we make upon poetry.

Mr. de la Mare is a wholly romantic poet. His work could be, I think, compared most justly to that of Mr. W. B. Yeats. It is, like Mr. Yeats', essentially minor poetry, but real poetry; and it belongs to that tradition of English poetry which was established by Tennyson, Rossetti and Morris, on the basis of Coleridge's work, and one or two poems of Keats, such as "La Belle Dame sans Merci" and "The Eve of St. Mark." That is to say, it belongs to a tradition of English poetry which turns aside from the real world of men and women. Perhaps this was the only kind of poetry which could flourish in our high Victorian era, when the *mot d'ordre* was no one should look at the primary realities of life, that the general faith should be in the immediate perfectibility of man. In such an age, with its superficial faith in progress, two attitudes were possible for poetry: one was that of rebellion, in which case poetry might have remained true to its ideal function of representing (to use Aristotle's phrase) "the actions and passions of men." Had there been poets brave enough to take this course, the poetry of the nineteenth

century would have been less dreamlike and futile than it was. There were only two outstanding rebels in the Victorian age, Thomas Carlyle and Thomas Hardy: both were prose-writers. But these were the only two men who, in their several spheres, did maintain by their practice that literature must be co-extensive with life; and it is primarily because of this instinctive habit of mind that the poetry of Thomas Hardy's later years strikes the modern mind as being altogether more real and of an altogether higher order (despite its occasional technical crudity) than the romantic poetry of the century. For that romantic poetry was based upon a different attitude. The romantic poets made their peace with the age, by shutting their eyes to it. *N'importe où hors du monde.* And the world, quite naturally, had no objection to poets who were dreamers, and glorified the beauty of some imaginary mediaeval past. Dreams are not very disturbing things. And when the nineteenth century poets tacitly admitted that their function was simply to give a practically occupied age the pleasure of beauty, the age was quite ready to come to terms with them. The poet adorned it by creating beauty; and the poet quite forgot that the highest kind of poetic beauty was never achieved by the deliberate creation of beauty.

Now, at last, with the shock of the war still jarring upon us, we begin to see that English poetry in the nineteenth century was largely ineffectual; and in consequence it has lost its hold upon the general mind. It is not to be taken seriously; it is an amusement, a pastime, irrelevant to man's deepest concerns. Probably that condition is not peculiar to England; but no true judgment of modern English poetry can be formed without an awareness of it. It is not fair to any modern English poet to compare him either with the Elizabethans, or the four English poets of the beginning of the nineteenth century: Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth and Coleridge.

They all arrogated to themselves in their different ways the whole of human life as their province. Compared to their attempts and their achievements, later poetry (with the exception of Hardy's and some of Browning's) is a narrow and to some extent an artificial thing. It is essentially an affair of dreams ; the reality, for the most part, has been taken over by the novel.

In this smaller tradition of English poetry Mr. de la Mare holds a very high place, both as a consummate craftsman and a poet of individual fancy. But fancy rather than imagination is his province ; and his weakness appears when he expresses himself, as he sometimes does, in prose-fiction. His stories and novels are nothing more than fairy tales. Fairy tales can be beautiful ; and some of Mr. de la Mare's are beautiful. But the true beauty of prose-fiction is of a more arduous and less obvious kind.

Mr. de la Mare's greatest strength proceeds from his acknowledgment of his own limitations : he accepts the world of dreams for his province and makes no attempt to pass outside it. He is all of one piece. And one feels in his work something more than an acquiescence in limitations ; it is that his work is a natural expression of himself. He is not pretending, although his world is a world of "make-believe." Make-believe is instinctive to him, just as instinctive as it is to him to write rhymes for children, or the quaint collection of epitaphs which is contained in "Ding Dong Bell." In other words, Mr. de la Mare is by nature what so many modern poets have pretended to be ; they are professional dreamers, he is a dreamer born. And that difference is the measure of his vast superiority over most of his contemporaries. When Mr. de la Mare is quaint and fantastic, as he nearly always is, we do not feel that he is playing a trick upon himself or upon us. He is what he is, and that, in spite of the number of poets who pretend to it, is a rare thing.—HENRY KING.

POLITICS AND ÆSTHETICS

By The Journeyman

"THE storm seemed nothing more than usual," wrote a friendly correspondent, in a letter faintly critical of my notes last month. "It was bad, of course, but I didn't know how bad it was till I saw by the papers next morning that a ship had gone down near my own place, and that her men were drowned. Why don't you write about such men," he asked, "instead of the politicians?" And he used a word, not accurately descriptive of politicians, but quite fair as a missile to throw at such politicians as are too common with us.

Well, I don't know why that ship sank. Her hatches came adrift, I suppose. Hatches do, now and then, and of necessity that happens when seas are sweeping the deck; if, therefore, the hatches cannot be made fast in time, the ship founders. But, as Kingsley once reminded us, men must work, even if things go wrong occasionally in heavy weather. Kingsley's reference, let us note, was to rough men, such as fishers. But if such rough characters did not build and sail ships, if they ceased to dig coal and iron, to lay brick on brick, to grow corn, to herd cattle, to drive engines, and to carry heavy weights about in the docks—when lucky enough to be hired—perhaps even my refined comments here might not get done. Where, in fact, would most of us be? I feel faint at the thought of it. It would be no joke to have to raise a crop of oats in a back garden and wait in hunger for them to ripen into oatmeal. That sort of thing would not engender the mood for reading the poets or pondering over Einstein. Things have

gone on so nicely—except for that startling jar of the war—that we are inclined to fancy that the freedom in which we may deliberate the mystery of Beethoven's music and the wonders of Greece and old Egypt is the ordination of a discriminating Providence.

Yet it may not be so. Perhaps our emancipation is the gift of those who, for instance, build ships on the Clyde, and then go home to sleep four to the bed of a one-room Glasgow tenement; and of others who will take the ships to sea in any weather, and chance the hatches, because they must; of those who go down in mines for coal and iron, and sometimes do not come up again, and who grow corn and beef till rheumatism and the workhouse get them. On the bodies of these men we are free to make our leisure fruitful. It is their labours, unrecorded except when they happen to die at it in sufficient numbers, which Buckingham Palace crowns so nobly.

Those folk are always at it; though as a rule we are only aware of it when they stop, when they become a bit peevish, and demand a little more for it. We tell them then that they are "attacking the public." For, curiously enough, we are the public, not they. I remember that in 1907 a Liberal Minister, now a very notable figure, by some of that artful manœuvring which one learns in practical politics, largely nullified Samuel Plimsoll's work for the prevention of the overloading of ships. This clever statesman made the overloading of many ships possible by making it legal. It was quite simple. You merely allowed more cargo to go into them than they were designed to carry, and they were then able to carry it because their owners said it was all right. About a million sterling was added to the capital of the owners, and Jack himself was rewarded with more jam and pickles.

Did the public protest? Was that Minister arraigned? Nothing like it. Few people knew;

nobody cared. But ships foundered because of it, and their men were drowned. I recall that the Journeyman himself once waited for four hours to say good-bye one wild night in the Western Ocean, while the crew fought with doom about the loosened hatches of that tramp steamer. Time after time they were swept away by cataracts. It was a near thing. That ship could not rise to the seas because she was carrying 200 tons beyond her capacity, at thirty shillings the ton. The men won ; and then went to their berths at 1 a.m., and turned in, wet clothes and all, without even the reward of hot coffee. No, not heroes. Desperate but patient souls. Many of them Germans, too, because Germans were cheaper than British.

Since then I have ceased to add to the applause for that Minister. I saw that night a most dramatic representation of the consequences of politics shaped by " interests," and my attention to politics after that became more acute than ever. Politics mean something. What do they mean? In the present complicated communities of Europe they mean life or death to us, but we are so inattentive to what is happening about us that we only become doubtful when our roof falls. We never knew what pensive Sir Edward Grey, and the rest of his kind in Europe, were doing for us till we got it in 1914. Has that experience made us dubious of the strong silence of these fellows? Not a bit of it. They even unveil for us the cenotaphs they predestined, and do it so well that the memorials are a tribute to their humanity and wisdom. Now, we hear, the same shrewd fellows are going to complete the building of a naval base at Singapore. That, of course, means war with Japan. Don't let us fool ourselves this time with supposing that it only means money for contractors, jobbers, office-seekers, and steel-plate makers. It means war, and they who declare that it is infamous to say so are contradicted by every wooden cross in France.

Nevertheless, we shall still be jazzing, altering the Prayer Book, and making dividends for Rothermere and Beaverbrook, measuring the distances between the stars, filling the football grounds and the picture palaces, and arguing about Being and Becoming, when the peremptory sergeant-major with his death's head knocks at our doors again for the first-born. It is true we do not want an enemy anywhere, but the fighting caste does, and the armour-plate people do, and the rest who exist on our fears; and clearly the North Sea bogie has lost its terrors. Another must be found. We are not even invited to select our bogie. One is chosen for a democratic and fully enfranchised nation, and we have got to take it. Singapore, too, is so carefully a long way off. Our clever politicians presently will be demanding a fleet for Singapore, as well as a base—what is the good of a base without a fleet?—and they will get it, for most of us could not, without some hesitation, find Singapore in the atlas.

It will cost us about £20,000,000 to establish a basic certainty for the next war. And it is the very men who failed to provide the survivors of the last war with homes, on the score of expense, who will sink that sum on provocative quays in the tropics. The soldiers of the last war may sell matches and live six in one room because we are too poor to keep our promises to the heroes who saved us. But we can afford to turn a mangrove swamp on the equator into a pleasant home for big guns. And yet there are people who thought Shaw was joking when he said he suspected this planet was being used as a lunatic asylum by the other planets! On the very day when we promised plenty of room for guns at Singapore the papers gave us the further news that a baby had been suffocated because it had to sleep, in the very capital of this glorious Empire, with a large number of relatives in one bed.

For my part, if I were a politician, I should consider

"the Clyde" as an infinitely more dangerous country than Japan. I should consider that men who had been once exalted in a national cause, but who had become bitterly disillusioned, were far more explosive than the powder of an enemy. I should consider a country not civilized, but savage and violent, whose children were suffocated in fœtid homes. Is the leisure profitably used, in which some of us may discuss æsthetics while incest is normal through overcrowding in the hells we call our "great industrial centres"? Mr. William Bolitho tells us in a little book with the attractive title, the "Cancer of Empire," that "the majority of the working families of Glasgow live and die in a misery which no passing calamity, war or earthquake, could surpass." Forty thousand families live in one-room tenements in Glasgow; 118,000 in a flat of one room and a kitchen. The "best workmen of the Empire" live starved of air, light, and space, in an unending gloom and the smell of stagnant antiquity. The general death rate of such homes is twenty-seven per thousand living. It is about nine at Hampstead. Yet if one of the ships they build goes down in a dramatic storm and its crew is drowned, our æsthetic sensibilities are moved!

No, unless we can spare some time from our contemplation of Beauty and the Absolute, or the divining of the winner of the English cup, to consider with particular care the just solutions of these problems, then some day all our poetry and achievements will go up the flue in smoke as though it were no better than curl papers.

MULTUM IN PARVO

THE PROBLEM OF REVIEWING : *Mr. A. A. Milne's explanation.*—The assertion made by " Mr. Arthur Ingleby " that " good books are very often reviewed far more severely than mediocre or trifling ones " is amplified by Mr. A. A. Milne in an essay on The State of the Theatre.

The following extract, taken from Mr. Mais's book *An English Course for Everybody* is relevant.

> Mr. Milne's article on The State of the Theatre is an equally true and fine piece of dramatic criticism. He says that the newspaper critics have two standards of criticism which the public does not understand :
>
> They go to the Bareback Theatre for the first night of *Kiss me, Katie,* and they write something like this :
>
> " Immense enthusiasm. . . . A feast of colour to delight the eye. Mr. Albert de Lauributt has surpassed himself. . . . Delightfully catchy music. . . . The audience laughed continuously. . . . Mr. Ponk, the new comedian from America, was a triumphant success. . . . Ravishing Miss Rosie Romeo was more ravishing than ever. . . . Immense enthusiasm."
>
> On the next night they go to see Mr. A. W. Galsberrie's new play *The Three Men.* They write like this :
>
> " Our first feeling was one of disappointment. . . . Certainly not Galsberrie at his best. . . . The weak point of the play is that the character of his John is not properly developed. . . . A perceptible dragging in the third act. . . . It is a little difficult to understand why. . . . We should hardly have expected Galsberrie to have. . . . The dialogue is perhaps a trifle lacking in. . . . Mr. Macready Jones did his best with the part of Sir John, but as we have said. . . . Mr. Kean Smith was extremely unsuited to the part of George. . . . The reception, on the whole, was favourable."
>
> You see the difference? Of course, there is bound to be a difference and Mr. Galsberrie would be very disappointed if there were not. He understands the critics' feeling,

> which is simply that *Kiss me, Katie,* is not worth criticizing, and that *The Three Men* most emphatically is. But it is not surprising that the plain man-in-the-street, who has saved up in order to take his girl to one of the two new plays of the week and is waiting for the reviews to appear before booking his seats, should come to the conclusion that *The Three Men* seems to be a pretty rotten play, and that, tired though they are of musical comedy, *Kiss me, Katie,* is evidently something rather extra special which they ought not to miss.

To add anything to this excellent illustration of the two standards of criticism that are used is, I think, unnecessary.—H. E. MUSGRAVE.

As an habitual reader of book reviews, but with no knowledge of the manner in which books (I am speaking principally of novels) are distributed among reviewers, I think that intelligent readers are seldom led astray in the value of any book under notice. They attain, gradually, a " flair " for books, a sort of instinct that enables them to judge from its review, whether signed or not, exactly the type of book it is.

When I read that *The Green Hat* is " cleverly written, intriguing, a vivid picture of modern woman, full of shrewd observation," &c., I know at once what awaits me, and from reading two or three reviews am able to construct the entire story with a good guess at the style. Few, I imagine, when reading in, say, the *Manchester Guardian* over half a column of severe criticism for *The Boy in the Bush,* by D. H. Lawrence and H. L. Skinner, and about half as much space for light praise, with perhaps the label—" a good book for a railway journey," for any of the numerous futile volumes that continually find their way into our libraries and bookshops, are in the slightest doubt as to which is the better book.

A high standard of criticism does not debar praise; no good reviewer denied that Arnold Bennett's *Riceyman Steps* was a beautiful book, and the terms of this

praise left no doubts as to its literary merits. Even in this case, the author's name is not an absolute guarantee of the book's worth, for Bennett has his Lilians as well as his Elsies.

I do not, of course, know if I have read any of Mr. "Ingleby's" reviews, but in any case, I hope he will permit me, as a member of the general reading public, to thank him for making them as honest as he can, and to assure him that many people judge books, not so much from the amount of praise or blame meted out by reviewers, but by the style of the reviews, from which they can invariably gauge the standards set.—L. CALDERON.

BOOKS TO READ

HISTORY OF POLITICAL THOUGHT. By Raymond G. Gettell. (Allen & Unwin.) 18s. net.

There cannot be any modern contribution to political thought that the painstaking Professor Gettell has overlooked in compiling this careful book. He does go back to the Greeks, but it is mainly modern doctrines he is concerned with. To a student of good digestion the work will have value for purposes of reference.

WALES. By W. Watkin Davies. (Williams & Norgate.) 2s. 6d. net.

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THE ADELPHI, printed by LOXLEY BROTHERS LIMITED, Whitefriars House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. 4; and published for the Proprietors, by BRITISH PERIODICALS LIMITED, 12, Cursitor Street, London, E.C. 4.

FEBRUARY, 1925 MONTHLY VOL. II No. 9

The Adelphi

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EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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The Adelphi

VOL. II. NO. 9. FEBRUARY, 1925

PRO DOMO MEA

By The Editor

FOR this month I must interrupt the story of Keats's poetic life for more immediate concerns. THE ADELPHI has reached a point in its existence at which it is no longer possible, or indeed desirable, to issue it in the manner in which it has been issued up till now.

The ordinary machinery of trade distribution, evolved to suit the needs of mass-production, is so wasteful as to be an intolerable burden upon a small and completely independent literary enterprise such as this. THE ADELPHI cannot afford to print heavily in excess of its real requirements in order to supply a fluctuating demand at the bookstalls. It cannot continue to print three copies in order to sell two. Therefore the attempt must be made to do without the system which necessitates this extravagance. In future anyone who wants THE ADELPHI must place a definite order for it with his newsagent or bookseller, or send a direct postal subscription. *He will be unable to obtain it in any other way.*

But the temporary security to be obtained by this means is not enough. THE ADELPHI needs a definite assurance of support from its readers extending over a period of at least one year; I must be able to say to myself, without any danger of miscalculation, that a certain minimum number of copies of THE ADELPHI

will be bought and paid for every month for twelve months. Without this assurance I shall be working in the dark, and, since the financial responsibility for the magazine falls upon me alone, I should not be justified in taking a risk which, in case of the worst, I should be unable to bear. Moreover, it has always been a fixed point of principle in my mind that the moment THE ADELPHI ceased to pay its way, it must cease also to exist.

"Paying your way" is a vague phrase when it is used of a magazine. It is as well to be precise. THE ADELPHI will be considered to pay its way, so long as the contributors receive *something* for their work, while the editor receives nothing either for his labour or his writing. It is doubtful whether others would call such a condition "paying your way": it is the irreducible minimum necessary to continued existence. But, so long as that irreducible minimum is *guaranteed*—and obviously it must not be precarious—THE ADELPHI will continue to exist.

Thus, THE ADELPHI is entirely in the hands of its readers. It is *conceivable* that someone might be found to give the magazine financial support. I do not intend to look for it, and I shall refuse it even if it is freely offered. Life maintained by artificial respiration is not worth living. THE ADELPHI can have but one sound *raison d'être*: namely, that a sufficient number of readers really want to read it. Subsidized reviews are all very well, and many, perhaps most, of the nominally, and in some cases actually, independent reviews are subsidized. But THE ADELPHI differs from them in that it would be false to its own ideal if it lived by subsidies, were they never so disinterested.

The existence of THE ADELPHI, therefore, depends upon its readers and upon them alone. If they desire that it should continue to exist, they must fill up the postcard enclosed in this issue of the magazine and send

it *immediately*. "Immediately" is not an empty phrase: its purport is this. Any postcard arriving (except from abroad) after Monday, February 16th, will be ignored. Readers who will not take the trouble to send a postcard within a fortnight are not the readers one would care to rely on. Accordingly, on Monday, February 16th, will be taken the final decision, based on the number of actual assurances received and a reasonable estimate of the number of subscribers in distant countries who will renew, to continue or to close down THE ADELPHI.

Anyone who sends the postcard will be undertaking two precise and binding obligations: (1) to order from his newsagent or bookseller the three remaining numbers of THE ADELPHI which will complete the second volume, and (2) to send a direct postal subscription to cover the third yearly volume beginning with the June number. This does not primarily concern those who are already direct postal subscribers, but I ask them also to send me their undertaking to continue their subscriptions to include the number for May, 1926.

The response to this request will be published either in the March or the April number. If it does not fairly warrant me in continuing THE ADELPHI for a third volume, I shall say so plainly; but in that case the promise to order the remaining copies of the second volume will be regarded as binding, in order that THE ADELPHI may end its life tidily.

I hope that the position has been made clear. I want, and must have, a reasonable measure of certainty, completely apart from revenue for advertisements which THE ADELPHI may or may not receive. I must know definitely where I stand and know it without delay. I do not want donations. I am in the position of a man who desires to sell a commodity which gives him so much satisfaction to produce that he is content to forgo all thought of profit. I wish to establish a

quite simple buyer-seller relation with a faithful clientèle. If any reader wishes particularly to support THE ADELPHI, then let him promise to buy two or three copies of THE ADELPHI instead of one and make a present of the extra copies to other people.

I emphasize this simple and matter-of-fact relation in order to guard myself against high-falutin'. If once I were to persuade myself that THE ADELPHI *ought* to exist, there is an end of sanity. THE ADELPHI ought not to exist a day longer than it has readers enough and anxious enough to keep it naturally alive. By this time its readers should have been able to make up their own minds about it. Either they think it is worth a shilling a month to them for a further fifteen months; or they do not. In the latter case they have a straightforward and unequivocal way of declaring their opinion. Let them put the postcard on the fire.

If, as I hope, the existence of THE ADELPHI is secured in this fashion I shall welcome the change: if it is not, I shall welcome the change no less. Under the present conditions the labour plus the anxiety are too burdensome. To the labour I have no objection: to the anxiety I have. The scanty hours into which I have to cram my own work are never undisturbed, and that at a time when I see more clearly than before the nature of the work I am fitted to do.

THE ADELPHI itself, in more ways than are obvious, has helped to change the vague and unformed faith with which I began it into deep and secure convictions; and, for my own part, I should like to be able henceforward to use THE ADELPHI not, as in the past, to assert, but to define and justify those convictions, and to make it a meeting-ground for those who seem to me to be working, consciously or unconsciously, as thinkers or artists, to the end that these convictions may prevail.

THE OUTCAST

By Liam O'Flaherty

"I am the Good Shepherd" (JESUS CHRIST).

THE parish priest returned to the parochial house at Dromullen, after a two months' holiday at the seaside resort of Lisdoonvarna.

He returned fatter than he went, with immense red gills and crimson flakes on his undulating cheeks, with pale blue eyes scowling behind mountainous barricades of darkening flesh and a paunch that would have done credit to a Roman emperor.

He sank into the old easy chair in the library with a sumptuous groan. He was tired after the journey. He filled the chair and overflowed it. His head sank into his neck as he leaned back and the neck-flesh eddied turbulently over the collar of his black coat, toppling down behind in three neat billowing waves. He felt the elbow rests with his fat white palms caressingly. Great chair! It had borne his weight for ten years without a creak. Great chair! Great priest!

His housekeeper stood timorously on the other side of the table, with her hands clasped in front of her black skirt, a lean, sickly woman with a kind white face. She had followed him in. But she was afraid to disturb the great man so soon after his arrival.

He sighed, grunted, groaned, and made a rumbling internal noise from his throat to his midriff. Then he said "Ha!" and shifted his weight slightly. He suddenly raised his eyebrows. His little eyes rested on the housekeeper's twitching hands. They shot upwards to her pale face. His mouth fell open slightly.

"Well?" he grunted in a deep, pompous voice. "Trouble again? What is it?"

"Kitty Manion wants to see ye father?" whispered the housekeeper.

"Foo!" said the priest. He made a noise in his mouth as if he were chewing something soft. He grunted. "I heard about her," he continued in a tone of oppressed majesty. "I heard about the slut. . . . Yes indeed. . . . Ough! . . Show her in."

The housekeeper curtseyed and disappeared. The door closed without a sound. The white handle rolled backwards with a faint squeak. There was silence in the library. The priest clasped his paunch with both hands. His paunch rose and fell as he breathed. He kept nodding his head at the ground. Two minutes passed.

The door opened again without a sound. The housekeeper pushed Kitty Manion gently into the library. Then the door closed again. The white handle squeaked. There was a tense pause. The parish priest raised his eyes. Kitty Manion stood in front of him, at the other side of the table, two paces within the door.

She had a month-old male child at her breast. His head emerged from the thick, heavy cashmere shawl that enveloped his mother. His blue eyes stared impassively, contentedly. The mother's eyes were distended and bloodshot. Her cheeks were feverishly red. Her shawl had fallen back on to her shoulders like a cowl, as she shifted it from one hand to another in order to rearrange her child. Her great mass of black hair was disordered, bound loosely on the nape of her neck. Her neck was long, full, and white. Her tall, slim figure shivered. These shivers passed down her spine, along her black-stockinged, tapering calves and disappeared into her high-heeled little shoes. She looked very beautiful and innocent as only a young mother can look.

The priest stared at her menacingly. She stared back at him helplessly. Then she suddenly lost control of herself and sank to her knees.

" Have pity on me, father," she cried. " Have pity on me child."

She began to sob. . . . The priest did not speak. A minute passed. Then she rose to her feet once more. The priest spoke.

" You are a housemaid at Mr. Burke's, the solicitor."

" I was, father. But he dismissed me this morning. I have no place to go to. No shelter for me child. They're afraid to take me in in the village for fear ye might. . . . Oh! father, I don't mind about mesel', but me child. It. . . ."

" Silence!" cried the priest sternly. " A loose tongue is an ill omen. How did this happen?"

She began to tremble violently. She kept silent.

" Who is the father of yer child, woman?" said the priest slowly, lowering his voice and leaning forward on his elbows.

Her lips quivered. She looked at the ground. Tears rolled down her cheeks. She did not speak.

" Ha!" he cried arrogantly. " I thought so. Obstinate slut! I have noticed you this long while. I knew where you were drifting. Ough! The menace to my parish that a serpent like you. . . . Out with it!" he roared, striking the table. " Let me know who has aided you in your sin. Who is he? Name him. Name the father of your child."

She blubbered, but she did not speak.

" For the sake of your immortal soul," he thundered, " I command you to name the father of your child."

" I can't," she moaned hysterically. " I can't, father. There was more than one man. I don't know who . . ."

" Stop, wretch," screamed the priest, seizing his

head with both hands. " Silence! Silence, I command you. Oh my! Oh! Oh!"

The child began to whimper.

" Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," muttered the girl in a quiet whisper.

The priest's face was livid. His eyes were bloodshot. His paunch trembled. He drew in a deep breath to regain control of himself. Then he stretched his right hand to the door with the forefinger pointed.

" Go!" he thundered, in a melancholy voice. " Begone from me, accursed one. Begone with the child of your abomination. Begone."

She turned slowly, on swaying hips, to the door, with the foot movements of one sinking in a quagmire. She threw back her head helplessly on her neck and seized the door-handle. The handle jingled noisily. The door swung open and struck her knee. She tottered into the hall.

" Away with you," he thundered. " Begone from me, accursed one."

The housekeeper opened the hall door. She was thrusting something into the girl's hands, but the girl did not see her. As soon as she saw the open air through the doorway, she darted forward with a wild cry. She sprang down the drive and out into the road.

She paused for a moment in the roadway. To the right, the road led to the village. To the left, it led to the mountains. She darted away to the left, trotting on her toes, throwing her feet out sideways and swaying from her hips.

It was an August day. The sun was falling away towards the west. A heat mist hung high up in the heavens, around the dark spurs of the mountains.

She trotted a long way. Then she broke into a walk as the road began to rise. It turned and twisted upwards steeply towards the mountains, a narrow white crust of bruised limestone curling through the soft bog-land. The mountains loomed up close on either

side. . . . There were black shadows on the grey granite rocks and on the purple heather. Overhanging peaks made gloomy caverns that cast long spikes of blackness out from them. Here and there the mountains sucked their sides inwards in sumptuous curves, like seashell mouths. Long black fences raced majestically up the mountain sides and disappeared on far horizons over their peaks, with ferocious speed. The melancholy silence of a dead world filled the air.

The melancholy silence soothed the girl. It numbed her. She sat down to rest on the stunted grass by the roadside. She cast one glance at the valley behind her. She shuddered. Then she hugged her baby fiercely and traversed its tiny face with kisses. The baby began to cry. She fed him. Then he fell asleep. She arose and walked on.

She was among the peaks, walking along a level, winding stretch of road that led to the lake, the Lake of Black Cahir. A great dull weariness possessed her being. Her limbs trembled as she walked. Her heart began to throb with fear. Her forehead wrinkled and quick tremors made her shiver now and again. But she walked fiercely on, driven forward towards the lake in spite of her terror.

She reached the entrance to the valley where the lake was. She saw the lake suddenly, nestling cunningly behind and overhanging mossy-faced cliff, a flat white dot with dark edges. She stood still and stared at it for a long time. She was delirious. Her eyes glistened with a strange light.

Then she shivered and walked slowly downwards towards the lake bank, stopping many times to kiss her sleeping child. When she reached the rocky bank and saw the deep, dark waters, she uttered a cry and darted away. The child awoke and began to cry. She sat down and fondled him. He ceased crying and beat the air feebly with his hands. She kissed him and called to him strange words in a mumbling voice.

She took off her shawl, spread it on a flat, smooth rock, and placed the child on it. Then she tied the shawl into a bundle about the child. She placed the bundle carefully against another rock and knelt before it. Clasping her hands on her breast, she turned her face to the sky and prayed silently.

She prayed for two minutes, and then tears trickled down her cheeks, and she remained for a long time staring at the sky without thinking or praying. Finally she rose to her feet and walked to the lake bank quickly, without looking at her baby. When she reached the brink, she joined her hands above her head, closed her eyes, and swayed forward stiffly.

But she drew backwards again with a gasp.

Her child had crowed. She whirled about and rushed to him. She caught him up in her arms and began to kiss him joyously, laughing wildly as she did so.

Laughing madly, wildly, loudly, she rushed to the bank.

She threw back her head. She put the child's face close against her white throat, and jumped headlong into the lake.

Lord Morley and Thomas Hardy.—" When Lord Morley became President of the Council, and was asked by Mr. Thomas Hardy, at a luncheon party in Downing Street, what books he had been reading lately, he was met with the lofty reply, ' I never read anything.' At that moment Lord Morley the politician had John Morley the man of letters under strict lock and key. He was keeping up the appearances of a man of action. Mr. Hardy's gently ironic comment is too good to be lost—I hope he will forgive me for repeating it : ' He seemed to draw an invisible ermine about him as though he were a sporting peer who never read anything but the *Pink 'Un.*' " (" John, Viscount Morley " : by J. H. Morgan.)

NEWMAN AND SIDGWICK:

An Essay towards a New Psychology

By Henry King

It lately chanced that, in an endeavour to investigate for myself some characteristics of the Christian mind, I read more or less simultaneously Newman's *Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ* and a little treatise by J. M. Lloyd Thomas: *A Free Catholic Church.* The comparison of these books in themselves was illuminating, for it showed the extraordinary variety of ultimate conviction in which a kindred, one might almost say, an identical, primary certitude can be manifested in the sincere Christian. I do not compare the powers of these two men; but the contrast between the movement of their minds, the ground of initial certitude once left, is astonishing. In Newman the movement becomes ever more narrow and exclusive: his immediate conviction of the existence of God instantly becomes a cause of anxiety and profound misgiving: he is tortured, his soul is pierced to the quick, by the terror lest he should be cast out from the grace of that God whom he knows to exist: and the terror does not abate until he finds refuge, where so fearful, though so noble, a soul must needs find refuge—in the Church which gathers under its wing the greater part of Christendom. It was a small shock, indeed, to realize that Newman was one who must be with the majority. But in no ignoble sense. He believed in God, but he did not trust Him: he was afraid of Him. Where but in the largest cavern should he hide him from the wrath to come?

In Lloyd Thomas the fear does not exist. The

movement is not narrow and exclusive : on the contrary, trusting in the God in whom he believes, he longs to unite in his " Free Catholic Church " all truly religious-minded men. He is never for one moment perturbed about the possibility of his own damnation : probably the very idea of damnation never entered his head in any shape or form. He does not even demand of the members of his ideal Church that they should believe in God in any dogmatic sense : they might perfectly well be Deists or Pantheists or Agnostics. So long as they are men of good will, he is confident that the grace of God—of which he probably has no very definite idea—will be vouchsafed to them.

This incidental contrast is remarkable enough : two transparently sincere and deeply religious men march from an identical premiss to antipodal conclusions. Yet an even more striking comparison is suggested by those same two books. Among those whom Lloyd Thomas most eagerly seeks to include in the new Church are those who hold " a not un-Christian agnosticism which is too full of faith and spirituality to tolerate so mean a thing as a theological dogma." As a type of the attitude he quotes the words of the Cambridge philosopher, Henry Sidgwick :

> If I am asked whether I believe in a God, I should really have to say I do not know, that is, I do not know whether I *believe* or *merely hope* that there is a moral order in the universe that we know, a supreme principle of Wisdom and Benevolence guiding all things to good ends, and to the happiness of the good. I certainly *hope* that this is so, but I do not think it capable of being *proved.* All I can say is that no opposed explanation of the origin of the cosmos . . . . seems to me even plausible, and that I cannot accept life on any other terms, or construct a rational system of my own conduct except on the basis of this faith. . . . Duty is to me as real a thing as the physical world, though it is not apprehended in the same way; but all my apparent knowledge of duty falls into chaos if my belief in the moral government of the world is conceived to be withdrawn.

> Well, I cannot resign myself to disbelief in duty : in fact if I did, I should feel that the last barrier between me and complete philosophical scepticism, or disbelief in truth altogether, was broken down. Therefore I sometimes say to myself, " I believe in God," while sometimes again, I can say no more than I *hope* this belief is true, and I must and will act as if it was.

That is deeply interesting, as are all sincere statements of belief by men capable of making them ; but what is peculiarly striking is a very marked resemblance between Sidgwick's profession and Newman's own in the *Apologia* :

> I am a Catholic by virtue of my believing in God; and if I am asked why I believe in a God, I answer that it is because I believe in myself, for I feel it impossible to believe in my own existence (and of that fact I am quite sure) without believing in the existence of Him who lives as a Personal, All-seeing, All-judging Being in my conscience. I daresay I have not expressed myself with philosophical correctness, because I have not given myself to the study of what others have said on the subject: but I think I have a strong true meaning in what I say, which will bear examination.

What Newman says is this : " I know that I exist, and by the same act of knowledge I know that my conscience exists. This conscience sees all, judges all, my acts : it is a personal God living in me." And Sidgwick says : " Duty is to me as real a thing as the physical world, though it is not to be apprehended in the same way. . . . I cannot resign myself to disbelief in duty." Is it not clear that the basic experience is the same in both men? And if we require a yet closer link of connection than the accepted bond between duty and conscience, it is supplied by Wordsworth's invocation of Duty as the "stern daughter of the Voice of God."

The fundamental fact on which Newman and Sidgwick build their so different edifices of faith or agnosticism is the same : it is the reality of conscience, which

is for Sidgwick as real as the physical world, and for Newman as real as his own self-existence ; it is the same basic and primary experience as that which was the cause of the conversion of the French poet, Paul Claudel :

> J'ai fui partout : partout j'ai retrouvé la Loi :
> Quelquechose en moi qui soit plus moi-même que moi.

The French poet in these words goes perhaps farther than Newman, in that he declares that the inward Law —Duty or Conscience—from which he cannot flee, is *more* truly himself than he. This reality, of whose enduring existence he has immediate knowledge, Newman declares to be God himself " living as a Personal, All-seeing, All-judging Being " in his conscience. Claudel would agree with him : so also, manifestly, would Wordsworth have done.

At this further step, if it be indeed a *further* step, Sidgwick seems to hesitate. And the nature of his apparent hesitation deserves to be studied. Duty is to him as real a thing as the physical world, though it is not apprehended in the same way. Concerning this knowledge of Duty, Sidgwick says : " But all my apparent knowledge of Duty falls into chaos if my belief in the moral government of the world is conceived to be withdrawn." Why he should now call his knowledge of Duty (which was as real as his knowledge of the physical world, though of a different kind) " apparent " knowledge is not clear. Either he was prejudiced as a logician in favour of confining the term " knowledge " to intellectual knowledge ; or the fact that the knowledge of Duty either necessitated or depended upon a belief in " the moral government of the world " made the burden of belief in his knowledge of Duty at times too onerous.

But in truth Sidgwick, in spite of his seeming clarity, is very difficult to follow at this all-important point. Seeing, however, that the primary and original fact is his

knowledge of Duty, which is as certain as his knowledge of the physical world, it seems that the relation between this knowledge of Duty and the knowledge of "the moral government of the world" must be the relation of cause to effect. That is to say, knowledge of Duty necessitates, not depends upon, knowledge of the moral government of the world. Yet, apparently, this knowledge of the moral government of the world can be conceived to be withdrawn; and, if it is withdrawn his knowledge of Duty also fails: it becomes merely "apparent." Beneath this evident vacillation lurks a real uncertainty, which is perhaps impossible to define precisely. Probably it is this. Knowledge of Duty is primary and really unintermittent. But it necessitates knowledge of the moral government of the world. This knowledge, however, is intermittent, and when it fails, it reacts on the felt certainty of the knowledge of duty. In simpler words: belief in duty which is no effort, necessitates belief in the moral government of the world, which is an effort. Sometimes this effort is unsuccessful. When it was successful Sidgwick could say "I believe in God"; when it was unsuccessful, he could only say he hoped the belief in God was true, but that he must and would act as if it was.

That may be a tedious, perhaps an obvious, piece of analysis. But I cannot help thinking that there is but little chance of making a real advance in psychology, or rather of establishing it as a true science, unless we are prepared to dig new foundations (or excavate old ones) for it. We must use the self-recorded experiences of highly conscious men as our data. Newman describing the origins of Newman's faith, Henry Sidgwick describing the foundations of Henry Sidgwick's belief, —a faith and belief which actually did shape their lives —are surely of more real importance as *data* for a true psychology than the external observations of others by psycho-analysts and physicians. It is time, high time,

a serious beginning was made with the work of co-ordinating the inward experiences of that great body of men in whom the human consciousness came nearest to perfection—the great priests and prophets, the great philosophers and the great artists. Perhaps the question may appear to be begged by saying that in them the human consciousness came nearest to perfection. But, in that matter, we have the consensus of centuries to approve the choice. And, again, if it be said by the "scientific" psychologist, that the data thus used are selected, uncharacteristic, and abnormal, the conclusive reply is that it needs something approaching a great man even to attempt to tell the truth about himself. It may be objected, finally, that great men are prone to deceive themselves, that they do not, because they cannot, tell the truth about themselves. That is an easy form of scepticism. The fact is that, whether or not a great man can tell the whole of the truth about his inward experience, he knows and can tell infinitely more of it than any outside observer. Take Newman, for example: his acts and utterances disturbed, perplexed and scandalized the most part of his contemporaries, he seemed to them casuistical, shifty and treacherous. When he gave to the world the story of his own life as he himself knew it, his obvious sincerity instantly prevailed. His *Apologia* was manifestly the truth concerning a rare human soul. That Newman deceived himself, as all men do, does not diminish the truth of his record by a single scruple. It is because his record is true that we can detect the self-deception.

The sooner a systematic and concerted effort is made to co-ordinate the most intimate and fateful experiences of men whom we know to have touched the reality of themselves a little (or a great deal) more closely than the ruck of mankind, the better for us all. We might begin to economize something of that enormous waste of spiritual effort which is entailed upon those who are

engaged in a perforce lonely struggle for a meaning, a purpose, and a truth ; they might no longer need to begin everything, every time, all over again from zero. And this new psychology which we venture to adumbrate might indeed eventually possess that characteristic of science which is most to be envied by those who practise in more lonely provinces—its real collaboration. The scientific novice begins where the mightiest of his predecessors ended : the investigator of the human soul begins from nothing, generation after generation.

Though this has the appearance of a digression, it is not : for this comparison and contrast between two men ostensibly so opposed as Newman and Sidgwick was begun solely with the purpose of showing by example how the new " psychologist " might set to work. It would not be difficult, though it might be delicate, to show not merely how, but why these two men, starting from the same initial certainty, reach in the end positions so widely sundered ; but even in this elementary stage of the inquiry it has become clear that the *sine quâ non* of such an inquiry is a new terminology if we are to avoid vagueness and waste of effort. That the one word " knowledge " should have to be used, even by a philosopher like Sidgwick, to cover two utterly different kinds of apprehension, equally certain, and equally real, is obviously intolerable. Not only does it make advance in this realm difficult by impeding the communication of results ; it also gives every scope to such wilful obscurantism as that of the literary editor of *The Nation*, quoted in the last ADELPHI.

For it is pathetically easy for the obscurantist to object to any investigator in this realm that he is using the word " knowledge " in a sense which he does not understand : and yet I do not suppose that the literary editor of *The Nation* is really possessed of greater sincerity or dialectical ability than either Newman or Sidgwick. Both these men were compelled to

use the word "knowledge" to cover two modes of apprehension which they recognized as generically different. The rationalist may object that one of these modes of apprehension is "faith." "Faith" it may appear to those who have no experience of it; but to those who have it is not faith at all. Sidgwick declares that Duty is *as real to him as the physical world.* An element which can properly be called "faith" enters only when Sidgwick tries to believe in the moral order of the universe.

The point is that the rationalist begs the whole question, and begs it in a rather puerile way. He is manifestly false to his own primary experience. For, though it goes without saying that he has no experience of that "knowledge" of which Newman and Sidgwick speak, he undoubtedly knows that he exists. Are we to believe that when the rationalist says: "I know that I exist" he means simply that he concludes that he exists because other people tell him so, or behave as though he did? Or are we to understand that the literary editor of *The Nation* never says: "I know that I exist," but merely "I believe that I exist"? The truth is that this elementary act of non-rational knowledge—"I know that I exist"—is made by every conscious being.

But in order to explore further this domain of non-rational knowledge, we need a new terminology. Every one who is not a professional obscurantist attaches a real meaning (though perhaps not a definable one) to the statement "I know that I exist"; and only the professional obscurantist would say it was an illegitimate use of the word "to know." And there is a real objection to the rationalist's demand that the word "knowledge" should be restricted to intellectual knowledge. He begs the question. "Knowledge" does, in fact, include more than that. In the language of the Bible it includes even the act "to know a woman"—and that, however fantastic it may sound to the rationalist, is a

very real knowledge indeed. Knowledge cannot be restricted to the knowledge of concept and proposition. It is very important to the rationalist that it should be thus restricted, because he thereby creates odium and prejudice against non-intellectual knowledge. But we are concerned not with theories but with the truth. So that it should be our task to distinguish between kinds of knowledge, retaining the same root-word for all, but adding various prefixes to them, as for instance body-knowledge, mind-knowledge, soul-knowledge. These faculties, and the various entities which supply their prefixes, cannot indeed be *defined* ; but by a honest co-ordination of the mass of significant data which we have we could, I believe, give to them a fairly definite and unmistakable content. We cannot expect mathematical rigour in the new psychology ; but we can fairly expect to achieve a rigour as great as, if not surpassing that of the biological sciences.

With these difficulties and these possibilities in mind, let us return to the case of Newman and Sidgwick. Both start from the acceptance of the voice of conscience as a primary *reality* : but whereas for Newman this voice becomes immediately the voice of a personal, all-seeing and all-judging God, Sidgwick hesitates. He does not care to make the perilous leap. He might make it, however, if he could be sure " that there is a moral order in the universe we know." But he does not know whether " he believes or merely hopes " that this is so. He " certainly hopes " that it is so, but he " does not think it capable of being *proved.*" His language suggests that in order that his " hope " should become " belief," it would have to be *proved* (in the sense of a downright logical demonstration) that there is a moral order in the universe. It is doubtful whether Sidgwick really meant that, if only because it is doubtful whether the proposition itself has any meaning ; more probably he was struggling against the bias of his own

vocabulary to express the fact that a moral order in the universe (if it existed) was not an unintermittent reality to him, as was the voice of conscience.

We return to Newman, who curiously enough is far clearer and more explicit than the Cambridge philosopher concerning this phase in the genesis of religious belief. Newman writes:

> Starting then with the being of a God (which, as I have said, is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, though when I try to put the grounds of that certainty into logical shape I find a difficulty in doing so in mood and figure to my satisfaction), I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth of which my whole being is so full; and the effect upon me is, in consequence, as a matter of necessity, as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself. If I looked into a mirror, and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me, when I look into this living busy world and see no reflection of its Creator. This is, to me, one of the great difficulties of this absolute primary truth, to which I referred just now. Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist when I looked into the world. I am speaking for myself only; and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society, but these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold or the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations, and mourning, and woe."

There follows the famous and perhaps familiar passage: "To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history. . . ." and Newman continues:

> What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer, that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence. . . . I argue about the world;—if there be a God, *since* there is a God, the human

> race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. This is a fact, a fact as true as the fact of its existence; and thus the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes to me almost as certain as that the world exists, and as the existence of God.

That is remarkable, both for its substance and its passionate sincerity. Newman looks on the world of men and finds no vestige of moral order, no trace of the finger of God. What Sidgwick can find sometimes, Newman finds never. The difference between them emerges with greater clarity : just as, in regard to the inner world, Newman's sense of the reality of conscience is more intense than Sidgwick's, so, in regard to the outer world, his sense of the absence of any moral order, is more intense than Sidgwick's. And these two intensities seem to be interdependent. It is—to speak metaphorically—*because* of the whiteness of the light in the world within that the world without appears to Newman as "irrecoverably dark, total eclipse." For both men alike, the acceptance of the fact of conscience necessitates the existence of a moral order in the universe ; but the *kind* of moral order necessitated varies with the intensity and the manner in which the fact of conscience is accepted. To speak metaphorically again : Newman, for whom the voice of conscience became immediately the unquestioned voice of God and the manifest evidence of His *personal* existence (just as the voice of a man is evidence for a normal mind of his *personal* existence) because of this certainty of God's existence, expects a world of pure white ; and because of his expectation of pure white, the world appears pure black. His eyes are God-bedazzled, and the world is utterly dark. With Sidgwick quite otherwise : the voice of conscience does not immediately become the voice of a personal God. But it leads him also to expect, though with a less intense and exacting expectation, a moral order in the world. His eyes are

not dazzled, and the world seems grey and neutral. Sometimes he can find vestiges of moral order—a gleam, as it were, whose real existence cannot be proven —and sometimes he cannot find it. When he finds it the voice of conscience is corroborated and he can say, " I believe in God " ; when he does not find it the voice of conscience receives no reinforcement, and he can say only : " I hope that God exists."

But whereas Sidgwick evidently finds the gleam of " moral order," when he finds it, in the world of men that is, *as it is,* Newman can find it only by an intellectual sleight—if one may use the phrase for definition's sake, with no nuance of contempt, for an act so fearful in its consequences. He has to reconcile intense white and deepest black ; he can do it only by supposing that black is the conscious and deliberate negation of white. It cannot be merely the absence of white, it can be only the intentional withholding of white. The world of men as it is can be made to present a moral order to Newman's vision only if he supposes that it has been deliberately outcast by God.

Once that supposition became a certainty the rest of Newman's progress was inevitable. So terrible a God was terribly to be feared. What pardon would He have for courage or sanctity or goodness without the mark of election? The one narrow and scarce decipherable way of salvation which He had darkly indicated must be found? Let us hope that Newman found it, and with it, if not peace, some respite from the terror of that ultimate wrath of God which could be imagined from the savage fury of His unremitting punishment of generation after generation of men for an offence committed by their first parents in the dark backward and abysm of Time.

PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE

By Edmund Blunden

A new grave meets the hastiest passer's eye,
It's reared so high, it lacks not some white wreath;
Old ones are not so noticed; low they lie
And lower till the equal grass forgets
The bones beneath.
His now, a modest hillock it must be;
The wooden cross scarce tells such as pass by
The painted name; beneath the chestnut tree
Sleep centuries of such glories and regrets.

But I can tell you, boys who that way run
With bat and ball down to the calm smooth leas.
Your village story's somewhere bright with one
To whom all looked with an approving joy
In hours like these.
Cricket to us, like you. was more than play,
It was a worship in the summer sun;
And when Tom Fletcher in the month of May
Went to the field, the feet of many a boy

Scarce pressed the buttercups; then we stood there
Rapt, as he took the bat and lit day's close,
Gliding and glancing, guiding fine or square
The subtlest bowls, and smoothing, as wave-wise
Rough-hurled they rose,
With a sweet sureness: his especial ease
Did what huge sinews could not. To a hair
His gray eye measured, and from the far trees
Old watchers lobbed the ball with merry cries.

There when the whitened creases marked the match,
Though shaking hands and pipes gone out revealed
The hour's impress and burden, and the catch
Or stumps askew meant it was Tom's turn next,
He walked afield
Modest and small, and seldom failed to raise
Our score and spirits, great delight to watch;
And where old souls broke chuckling forth in praise,
Round the ale booth, Tom's cricket was the text.

Summers slipt out of sight; next summer—hush!
The winter came between, and Tom was ill.
And worse, and with the spring's young rosy flush,
His face was flushed with perilous rose; he stayed
Indoors, and still
We hoped; but elders said, "Tom's going home."
The brake took cricketers by inn and bush,
But Tom no more! what team could leave out Tom?
He took his last short walk, a trembling shade.

And "Short and sweet," he said, for his tombstone
Would be the word; but paint and wood decay,
And since he died the wind of war has blown
His old companions far beyond the green
Where many a day
He made his poems out of bat and ball.
Some few may yet be left who all alone
Can tell you, boys who run at cricket's call,
What a low hillock by your path may mean.

THE WATERCRESS GIRL

By A. E. Coppard

WHEN Mary McDowall was brought to the assize court the place was crowded, Mr. O'Kane said, "inside out." It was a serious trial, as everybody—even the prisoner—well knew: twelve tons of straw had been thrown down on the roads outside the hall to deaden the noise of carts passing and suchlike pandemoniums, and when the Judge drove up in his coach with jockeys on the horses, a couple of young trumpeters from the barracks stiffened on the steps and blew a terrible fanfare up into Heaven. "For a sort of a warning, I should think," said Mr. O'Kane.

The prisoner's father having been kicked by a horse was unable to attend the trial, and so he had enlisted Mr. O'Kane to go and fetch him the news of it; and Mr. O'Kane, in obliging his friend, suffered annoyances and was abused in the court itself by a great fat geazer of a fellow with a long staff. "If you remained on your haunches when the Judge came in," complained Mr. O'Kane, "you were poked up, and if you stood up to get a look at the prisoner when she came in you were poked down. Surely to God we didn't go to look at the Judge!"

Her trial was a short one, for the evidence was clear, and the guilt not denied. Prisoner neither sorrowed for her crime nor bemoaned her fate; passive and casual she stood there to suffer at the willing of the court for a thing she had done, and there were no tears now in Mary McDowall. Most always she dressed in black, and she was in black then, with masses of black hair; a

pale face with a dark mole on the chin, and rich red lips ; a big girl of twenty-five, not coarsely big, and you could guess she was strong. A passionate girl, caring nothing or not much for this justice ; unimpressed by the solemn court, nor moved to smile at its absurdities ; for all that passion concerns with is love—or its absence—love that gives its only gift by giving all. If you could have read her mind, not now, but in its calm before the stress of her misfortune, you would have learned this much, although she herself could not have formulated it : I will give to love all it is in me to give ; I shall desire of love all I can ever dream of and receive.

And because another woman had taken what Mary McDowall wanted Mary had flung a corrosive acid in the face of her enemy, and Elizabeth Plantney's good looks were gone, gone for certain and for ever. So here was Mary McDowall and over there was Frank Oppidan ; not a very fine one to mislead the handsome girl in the dock, but he had done it, and he too had suffered, and the women in court had pity for him, and the men—envy. Tall, with light oiled hair and pink, sleepy features (a pink heart, too, you might think, though you could not see it), he gave the evidence against her in a nasal tone, with a confident manner, and she did not waste a look on him. A wood-turner he was, and for about four years had " kept company " with the prisoner, who lived near a village a mile or two away from his home. He had often urged her to marry him, but she would not, so a little while ago he told her he was going to marry Elizabeth Plantney. A few evenings later he had been strolling with Elizabeth Plantney on the road outside the town. It was not yet dark, about eight o'clock, but they had not observed the prisoner, who must have been dogging them, for she came slyly up and passed by them, turned, splashed something in his companion's face, and walked on. She didn't run ; at first they thought it was some stupid joke,

and he was for going after the prisoner, whom he had recognized.

"I was mad angry," declared Oppidan, "I would have choked her. But Miss Plantney began to scream that she was blinded and burning, and I had to carry and drag her some ways back along the road until we came to the first house, Mr. Blackfriar's, where they took her in and I ran off for the doctor." The witness added savagely, "I wish I had choked her."

There was full corroboration, prisoner had admitted guilt, and the counsel briefed by her father could only plead for a lenient sentence. A big man he was, with a drooping, yellow moustache and terrific teeth; his cheeks and hands were pink as salmon.

"Accused," he said, "is the only child of Fergus McDowall. She lives with her father, a respectable widower, at a somewhat retired cottage in the valley of Trinkel, assisting him in the conduct of his business—a small holding by the river, where he cultivates watercress, and keeps bees and hens and things of that kind. The witness Oppidan had been in the habit of cycling from his town to McDowall's home to buy bunches of watercress, a delicacy of which, in season, he seems to have been, um. inordinately fond, for he would go twice, thrice, and often four times a week. His visits were not confined to the purchase of watercress, and he seems to have made himself agreeable to the daughter of the house; but I am in possession of no information as to the nature of their intercourse beyond that tendered by the witness Oppidan. Against my advice the prisoner, who is a very reticent, even a remarkable, woman, has insisted on pleading guilty and accepting her punishment without any, um, chance of mitigation, in a spirit, I hope, of contrition which is not, um, entirely inadmirable. My Lord, I trust . . ."

While the brutal story was being recounted, prisoner had stood with closed eyes, leaning her hands upon the

rail of the dock, stood and dreamed of what she had not revealed :

Of her father Fergus McDowall ; his child she was, although he had never married. That much she knew, but who her mother had been he never told her, and it did not seem to matter, she guessed rather than knew that at her birth she had died, or soon afterwards, and the man had fostered her. He and she had always been together, alone, ever since she could remember, always together, always happy, he was so kind ; and so splendid in the great boots that drew up to his thighs when he worked in the watercress beds, cutting bunches deftly, or cleaning the weeds from the water. And there were her beehives, her flock of hens, the young pigs, and a calf that knelt and rubbed its neck on the rich mead with a lavishing movement, just as the ducks did when the grass was dewy. She had seen the young pigs, no bigger than rabbits, race across the patch of greensward to the blue-roan calf standing nodding in the shade ; they would prowl beneath the calf, clustering round its feet, and begin to gnaw the calf's hoof until, full of patience, she would gently lift her leg and shake it but would not move away. Save for a wildness of mood that sometimes flashed through her, Mary was content, and loved the life that she could not know was lonely with her father beside the watercress streams. He was uncommunicative, like Mary, but as he worked he hummed to himself, or whistled the soft tunes that at night he played on the clarinet. Tall and strong, a handsome man. Sometimes he would put his arm around her, and say, " Well, my dear." And she would kiss him. She had vowed to herself that she would never leave him, but then—Frank had come. In this mortal conflict we seek not only that pleasure may not divide us from duty, but that duty may not detach us from life. He was not the first man or youth she could or would have loved, but

he was the one who had wooed her ; first-love's enlightening delight, in the long summer eves, in those enticing fields ! How easily she was won ! All his offers of marriage she had put off with the answer : " No, it would never do for me," or " I shall never marry," but then, if he angrily swore, or accused her of not loving him enough, her fire and freedom would awe him almost as much as it enchanted. And she might have married Frank if she could only have told him of her dubious origin, but whether from some vagrant modesty, loyalty to her father, or some reason whatever, she could not bring herself to do that. Often these steady refusals enraged her lover, and after such occasions he would not seek her again for weeks, but in the end he always returned, although his absences grew longer as their friendship lengthened. Ah, when the way to your lover is long, there's but a short cut to the end. Came a time when he did not return at all, and then, soon, Mary found she was going to have a child. " O, I wondered where you were, Frank, and why you were there, wherever it was, instead of where I could find you." But the fact was portentous enough to depose her grief at his fickleness, and after a while she took no further care or thought for Oppidan, for she feared that like her own mother she would die of her child. Soon these fears left her, and she rejoiced. Certainly she need not scruple to tell him of her own origin, he could never reproach her now. Had he come once more, had he come then, she would have married him. But although he might have been hers for the lifting of a finger, as they say, her pride kept her from calling him into the trouble, and she did not call him, and he never sought her again. When her father realized her condition he merely said " Frank ? " and she nodded. The child was early born, and she was not prepared ; it came, and died. Her father took it and buried it in the garden. It was a boy, dead.

No one else knew, not even Frank, but when she was recovered her pride wavered and she wrote a loving letter to him, still keeping her secret. Not until she had written three times did she hear from him, and then he only answered that he should not see her any more. He did not tell her why, but she knew. He was going to marry Elizabeth Plantney, whose parents had died and left her £500. To Mary's mind that presented itself as a treachery to their child, the tiny body buried under a beehive in the garden. That Frank was unaware made no difference to the girl's fierce mood; it was treachery. Maternal anger stormed in her breast, it could only be allayed by an injury, a deep, admonishing injury to that treacherous man. In her sleepless nights the little crumpled corpse seemed to plead for this much, and her own heart clamoured, just as those bees murmured against him day by day.

So then she got some vitriol. Rushing past her old lover on the night of the crime, she turned upon him with the lifted jar, but the sudden confrontation dazed and tormented her; in momentary hesitation she had dashed the acid not into his faithless eyes but at the prim creature linked to his arm. Walking away, she heard the crying of the wounded girl. After a while she had turned back to the town and given herself up to the police.

To her mind, as she stood leaning against the dock rail, it was all huddled and contorted, but that was her story set in its order. The trial went droning on beside her remembered grief like a dull stream neighbouring a clear one, two parallel streams that would meet in the end, were meeting now, surely, as the Judge began to speak. And at the crisis, as if in exculpation, she suffered a whisper to escape her lips, though none heard it.

"'Twas him made me a parent, but he was never a man himself. He took advantage, it was mean, I love Christianity." She heard the Judge deliver her sen-

tence : for six calendar months she was to be locked in gaol. " O Christ ! " she breathed, for it was the lovely spring ; lilac, laburnum, and father wading the brooks in those boots drawn up to his thighs to rake the dark sprigs and comb out the green scum.

They took her away. " I wanted to come out then," said Mr. O'Kane, " for the next case was only about a contractor defrauding the Corporation. Good luck to him, but he got three years—and I tried to get out of it, but if I did that geazer with the stick poked me down and said I'd not to stir out of it till the court rose. I said to him I'd kill him, but there was a lot of peelers about, so I suppose he didn't hear it."

II.

Towards the end of the year Oppidan had made up his mind what he would do to Mary McDowall when she came out of prison. Poor Liz was marred for life, spoiled, cut off from the joys they had intended together. Not for all the world would he marry her now ; he had tried to bring himself to that issue of chivalry, of decency, but it was impossible ; he had failed in the point of grace. No man could love Elizabeth Plantney now, Frank could not visit her without shuddering, and she herself, poor generous wretch, had given him back his promise. Apart from his ruined fondness for her, they had planned to do so much with the £500 ; it was to have set him up in a secure and easy way of trade ; they would have been established in a year or two as solid as a rock. All that chance was gone, no such chance ever came twice in a man's lifetime, and he was left with Liz upon his conscience. He would have to be kind to her for as long as he could stand it. That was a disgust to his mind, for he wanted to be faithful. Even the most unstable man wishes he had been faithful—but to which woman he is never quite sure. And then that bitch Mary McDowall would come out of her prison

and be a mockery to him of what he had foregone, of what he had been deprived. Savagely he believed in the balance wrought by an act of vengeance—he too!—eye for eye, tooth for tooth; it had a threefold charm, simplicity, relief, triumph. The McDowall girl, so his fierce meditations ran, miked in prison for six months and then came out no worse than she went in. It was no punishment at all: they did no hurt to women in prison, the court hadn't set wrong right at all, it never did; and he was a loser whichever way he turned. But there was still a thing he could do (Jove had slumbered, he would steal Jove's lightning), and a project lay troubling his mind like a gnat in the eye, he would have no peace until it was wiped away.

On an October evening, then, about a week after Mary McDowall's release, Oppidan set off towards Trinkel. Through Trinkel he went, and a furlong past it, until he came to their lane. Down the lane too, and then he could hear the water ruttling over the cataracts of the cress beds. Not yet in winter, the year's decline was harbouring splendour everywhere. Whitebeam was a dissolute tangle of rags covering ruby drops, the service trees were sallow as lemons, the oak resisted decay, but most confident of all were the tender-tressed ashes. The man walked quietly to a point where, unobserved, he could view the McDowall dwelling, with its overbowering walnut tree littering the yard with husks and leaves, its small adjacent field with banks that stopped in the glazed water. The house was heavy and small, but there were signs of grace in the garden, of thrift in the orderly painted sheds. The conical peak of a tiny stack was pitched in the afterglow, the elms sighed like tired old matrons, wisdom and content lingered here. Oppidan crept along the hedges until he was in a field at the back of the house, a hedge still hiding him. He was trembling. There was a light already in the back window; one leaf of the window

stood open, and he saw their black cat jump down from it into the garden and slink away under some shrubs. From his standpoint he could not see into the lighted room, but he knew enough of Fergus's habits to be sure he was not within ; it was his day for driving into the town. Thus it could only be Mary who had lit that lamp. Trembling still ! Just beyond him was a heap of dung from the stable, and a cock was standing silent on the dunghill, while two hens, a white one and a black, bickered around him over some voided grains. Presently the cock seized the black hen and the white scurried away ; but though his grasp was fierce and he bit at her red comb, the black hen went on gobbling morsels from the manure heap, and when at last he released her she did not intermit her steady pecking. Then Oppidan was startled by a flock of starlings that slid across the evening with a steady movement of a cloud ; the noise of their wings was like a shower of rain upon trees.

"Wait till it's darker," he muttered, and skulking back to the lane he walked sharply for half a mile. Then, slowly, he returned. Unseen he reached the grass that grew under the lighted window, and stooped warily against the wall ; one hand rested on the wall, the other in his pocket. For some time he hesitated, but he knew what he had to do, and what did it matter? He stepped in front of the window.

In a moment, and for several moments longer, he was rigid with surprise. It was Mary all right (the bitch !), washing her hair, drying it in front of the kitchen fire, the thick locks pouring over her face as she knelt with her hands resting on her thighs. So long was their black flow that the ends lay in a small heap inside the fender. Her bodice hung on the back of a chair beside her, and her only upper clothing was a loose and disarrayed chemise that did not hide her bosom. Then, gathering the hair in her hands, she held the tresses

closer to the fire, her face peeped through, and to herself she was smiling. Dazzling fair were her arms and the one breast he astonishingly saw. It was Mary; but not the Mary, dull ugly creature, whom his long rancour had conjured for him. Lord, what had he forgotten! Absence and resentment had pared away her loveliness from his recollection, but this was the old Mary of their passionate days, transfigured and marvellous.

Stepping back from the window into shadow again, he could feel his heart pound like a frantic hammer; every pulse was hurrying at the summons. In those breathless moments Oppidan gazed, as it were, at himself, or at his mad intention, gazed wonderingly, ashamed and awed. Fingering the thing in his pocket, turning it over as a coin whose toss has deceived him, he was aware of a revulsion: gone revenge, gone rancour, gone all thought of Elizabeth, and there was left in his soul what had not gone, and could never go. A brute she had been—it was bloody cruelty—but, but . . . but what? Seen thus, in her innocent occupation, the grim fact of her crime had somehow thrown a conquering glamour over her hair, the pale pride of her face, the intimacy of her bosom. Her very punishment was a triumph, on what account had she suffered if not for love of him? He could feel that chastening distinction meltingly now: she had suffered for his love.

There and then shrill cries burst upon them. The cat leaped from the garden to the window sill; there was a thrush in its mouth, shrieking. The cat paused on the sill, furtive and hesitant. Without a thought Oppidan plunged forward, seized the cat and with his free hand clutched what he could of the thrush. In a second the cat released it and dropped into the room, while the crushed bird fluttered away to the darkened shrubs, leaving its tail feather in the hand of the man.

Mary sprang up and rushed to the window. " Is it you? " was all she said. Hastily she left the window,

and Oppidan with a grin saw her reshuffling into her bodice. One hand fumbled at the buttons, the other unlatched the door. " Frank." There was neither surprise nor elation. He walked in. Only then did he open his fist, and the thrush's feathers floated in the air and idled to the floor. Neither of them remembered any more of the cat or the bird.

In silence they stood, not looking at each other.

" What do you want? " at length she asked, " you're hindering me."

" Am I? " he grinned. His face was pink and shaven, his hair was almost as smooth as a brass bowl. " Well, I'll tell you." His hat was cumbering his hands so he put it carefully on the table. " I come here wanting to do a bad thing, I own up to that. I had it in my mind to serve you same as you served her—you know who I mean. Directly I knew you had come home, that's what I meant to do. I been waiting about out there a good while until I saw you. And then I saw you. I hadn't seen you for a long long time, and somehow, I dunno, when I saw you. . . . ! "

Mary was standing with her hands on her hips; the black cascades of her hair rolled over her arms; some of the strands were gathered under her fingers, looped to her waist, dark weeping hair.

" I didn't mean to harm her! " she burst out. " I never meant that for her, not what I did. Something happened to me that I'd not told you of then, and it doesn't matter now, and I shall never tell you. It was you I wanted to put a mark on, but directly I was in front of you I went all swavy, and I couldn't. But I had to throw it, I had to throw it."

He sat down on a chair, and she stared at him across the table: " All along it was meant for you, and that's God's truth."

" Why? " he asked. She did not give him the answer then, but stood rubbing the fingers of one hand

on the finely scrubbed boards of the table, tracing circles and watching them vacantly. At last she put a question :

" Did you get married soon ? "

" No," he said.

" Arn't you ? But of course it's no business of mine."

" I'm not going to marry her."

" Not ? "

" No, I tell you I wouldn't marry her for five thousand pounds, nor for fifty thousand, I wouldn't." He got up and walked up and down before the fire. " She's—aw ! You don't know, you don't know what you done to her ! She'd frighten you. It's rotten, like a leper. A veil on indoor and out, has to wear it always. She don't often go out, but whether or no, she must wear it. Ah, it's cruel."

There was a shock of horror as well as the throb of tears in her passionate compunction. " And you're not marrying her ! "

" No," he said bluntly, " I'm not marrying her."

Mary covered her face with her hands, and stood quivering under her dark, weeping hair.

" God, forgive me, how pitiful I'm shamed ! " Her voice rose in a sharp cry. " Marry her, Frank ! O, you marry her now, you must ! "

" Not for a million, I'd sooner be in my grave."

" Frank Oppidan, you're no man, no man at all. You never had the courage to be strong, nor the courage to be evil ; you've only the strength to be mean."

" O, dry up ! " he said testily ; but something overpowered her, and she went leaning her head sobbing against the chimney piece.

" Come on, girl " ; he was instantly tender, his arms were around her, he had kissed her.

" Go your ways." She was loudly resentful. " I want no more of you."

" It's all right, Mary, Mary, I'm coming to you again, just as I used to."

" You. . . ." She swung out of his embrace. " What for? D'ye think I want you now? Go off to Elizabeth Plantney. . . ." She faltered. " Poor thing, poor thing, it shames me pitiful; I'd sooner have done it to myself; O, I wish I had."

With a meek grin Oppidan took from his pocket a bottle with a glass stopper. " Do you know what that is?" It looked like a flask of scent. Mary did not answer. " Sulphuric," continued he, " same as you threw at her."

The girl silently stared while he moved his hand as if he were weighing the bottle. " When I saw what a mess you'd made of her, I reckoned you'd got off too light, it ought to have been seven years for you. I only saw it once, and my inside turned right over, you've no idea. And I thought: there's she—done for. Nobody could marry her, less he was blind. And there's you, just a six months and out you come right as ever. That's how I thought, and I wanted to get even with you then, for her sake, not for mine, so I got this, the same stuff, and I came thinking to give you a touch of it."

Mary drew herself up with a sharp breath. " You mean—throw it at me?"

" That's what I meant, honour bright, but I couldn't —not now." He went on weighing the bottle in his hand.

" O throw it, throw it!" she cried in bitter grief, but covering her face with her hands—perhaps in shame, perhaps fear.

" No, no, no, no." He slipped the bottle back into his pocket. " But why did you do it? She wouldn't hurt a fly. What good could it do you?"

" Throw it, throw it, Frank," she screamed, " let it blast me!"

" Easy, easy now. I wouldn't even throw it at a rat. See ! " he cried. The bottle was in his hand again as he went to the open window and withdrew the stopper. He held it outside while the fluid bubbled to the grass ; the empty bottle he tossed into the shrubs.

He sat down, his head bowed in his hands, and for some time neither spoke. Then he was aware that she had come to him, was standing there, waiting. " Frank," she said softly, " there's something I got to tell you." And she told him all about the babe.

At first he was incredulous. No, no, that was too much for him to stomach ! Very stupid and ironical he was until the girl's pale sincerity glowed through the darkness of his unbelief : " You don't believe. How could it not be true ? "

" But I can't make tops or bottoms of it yet, Mary. You a mother, and I were a father ! " Eagerly and yet mournfully he brooded. " If I'd a known—I can't hardly believe it, Mary—so help me God, if I'd a known. . . ."

" You could a done nothing, Frank."

" Ah, but I'd a known. A man's never a man till that's come to him."

" Nor a woman's a woman, neither ; that's true, I'm different now."

" I'd a been his father, I tell you. Now I'm nothing. I didn't know of his coming, I never see, and I didn't know of his going, so I'm nothing still."

" You kept away from me. I was afraid at first, and I wanted you, but you was no help to me, you kept away."

" I'd a right to know, didn't I ? You could a wrote and told me."

" I did write to you."

" But you didn't tell me nothing."

" You could a come and see me," she returned austerely, " then you'd known. How could I write

down a thing like that in a letter as anybody might open? Any dog or devil could play tricks with when you was boozed, or something."

"I ought 'a bin told, I ought 'a bin told." Stubbornly he maintained it. "'Twasn't fair, you."

"'Twasn't kind, you. You ought to 'a come; I asked you, but you was sick o' me, Frank, sick o' me and mine. I didn't want any help neither, 'twasn't that I wanted."

"Would you 'a married me, then?" Sharply but persuasively he probed for what she neither admitted nor denied. "Yes, yes, you would, Mary. 'Twould 'a bin a scandal, if I'd gone and married someone else."

When at last the truth about her own birth came out between them, oh how ironically protestant he was. God a'mighty, girl, what did you take me for! There's no sense in you. I'll marry you now, for good and all (this minute if we could), honour bright, and you know it, for I love you always and always. You were his mother Mary, and I were his father! What was he like, that little son?"

Sadly the girl mused. "It was very small."

"Light hair?"

"No, like mine, dark it was."

"What colour eyes?"

She drew her fingers down through the long streams of hair. "It never opened its eyes." And her voice moved him so deeply that he cried: "My love, my love, life's before us; there's a' many good fish in the sea. When shall us marry?"

"I couldn't ever. No, Frank, no."

"When shall us marry?"

"I couldn't ever go with you, Frank. What you did to me was cruel, but it's gone now—like my reputation: a dog wouldn't pick that up. But nothing can alter what I did to her, and nothing can't mend it. She's

ruined. If it weren't for that—but how could I ev
forgive myself!"

"When shall us marry?"

"Let me go, Frank. And you'd better go no
you're hindering me, and father will be coming in, ar
. . . and . . . the cakes are burning!"

Snatching up a cloth she opened the oven door ar
an odour of carraway rushed into the air. Inside th
oven was a shelf full of little cakes in pans.

"Give us one," he begged, "and then I'll be off

"You shall have two," she said, kneeling down b
the oven. "One for you—mind, it's hot!" He seize
it from the cloth and quickly dropped it into his pocke
"And another, from me," continued Mary. Taking th
second cake, he knelt down and embraced the huddle
girl.

"I wants another one," he whispered.

A quick intelligence swam in her eyes: "For?"

"Ah, for what's between us, Mary."

The third cake was given him, and they stood u
They moved towards the door. She lifted the latch.

"Goodnight, my love." Passively she receive
his kiss. "I'll come again to-morrow."

"No, Frank, don't ever come any more."

"Aw, I'm coming right enough," he cried cheeri
and confidently as he stepped away.

And I suppose we must conclude that he did.

THE THING BEHIND

By L. P. Russ

THE little man at the next table raised his voice.

" I say it isn't the twopence itself! It's the principle of the thing. Not as if I cared about twopence! " in a fine full-blooded scorn which was hardly compatible with the frayed, once-black morning-coat and dingy tie.

" Quite a mistake on my part, I'm sure, sir." With a toss of the head, the waitress looked over to me, raising her eye-brows and closing her eye-lids in an invitation to my sympathy.

" Quite so. But you see what I mean? Oh, it's all right as far as *that* goes." And he looked up and waved her away. Finding my somewhat curious regard upon hm, he leaned across to me.

" A small incident, sir: but you observe the significance? Thousands of years ago, man killed game: while woman only—skinned it! Consequently, this waitress is more careless over twopence than I am! For value, mark you, is only, after all, an assessment of the amount of trouble you've taken to get a thing. Don't you think so? "

I supposed it was, and continued with my meal.

" As for intrinsic value—there's no such thing! Just like intrinsic interest. I don't believe it exists: anyway, in the smaller things. Believe me, sir, the only interest I can find in petty things is a derived interest in the bigger things to which they lead."

I was just going to tell him that his was a common attitude, when I paused. Was it? Somehow this bombastic little man intrigued my attention. *Was* it

such a minority of us who found pleasure in petty details, *as such?* I myself—there were some things I appreciated only for themselves. . . . That apple there, for instance!

I smiled, and pointed to an after-lunch apple he had placed on his table: it shone yellow, splashed with red.

"What about that apple, for example?" I asked him.

"It suggests something bigger as soon as I look at it! I don't seem to have, or want, time to see the actual thing. Or perhaps I take that too much for granted: too interested in what's behind it. Why, when I look at that apple—" He paused. Then suddenly he was beaming: his straggling fair moustache quivered like a field of corn under a breeze: his pale blue eyes gleamed. "When I look at that apple, I can see the whole Garden of Eden!" he cried triumphantly. "You see! Life is like that: little things have potentialities which become tremendous beside their mere actualities.

I wondered at his strange excitability. Of course, it was a distorted view of his: the man was a faddist. He would go on until one day Life would turn him round to face facts. But there was a very human egotism about him, with his childish delight in his own epigrams. There was a bigness about his ideas—

. . . .

It was ten days or more before I found myself once again in that restaurant. Having given the waitress my order, I asked her:

"Is the short gentleman a regular customer here?"

"Who, sir? . . . Oh! Here before, when you were here?"

I nodded.

"He was, sir."

"Was?" I queried.

"Yes, sir. We heard yesterday that 'e died. 'Appen-

dicitis, through 'aving swallowed a plum-stone, they think."

A plum-stone! Good God, the irony of it!

"Quite a little thing in itself," I murmured.

"Who, him sir? Or 'is dying?" The waitress was still there.

"Neither," I said. She went on—

"It's upset me a bit, his havin' been a regular here. Why, I feel as if, every time I see a plum-stone I shall think of him dyin', or something!"

It almost seemed as if I heard again his thin voice in its triumphant: "You see!"

ENJOYING BIRD LIFE.—From a letter in the *Evening News*: "In 1888, at the age of fourteen, I came to London from Cambridgeshire and found work in Wimbledon. My duties—calling for orders—took me in the early mornings round Wimbledon Park and Common. I have heard the nightingale in the late W. T. Stead's garden, in Canon Haygarth's (the vicarage), and in Sir Joseph Bazalgette's. In Sir Joseph's garden, too, I knocked down a cock pheasant one morning and sold it to the landlord of the *Dog and Fox*. In Sir Henry Peek's place, which ran from High Street, Wimbledon, upside of the common and through Dairy Walk—where Murray, the publisher, lived—I have seen partridges, goldfinches, bullfinches, and most of the English birds you could mention. I caught two brown owls by baiting a live rat in Dairy Walk, and sold them to a Mr. Markwell, who kept a grocer's shop in the High Street. I secretly set a brick trap one day in a garden beyond the old butts, and caught a bullfinch and a robin. I released the robin because I was always told it was unlucky, and sold the bullfinch for twopence to a butcher's roundsman at Sir Bartle Frere's back door. Now I am a grandfather, but I can still enjoy the bird life of London.

THE HOPI SNAKE DANCE

By D. H. Lawrence

Continued from page 692.

On the Sunday evening is a first little dance in the plaza at Hotevilla, called the Antelope dance. There is the hot, sandy, oblong little place, with a tuft of green cotton-wood boughs stuck like a plume at the south end, and on the floor at the foot of the green, a little lid of a trap door. They say the snakes are under there.

They say that the twelve officiating men of the snake clan of the tribe have for nine days been hunting snakes in the rocks. They have been performing the mysteries for nine days, in the kiva, and for two days they have fasted completely. All these days they have tended the snakes, washed them with repeated lustrations, soothed them, and exchanged spirits with them. The spirit of man soothing and seeking and making interchange with the spirits of the snakes. For the snakes are more rudimentary, nearer to the great convulsive powers. Nearer to the nameless Sun, more knowing in the slanting tracks of the rain, the pattering of the invisible feet of the rain-monster from the sky. The snakes are man's next emissaries to the rain-gods. The snakes lie nearer to the source of potency, the dark, lurking, intense sun at the centre of the earth. For to the cultured animist, and the pueblo Indian is such, the earth's dark centre holds its dark sun, our source of isolated being, round which our world coils its folds like a great snake. The snake is nearer the dark sun, and cunning of it.

They say—people say—that rattlesnakes are not travellers. They haunt the same spots on earth, and

die there. It is said also that the snake-priests (so-called) of the Hopi, probably capture the same snakes year after year.

Be that as it may. At sundown before the real dance, there is the little dance called the Antelope Dance. We stand and wait on a house-roof. Behind us is tethered an eagle ; rather dishevelled he sits on the coping, and looks at us in unutterable resentment. See him, and see how much "brotherhood" the Indian feels with animals—at best the silent tolerance that acknowledges dangerous difference. We wait without event. There are no drums, no announcements. Suddenly into the plaza, with rude, intense movements, hurries a little file of men. They are smeared all with grey and black, and are naked save for little kilts embroidered like the sacred dance-kilts in other pueblos, red and green and black on a white fibre-cloth. The fox-skins hang behind. The feet of the dancers are pure ash-grey. Their hair is long.

The first is a heavy old man with heavy, long, wild grey hair and heavy fringe. He plods intensely forward, in the silence, followed in a sort of circle by the other grey-smeared, long-haired, naked, concentrated men. The oldest men are first : the last is a short-haired boy of fourteen or fifteen. There are only eight men—the so-called antelope priests. They pace round in a circle, rudely, absorbedly, till the first heavy, intense old man with his massive grey hair flowing, comes to the lid on the ground, near the tuft of kiva-boughs. He rapidly shakes from the hollow of his right hand a little white meal on the lid, stamps heavily, with naked right foot, on the meal, so the wood resounds, and paces heavily forward. Each man, to the boy, shakes meal, stamps, paces absorbedly on in the circle, comes to the lid again, shakes meal, stamps, paces absorbedly on, comes a third time to the lid, or trap door, and this time spits on the lid, stamps and goes

on. And this time the eight men file away behind the lid, between it and the tuft of green boughs. And there they stand in a line, their backs to the kiva-tuft of green; silent, absorbed, bowing a little to the ground.

Suddenly paces with rude haste another file of men. They are naked, and smeared with red "medicine," with big black lozenges of smeared paint on their backs. Their wild heavy hair hangs loose, the old, heavy, grey-haired men go first, then the middle-aged, then the young men, then last, two short-haired, slim boys, school-boys. The hair of the young men, growing after school, and is bobbed round.

The grown men are all heavily built, rather short, with heavy but shapely flesh, and rather straight sides. They have not the archaic slim waists of the Taos Indians. They have an archaic squareness, and a sensuous heaviness. Their very hair is black, massive, heavy. These are the so-called snake-priests, men of the snake clan. And to-night, they are eleven in number.

They pace rapidly round, with that heavy wild silence of concentration characteristic of them, and cast meal and stamp upon the lid, cast meal and stamp in the second round, come round and spit and stamp in the third.—For to the savage, the animist, to spit may be a kind of blessing, a communion, a sort of embrace.

The eleven snake-priests form silently in a row, facing the eight grey-smeared antelope-priests across the little lid, and bowing forward a little, to earth. Then the antelope-priests, bending forward, begin a low, sombre chant, or call, that sounds wordless, only a deep, low-toned, secret Ay-a! Ay-a! Ay-a! And they bend from right to left, giving two shakes to the little, flat, white rattle in their left hand, at each shake, and stamping the right foot in heavy rhythm. In their right hand, that held the meal, is grasped a little skin bag, perhaps also containing meal.

They lean from right to left, two seed-like shakes of the rattle each time and the heavy rhythmic stamp of the foot, and the low, sombre, secretive chant-call each time. It is a strange low sound, such as we never hear, and it reveals how deep, how deep the men are in the mystery they are practising, how sunk deep below our world, to the world of snakes, and dark ways in the earth, where are the roots of corn, and where the little rivers of unchannelled, uncreated life-passion run like dark, trickling lightning, to the roots of the corn and to the feet and loins of men, from the earth's innermost dark sun. They are calling in the deep, almost silent snake-language, to the snakes and the rays of dark emission from the earth's inward "Sun."

At this moment, a silence falls on the whole crowd of listeners. It is that famous darkness and silence of Egypt, the touch of the other mystery. The deep concentration of the "priests" conquers, for a few seconds, our white-faced flippancy, and we hear only the deep Háh-ha! Háh-ha! speaking to snakes and the earth's inner core.

This lasts a minute or two. Then the antelope-priests stand bowed and still, and the snake-priests take up the swaying and the deep chant, that sometimes is so low, it is like a mutter underground, inaudible. The rhythm is crude, the swaying unison is all uneven. Culturally, there is nothing. If it were not for that mystic, dark-sacred concentration.

Several times in turn, the two rows of daubed, long-haired, insunk men facing one another take up the swaying and the chant. Then that too is finished. There is a break in the formation. A young snake-priest takes up something that may be a corn-cob—perhaps an antelope-priest hands it to him—and comes forward, with an old, heavy, but still shapely snake-priest behind him dusting his shoulders with the feathers, eagle-feathers presumably, which are the Indians hollow

prayer-sticks. With the heavy, stamping hop they move round in the previous circle, the young priest holding the cob curiously, and the old priest prancing strangely at the young priest's back, in a sort of incantation, and brushing the heavy young shoulders delicately with the prayer-feathers. It is the God-vibration that enters us from behind, and is transmitted to the hands, from the hands to the corn-cob. Several young priests emerge, with the bowed head and the cob in their hands and the heavy older priests hanging over them behind. They tread round the rough curve and come back to the kiva, take perhaps another cob, and tread round again.

That is all. In ten or fifteen minutes it is over. The two files file rapidly and silently away. A brief, primitive performance.

The crowd disperses. They were not many people. There were no venomous snakes on exhibition, so the mass had nothing to come for. And therefore the curious immersed intensity of the priests was able to conquer the white crowd.

By afternoon of the next day the three thousand people had massed in the little plaza, secured themselves places on the roofs and in the window-spaces, everywhere, till the small pueblo seemed built of people instead of stones. All sorts of people, hundreds and hundreds of white women, all in breeches like half-men, hundreds and hundreds of men who had been driving motor-cars, then many Navajos, the women in their full, long skirts and tight velvet bodices, the men rather lanky, long-waisted, real nomads. In the hot sun and the wind which blows the sand every day, every day in volumes round the corners, the three thousand tourists sat for hours, waiting for the show. The Indian policeman cleared the central oblong, in front of the kiva. The front rows of onlookers sat thick on the ground. And at last, rather early, because

of the masses awaiting them, suddenly, silently, in the same rude haste, the antelope priests filed absorbedly in, and made the rounds over the lid, as before. To-day, the eight antelope priests were very grey. Their feet ashed pure grey, like suede soft boots: and their lower jaw was pure suede grey, while the rest of the face was blackish. With that pale grey jaw, they looked like corpse-faces with swathing-bands. And all their bodies ash-grey smeared, with smears of black, and a black cloth to-day at the loins.

They made their rounds, and took their silent position behind the lid, with backs to the green tuft: an unearthly grey row of men with little skin bags in their hands. They were the lords of shadow, the intermediate twilight, the place of after-life and before-life, where house the winds of change. Lords of the mysterious, fleeting power of change.

Suddenly, with abrupt silence, in paced the snake-priests, headed by the same heavy man with solid grey hair like iron. To-day they were twelve men, from the old one, down to the slight, short-haired, erect boy of fourteen. Twelve men, two for each of the six worlds, or quarters: east, north, south, west, above and below. And to-day they were in a queer ecstasy. Their faces were black, showing the whites of the eyes. And they wore small black loin-aprons. They were the hot living men of the darkness, lords of the earth's inner rays, the black sun of the earth's vital core, from which dart the speckled snakes, like beams.

Round they went, in rapid, uneven, silent absorption, the three rounds. Then in a row they faced the eight ash-grey men, across the lid. All kept their heads bowed towards earth, except the young boys.

Then, in the intense, secret, muttering chant the grey men began their leaning from right to left, shaking the hand, one-two, one-two, and bowing the body each time from right to left, left to right, above the lid in the

ground, under which were the snakes. And their low, deep, mysterious voices spoke to the spirits under the earth, not to men above the earth.

But the crowd was on tenterhooks for the snakes, and could hardly wait for the mummery to cease. There was an atmosphere of inattention and impatience. But the chant and the swaying passed from the grey men to the black-faced men, and back again, several times.

This was finished. The formation of the lines broke up. There was a slight crowding to the centre, round the lid. The old antelope priest (so-called) was stooping. And before the crowd could realize anything else a young priest emerged, bowing reverently, with the neck of a pale, delicate rattlesnake held between his teeth, the little, naïve, bird-like head of the rattlesnake quite still, near the black cheek, and the long, pale, yellowish, spangled body of the snake dangling like some thick, beautiful cord. On passed the black-faced young priest, with the wondering snake dangling from his mouth, pacing in the original circle, while behind him, leaping almost on his shoulders, was the oldest heavy priest, dusting the young man's shoulders with the feather-prayer-sticks, in an intense, earnest anxiety of concentration such as I have only seen in the old Indian men during a religious dance.

Came another young black-faced man out of the confusion, with another snake dangling and writhing a little from his mouth, and an elder priest dusting him from behind with the feathers : and then another, and another : till it was all confusion, probably, of six, and then four young priests with snakes dangling from their mouths, going round, apparently, three times in the circle. At the end of the third round the young priest stooped and delicately laid his snake on the earth, waving him away, away, as it were, into the world. He must not wriggle back to the kiva bush.

And after wondering a moment, the pale, delicate

snake steered away with a rattlesnake's beautiful movement, rippling and looping, with the small, sensitive head lifted like antennæ, across the sand to the massed audience squatting solid on the ground around. Like soft, watery lightning went the wondering snake at the crowd. As he came nearer, the people began to shrink aside, half-mesmerised. But they betrayed no exaggerated fear. And as the little snake drew very near, up rushed one of the two black-faced young priests who held the snake-stick, poised a moment over the snake, in the prayer-concentration of reverence which is at the same time conquest, and snatched the pale, long creature delicately from the ground, waving him in a swoop over the heads of the seated crowd, then delicately smoothing down the length of the snake with his left hand, stroking and smoothing and soothing the long, pale, bird-like thing; and returning with it to the kiva, handed it to one of the grey-jawed antelope priests.

Meanwhile, all the time, the other young priests were emerging with a snake dangling from their mouths. The boy had finished his rounds. He launched his rattlesnake on the ground, like a ship, and like a ship, away it steered. In a moment, after it went one of those two young black-faced priests who carried snake-sticks and were the snake catchers. As it neared the crowd, very close, he caught it up and waved it dramatically, his eyes glaring strangely out of his black face. And in the interim that youngest boy had been given a long, handsome bull-snake, by the priest at the hole under the kiva boughs. The bull-snake is not poisonous. It is a constrictor. This one was six feet long, with a sumptuous pattern. It waved its pale belly, and pulled its neck out of the boy's mouth. With two hands he put it back. It pulled itself once more free. Again he got it back, and managed to hold it. And then, as he went round in his looping circle, it coiled its handsome folds twice round his knee. He stooped, quietly, and

as quietly as if he were untying his garter, he unloosed the folds. And all the time, an old priest was intently brushing the boy's thin straight shoulders with the feathers. And all the time, the snakes seemed strangely gentle, naive, wondering, and almost willing, almost in harmony with the men. Which of course was the sacred aim. While the boy's expression remained quite still and simple, as it were candid, in a candour where he and the snake should be in unison. The only dancers who showed signs of being wrought-up were the two young snake-catchers, and one of these, particularly, seemed in a state of actor-like uplift, rather ostentatious. But the old priests had that immersed, religious intentness which is like a spell, something from another world.

The young boy launched his bull-snake. It wanted to go back to the kiva. The snake-catcher drove it gently forward. Away it went, towards the crowd, and at the last minute was caught up into the air. Then this snake was handed to an old man sitting on the ground in the audience, in the front row. He was an old Hopi of the Snake clan.

Snake after snake had been carried round in the circles, dangling by the neck from the mouths of one young priest or another, and writhing and swaying slowly, with the small, delicate snake-head held as if wondering and listening. There had been some very large rattlesnakes, unusually large, two or three handsome bull-snakes, and some racers, whipsnakes. All had been launched, after their circuits in the mouth, all had been caught up by the young priests with the snake-sticks, one or two had been handed to old snake-clan men in the audience, who sat holding them in their arms as men hold a kitten. The most of the snakes, however, had been handed to the grey antelope men who stood in the row, with their backs to the kiva bush. Till some of these ash-smeared men held armfuls of

snakes, hanging over their arms like wet washing. Some of the snakes twisted and knotted round one another, showing pale bellies.

Yet most of them hung very still and docile. Docile, almost sympathetic, so that one was struck only by their clean, slim length of snake nudity, their beauty, like soft, quiescent lightnng. They were so clean, because they had been washed and anointed and lustrated by the priests, in the days they had been in the kiva.

At last all the snakes had been mouth-carried in the circuits, and had made their little outrunning excursion to the crowd, and had been handed back to the priests in the rear. And now the Indian policemen, Hopi and Navajo, began to clear away the crowd that sat on the ground, five or six rows deep, around the small plaza. The snakes were all going to be set free on the ground. We must clear away.

We recoiled to the further end of the plaza. There, two Hopi women were scattering white corn-meal on the sandy ground. And thither came the two snake-catchers, almost at once, with their arms full of snakes. And before we who stood had realized it, the snakes were all writhing and squirming on the ground, in the white dust of meal, a couple of yards from our feet. Then immediately, before they could writhe clear of each other and steer away, they were gently, swiftly snatched up again, and with their arms full of snakes, the two young priests went running out of the plaza.

We followed slowly, wondering, towards the western, or north-western edge of the mesa. There the mesa dropped steeply, and a broad trail wound down to the vast hollow of desert brimmed up with strong evening light, up out of which jutted a perspective of sharp rock and further mesas and distant sharp mountains : the great, hollow, rock-wilderness space of that part of Arizona, submerged in light.

Away down the trail, small, dark, naked, rapid figures

with arms held close, went the two young men, running swiftly down to the hollow level, and diminishing, running across the hollow towards more stark rocks of the other side. Two small, rapid, intent, dwindling little human figures. The tiny, dark sparks of men. Such specks of gods.

They disappeared, no bigger than stones, behind rocks in shadow. They had gone, it was said, to lay down the snakes before a rock called the snake-shrine, and let them all go free. Free to carry the message and thanks to the dragon-gods who can give and withhold. To carry the human spirit, the human breath, the human prayer, the human gratitude, the human command which had been breathed upon them in the mouths of the priests, transferred into them from those feather-prayer-sticks which the old wise men swept upon the shoulders of the young, snake-bearing men, to carry this back, into the vaster, dimmer, inchoate regions where the monsters of rain and wind alternated in beneficence and wrath. Carry the human prayer and will power into the holes of the winds, down into the octopus heart of the rain-source. Carry the corn-meal which the women had scattered, back to that terrific, dread, and causeful dark sun which is at the earth's core, that which sends us corn out of the earth's nearness, sends us food or death, according to our strength of vital purpose, our power of sensitive will, our courage.

It is battle, a wrestling all the time. The Sun, the nameless Sun, source of all things, which we call sun because the other name is too fearful, this, this vast dark protoplasmic sun from which issues all that feeds our life, this original One is all the time willing and unwilling. Systole, diastole, it pulses its willingness and its unwillingness that we should live and move on, from being to being, manhood to further manhood. Man, small, vulnerable man, the farthest adventurer from the dark heart of the first of suns, into the cosmos of crea-

tion. Man, the last god won into existence. And all the time, he is sustained and threatened, menaced and sustained from the Source, the innermost sun-dragon. And all the time, he must submit and he must conquer. Submit to the strange beneficence from the Source, whose ways are past finding out. And conquer the strange malevolence of the Source, which is past comprehension also.

For the great dragons from which we draw our vitality are all the time willing and unwilling that we should have being. Hence only the heroes snatch manhood, little by little, from the strange den of the Cosmos.

Man, little man, with his consciousness and his will, must both submit to the great origin-powers of his life, and conquer them. Conquered by man who has overcome his fears, the snakes must go back into the earth with his messages of tenderness, of request, and of power. They go back as rays of love to the dark heart of the first of suns. But they go back also as arrows shot clean by man's sapience and courage, into the resistant, malevolent heart of the earth's oldest, stubborn core. In the core of the first of suns, whence man draws his vitality, lies poison as bitter as the rattlesnake's. This poison man must overcome, he must be master of its issue. Because from the first of suns come travelling the rays that make men strong and glad and gods who can range between the known and the unknown. Rays that quiver out of the earth as serpents do, naked with vitality. But each ray charged with poison for the unwary, the irreverent, and the cowardly. Awareness, wariness, is the first virtue in primitive man's morality. And his awareness must travel back and forth, back and forth, from the darkest origins out to the brightest edifices of creation.

And amid all its crudity, and the sensationalism which comes chiefly out of the crowd's desire for thrills, one cannot help pausing in reverence before the delicate,

anointed bravery of the snake-priests (so-called), with the snakes.

They say the Hopis have a marvellous secret cure for snake-bites. They say the bitten are given an emetic drink, after the dance, by the old women, and that they must lie on the edge of the cliff and vomit, vomit, vomit. I saw none of this. The two snake-men who ran down into the shadow came soon running up again, running all the while, and steering off at a tangent, ran up the mesa once more, but beyond a deep, impassable cleft. And there, when they had come up to our level, we saw them across the cleft distance washing, brown and naked, in a pool; washing off the paint, the medicine, the ecstasy, to come back into daily life and eat food. Because for two days they had eaten nothing, it was said. And for nine days they had been immersed in the mystery of snakes, and fasting in some measure.

Men who have lived many years among the Indians say they do not believe the Hopi have any secret cure. Sometimes priests do die of bites, it is said. But a rattlesnake secretes his poison slowly. Each time he strikes he loses his venom, until if he strike several times, he has very little wherewithal to poison a man. Not enough, not half enough to kill. His glands must be very full charged with poison, as they are when he merges from winter-sleep, before he can kill a man outright. And even then, he must strike near some artery.

Therefore, during the nine days of the kiva, when the snakes are bathed and lustrated, perhaps they strike their poison away into some inanimate object. And surely they are soothed and calmed with such things as the priests, after centuries of experience, know how to administer to them.

We dam the Nile and take the railway across America. The Hopi smooths the rattlesnake and carries him in his mouth, to send him back into the dark places of the earth, an emissary to the inner powers.

To each sort of man his own achievement, his own victory, his own conquest. To the Hopi, the origins are dark and dual, cruelty is coiled in the very beginnings of all things, and circle after circle creation emerges towards a flickering, revealed Godhead. With Man as the godhead so far achieved, waveringly and for ever incomplete, in this world.

To us and to the orientals, the Godhead was perfect to start with, and man makes but a mechanical excursion into a created and ordained universe, an excursion of mechanical achievement, and of yearning for the return to the perfect Godhead of the beginning.

To us, God was in the beginning, Paradise and the Golden Age have been long lost, and all we can do is to win back.

To the Hopi, God is not yet, and the Golden Age lies far ahead. Out of the dragon's den of the cosmos, we have wrested only the beginnings of our being, the rudiments of our godhead.

Between the two visions lies the gulf of mutual negations. But ours was the quickest way, so we are conquerors for the moment.

The American aborigines are radically, innately religious. The fabric of their life is religious. But their religion is animistic, their sources are dark and impersonal, their conflict with their "gods" is slow, and unceasing.

This is true of the settled pueblo Indians and the wandering Navajo, the ancient Maya, and the surviving Aztec. They are all involved at every moment, in their old, struggling religion.

Until they break in a kind of hopelessness under our cheerful, triumphant success. Which is what is rapidly happening. The young Indians who have been to school for many years are losing their religion, becoming discontented, bored, and rootless. An Indian with his own religion inside him *cannot* be bored. The flow

of the mystery is too intense all the time, too intense, even, for him to adjust himself to circumstances which really are mechanical. Hence his failure. So he, in his great religious struggle for the Godhead of man, falls back beaten. The Personal God who ordained a mechanical cosmos gave the victory to his sons, a mechanical triumph.

Soon after the dance is over, the Navajo begin to ride down the Western trail, into the light. Their women, with velvet bodices and full, full skirts, silver and turquoise tinkling thick on their breasts, sit back on their horses and ride down the steep slope, looking wonderingly around from their pleasant, broad, nomadic, Mongolian faces. And the men, long, loose, thin, long-waisted, with tall hats on their brows and low-sunk silver belts on their hips, come down to water their horses at the spring. We say they look wild. But they have the remoteness of their religion, their animistic vision, in their eyes, they can't see as we see. And they cannot accept us. They stare at us as the coyotes stare at us : the gulf of mutual negation between us.

So in groups, in pairs, singly, they ride silently down into the lower strata of light, the aboriginal Americans riding into their shut-in reservations. While the white Americans hurry back to their motor-cars, and soon the air buzzes with starting engines, like the biggest of rattlesnakes buzzing.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF "THE VORTEX."—*The Vortex* is still the newest play in London, because newest in the rarest sense. It is written by a young man who is bound by no tradition other than that of truth to one's living self. He seems to have caught the actual breathing moments and treated them according to a sure instinct for the theatre. The play associates itself in power and originality with the best work of the modern theatre. Mr. Noel Coward, at the age of twenty-five, belongs to that generation which suffered the havoc of war ; but he is also in the vanguard of that succeeding generation which, during the last six years, has been growing into manhood. It is, I suppose, partly because of this intimacy with two generations that he has been able, not only to experience, but to rise and express himself so certainly.

The elder writers, even those who were young enough to be called to active service, have expressed their reaction to pre-war thought, but never with any significance for the future. For the youngest of them the war was only a test of manhood which ultimately threw them aside, worn in body and soul. The thrill of experiences left the imagination sated and still. Such men inhabit a perpetual past ; lost to the present, they are disconnected from the future. They are like springs that have been compressed too long ever to leap in a moment of relaxation. But this succeeding generation had in it the seeds of enchantment ; seeds which have developed and are, in fact, daily greeting the future with the bloom of continuity and understanding. The men of this generation are in possession. These young men were young enough to take not only the war but the aftermath of thought in their youth. They grew with

a new freedom, untouched by the old sentimentalities, suspicious of enthusiasms, believing in nothing but the impulse of life itself. They are now completely on their feet; and one of them at least is speaking clearly and convincingly.

Mr. Noel Coward has been steadily writing plays since the Armistice, bringing along with him the immediate young England of that time, leaving behind the seniors whose stock of war shocks he inherited with just that touch of comradeship which put him at once into complete possession of the spiritual experiences of the previous few years. Mr. Coward is level with his age, winking at the brim of time. And it is this utter modernity which one feels in seeing *The Vortex*. It is the play of the living moment; and it has this immediacy so earnestly that one forgets to notice how good the play is itself. The characters are less true to life than they are to the present: they externalize the theatre in their spontaneous reality. These men and women are not drawn from any vast stores of material in the author's mind in the way that characters come so professionally from the minds of many of our practised dramatists. Mr. Coward has coined his characters in a mint which has only just received its supply of gold and silver. Not that they are never touched with convention; but *The Vortex* issues them dated 1924. Young people who discuss the psychology of their own love are not new to the theatre, but the author of *The Vortex* touches them with those intimate fingers which sound a note of naked accuracy throughout the play. And the presence of Mr. Coward as an actor lends double countenance to this impression.

This modernity of the play is its chief feature—this rare newness which glows with such assurance for the future. But there is also a certain relation to the best work of the past which colours and mellows the play. This is the proud penalty of all good work and the

ultimate test of its quality. How many seeing *The Vortex* could fail to think of that fourth act in *Hamlet*—the scene between the Prince and his mother? Hamlet's inability to perceive anything but the grossest motives in his mother's connection with Claudius and, even in recognizing that love, his failure to realize its least justification; his selfish sense of possession in his mother's conduct, his intense excitement and simulation of control, and, finally, his tremendous intermittent touches of insight, all go to make this scene one of the most sensitive in the whole of Shakespeare and the best key to Hamlet's nature. Just so Nicky Lancaster's behaviour towards his mother; his persistent nervous questioning, his impatience for and with the truth, his filial disgust, his feverish pitch of mind with its consequent insight, make Nicky Lancaster a fearful revelation of himself. The magnificent Hamlet and the talented modern Nicky have this emotional truth in common.

Owing to the natural power of this last act one is forced to look back over *The Vortex* and rehabilitate it in the mind as a more wonderful thing than it had at first seemed. This is not to say that the early acts fail in any way; they are only more redolent of the theatre and less replete with chaotic sincerity. Mr. Coward has unconsciously struck a balance between yesterday and to-day; weighing in equal scale the delight and dole which correlate with truth and wonder, fulfilment and promise. Unconsciously: not as by accident, but according to that stealth by which, as Hazlitt says, art approaches to perfection, unknown to the artist.—H. WALLACE HILL.

SATIRE AND CYNICISM.—Satire is a veiled expression of truths conveyed in a carefully exaggerated manner in order that those truths may be made more effective than if they were expressed in a more direct and obvious way. It is certainly the most pointed method of telling

unpalatable truths, since it does not tell you them directly but hides its light under an assumed innocence of all double meaning; and therefore requires that you shall see these truths rather by the use of your intelligence than by the aid of your eyes. Satire is the finest kind of humour, and the full appreciation of its subtlest forms is the reward of cultured commonsense. Consequently it is often misunderstood or not understood at all by those who are most in need of the truths that it conceals. Satire takes the follies and illusions of mankind and judiciously exaggerates them; but showing no surprise at the exaggeration it turns them into ridicule and shows the truth by implication. So that although the truth is pointed, it is never pointed out to you. Satire is indeed barbed wit; for it provokes laughter even while it conveys a meaning that may be anything but laughable. It is essentially a civilized mode of expression, for it requires not only great restraint on the part of the writer but also on the reader's side, a degree of sophistication and subtlety of mind far beyond the power of uncultured or barbarous people. It is necessary, however, that the barb, the wit, and the art of the satirist, should be concealed beneath an apparent ingenuousness; so that satire, to be satire at all, requires a simple and urbane style; and the more scathing the truth, and the quieter the style, the more perfect the satire. Because genuine satire, though always the result of sincere thought and feeling, must nevertheless appear entirely artless and unemotional, and at its best is a fine example of complex art masquerading as natural simplicity; for, as has been said, the whole force and beauty of satire lies in its apparent unconsciousness of its real meaning.

The satire of such writers as Swift and Voltaire is mainly a suppressed expression of passionate indignation against the follies and weaknesses of human nature.

And this indignation implies not only that these, and similar writers, believe that they know what is right and what is wrong, but also that they have ideals, and faith enough in humanity to believe that these ideals can be realized. A satirist, then, is optimistic, and believes in the potential goodness of mankind; else he would not be angered at our distance from his ideal, nor would he endeavour to improve us. He points out our wickedness, not for the sake of saying that we are bad, but because he wants us to be so much better. And however much he is disappointed, however much he is disillusioned, and whether he fails to make any perceptible alteration at all, if he is to remain a satirist he must still keep his ideals and his faith in humanity intact.

But cynicism, though it is often witty, and sometimes profound (as in de la Rochefoucauld, for instance), is nevertheless just the exact opposite of satire. For cynicism expresses disillusion in a mood of calm or of bitter despair. If the cynic is calm he is ironic; if he is bitter he is sarcastic; in either case he expresses or implies a disbelief in any improvement. Sarcasm and irony are used both by the satirist and the cynic, either as occasion demands or as temperament inclines; the difference between sarcasm and irony is one of degree and not of kind—the latter is more restrained, more civilized, than the former. But the difference between cynicism and satire is one of kind, and though the one may develop into the other, they are entirely opposed to one another. To turn a cynic into a satirist, or a satirist into a cynic, we require not so much a change of technique as a change of mind; for satire is active, and behind it is a desire for something better; but cynicism is passive, and behind it is only despair. So that there is always this difference of motive between the satirist and the cynic, and they are therefore essentially opposed,

though they may be equally sarcastic, equally ironic, and equally to the point in what they say.

When de la Rochefoucauld, for instance, remarks that: "In the distress of our best friends there is always something that does not displease us," he discerns a bad trait in human nature, but implies also that it is ineradicable. He does so again when, for example, he says: "Everybody takes pleasure in returning small obligations; many go so far as to acknowledge moderate ones; but there is hardly anyone who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude." This is not to say that a cynic cannot be as truly penetrating in his remarks on human nature as a satirist, only that he has no other object in showing us its bad side but the satisfaction of pointing it out, and the pleasure he derives from his disclosure of our common hypocrisy. A genuine cynic is a man who has absolutely no ideals, either because he has lost them or because he has never had any. He is essentially pessimistic. The satirist tries to ridicule them out of existence: the cynic merely remarks upon them.

Again, though cynicism, like satire, must be calmly phrased to be effective, it is calm, not like satire, because it has suppressed all passion, but because it is in itself passionless, and has therefore no force because of this indifference. If a satirist indicts a vice by pretending not to notice it, a cynic points out pretending virtue and shows it to be vice. In so far as he does this he is valuable. But when the cynic is too consistent in his cynicism he is as absurd as the most foolish of optimists, and sees life from as distorted an angle. For human nature, though it is not wholly good, is certainly not wholly bad; and he who believes that it is possible for it to become divine is more likely to increase its chances of becoming better than he who disbelieves. An absolute cynic is really a decadent whose scepticism has overshadowed his commonsense, and who has failed to

orientate himself properly to the facts of existence. He is a failure,—though he may be a brilliant one. So that from the point of view of one who believes that mankind can, but not necessarily will, progress, the cynic is inferior to the satirist because he is less courageous, and less likely to cause any possible progression, or to hinder any possible regression.—JOHN SHAND.

IN THE PARK.—Could the band possibly be going to play, on a night like this? Why, it was going to rain for certain in a moment. Ye-es, the ticket collector who was wiping the drops from the freshly painted green chairs said that the bandsmen had taken off their capes. What pluck! There was London for you, she thought. The papers had said that the band would play from seven o'clock to ten, and play it would.

"This is no place for us," said he in his most proprietary manner, taking her arm. "We'll get soaked in less than a tick. Here she comes now. . . ."

Very lightly, almost like dew, the spring rain fell through the late sunlight. The plump pigeons waddled out into it, bending the long grass over with the pressure of their breasts; a fox terrier ran out off the footpath into it, scared the sparrows, and then stopped all of a sudden, sniffing this way and that. Quietly, softly, the music began—something "classical."

But there was no one to hear it—yet; only these two and a few people drooping about in overcoats and those six over there who had paid to sit in the sheltered side of the enclosure. The ticket collector's little bell made an almost frightening noise whenever it rang. Now a march. Guards in pairs stumped past, but——

"The soldiers aren't in red to-night," she said, "like last Sunday." Somehow they had lost all their lovely scarlet insolence; now they all seemed to be just going somewhere, anywhere, inside. Last Sunday it had been perfect—perfect . . . warm and soft and—

oh ! what was it that the night had held? Sitting there by his side she had felt that something terribly personal and important was going to happen at any moment. Last Sunday, too, they had seen their first squirrel. It was coming down an elm tree—would it dare? No, no, not so close to the band ; back again and down into the grass it ran, leaping into a clump of wild things out of sight of everyone. Somehow the night had seemed just like that squirrel—warm and soft and yet as wild as. . . .

Away played the band. Would they never come out from their pubs, away from their shaded lamps? A march again perhaps, something martial, with any amount of drums in it—" Land of Hope and Glory " —should fetch them. . . . No, no. The sky had changed, darkened from water-blue to grey, to stone, to slate ; a wind blew the Serpentine into an ocean the colour of it.

" Perhaps, after all, you are right, dear ; perhaps we'd better be getting back to our hotel." And away they went.

Well, a waltz then! What about a waltz? This was getting desperate. . . .

Then up, up with a rush came the wind ; it seemed to suck the darkness in behind it ; it seemed to say : " I'll show you what I can do with trees that have withstood me all the winter." And the green skirts of the young chestnuts twirled ; their green plumes swayed painfully round the lit pavilion, waved, rocked, and actually began to creak.

But the waltz went on unheeded ; unheeded a pigeon in the darkness above cooed so softly that its note seemed to come from somewhere behind a cloud. Then a soldier laughed quite near at hand ; he and his girl were having a devil of a good time with an umbrella that had been blown completely inside out.—ANGUS WILSON.

Mr. Henry King and Longinus.—In the little essay on " Poetry and ' the Sublime ' " in the December issue there is a passing reference to Longinus, which might be taken to imply that he wrote a treatise on a subject " alien to poetry." I would like to be allowed a few words on this : for in these dark days there may be readers even of The Adelphi who have never troubled about Longinus ; and, further, though I have read many thousands of critical words by this writer, I have never before found a single mention of Longinus, and in this I have long felt something disquieting. Longinus—or whoever wrote the treatise—is regarded by some intelligent people as the greatest of all critics : I may or may not agree ; but I am at least convinced that he is the most important figure—I choose the adjective carefully—in the annals of criticism in the two thousand years between Aristotle and Heinsius. Now, firstly, the rendering of the Greek title as " On the Sublime " is a mere arbitrary convention : it should be at least " On Sublimity "—quite a different thing—and much more justly " On Poetic Beauty " or " On Style." Secondly, there is actually no better corrective of the vague, metaphysical or abstract, aberration in a writer than can be found pervading Longinus's discussion of literary style. It is one of the respects in which the Greek is extraordinarily modern, and far in advance of all the seventeenth-century criticism which, in France especially, busied itself about the treatise.

Longinus's attitude is hard to summarize, for alone among the greater critics he seems to have been able to do without a philosophy. He was the first important critic of *literary* style, as apart from rhetoric ; while he is less " scholastic " even than Aristotle. He was unique in his instinctive feeling for what we should call nowadays " the autonomy of pure literature." He knew, too, that literary values are in the last resort humane. He intended to follow the extant treatise with another

on the Passions ; which are a material part of his " sublime." By sublimity he means " a kind of *distinction* and excellence in language." He was the first exponent of " Comparative " literature, having a fine appreciation of Latin and Hebrew poetry. He maintains firstly that elevation of mind " comes by nature," but that, to write well, art must be employed. He follows this with a short and closely reasoned account of the faults that make bad writing. Next he expounds the sources and manner of the true " sublimity," illustrating his powerful arguments by perfectly chosen illustrations, and analysis of these. In conclusion, he tries to indicate the causes of the absence of high literature in his own day. You may easily see how far is his " sublimity " from the abstract sublime in his analysis of Sappho's poem : " Ille mi par esse deo videtur," which was preserved in his treatise. " Sappho always chooses the emotions that go with the frenzy of passion from its accompaniments in real life . . . concentrates the most striking and vehement signs of passion." It will be seen that ὕψος is far indeed from the Sublime of Burke, with its vague infinite mystery. If modern critics would only decide for themselves which is nearer to literary excellence ! Longinus above all critics has worked for and stated the criterion of what pleases " in all ages, at all places."

Perhaps I may be allowed one further reflection arising out of this. " Any semi-ethical criterion of ' sublimity ' misses the mark," Mr. Eliot has justly said ; but once the process of the poetic art is clearly held, as in Mr. King's note, we must recognize that sublimity (of *conception*) *is* sublimity, and the more sublime the matter of the poet's imagination, the greater the poem, *so long as the material is artistically wrought.* Æschylus is greater than, say, Racine because, though assuredly no better artist, he is more—sublime !—H. P. Collins.

THE METHOD OF MICHAEL FARADAY

By The Journeyman

I wonder how many others found themselves at Christmas reading an old school-prize. There must have been many : for it is a natural, almost an inevitable occupation. You go home after many months, it may be years, for more than a few hours' visit ; in the quiet intervals you rummage in the bookshelves to see if the old Pickwick and Robinson Crusoe still exist ; and there you are bound to find some of those gilt and mottled volumes with which you were once rewarded. They have been piously preserved ; they have never been read. Whoever heard of a prize-boy reading his prize ? Prizes are not meant to be read by the winners of them. You were presented with two slabs of tree-calf with what was once a book between : you were never allowed to choose the meat in the sandwich. You did not want to read it ; and if you had, the thing is so constructed that it cannot be opened except by the main force of two hands. You have never read it yourself, and nobody else would have been allowed to. It has gleamed benevolent and undisturbed, save by the gentlest caress of the drawing-room duster, for more years than you care to contemplate. After so many years it becomes almost exciting to open it. The rest of the books in the house you know, and know by heart : but this is strange.

So I began to read the Life of Faraday. I had forgotten that such a book had ever belonged to me, just

as I had forgotten that I was ever rewarded "For Good Work in Science." It is indeed scarcely credible. But the Life of Faraday suited me well on the dusky Christmas afternoon. I glanced at the title-page to make sure it was not written by Samuel Smiles. Thank Heaven, Sylvanus Thompson. Better and better! I settled down in the arm-chair. My mind was on tip-toe.

For I really wanted to know something about Michael Faraday: I had read, perhaps in the words of Einstein himself, that Einstein's scientific pedigree ran thus: Faraday—Clerk Maxwell—Einstein. Now a direct approach to the Einstein theory is closed to me. I have tried the frontal attack, I have thought I had a glimpse over the wall; but nothing has remained. Mr. Thomas Hardy once told me that he used Relativity Theory to meditate on when he was threatened with a sleepless night. I have adopted the suggestion and found meditation on Einstein an admirable soporific. But I have also discovered, in other realms, that nothing so helps you to understand a man as to understand his origins. The method might, I thought, work even in the case of Einstein. I think it did. But there was another reason why I wanted to know about Faraday.

Einstein has told us that he finds a deep *ethical satisfaction* in reading Dostoevsky: so do I. He thinks that this is the supreme satisfaction to be derived from literature: so do I. Clerk Maxwell was, to put it mildly, something of mystic: so am I. Now what might Faraday have been? Would the sequence be completed?

I am not suggesting either that I am a scientific genius who took the wrong turning, or that Dostoevsky and true mysticism and the supreme scientific mind have an element in common that I can formulate. I have often suspected that there is a connection between these things. But I am (in spite of my "Good Work in Science" twenty-five years ago) quite incompetent to

make plain the nature and grounds of this suspicion, which after my reading of the life of Faraday has become a real belief.

For the sequence was, most unmistakably, completed. All his life long Faraday was a Sandemanian. You do not know what a Sandemanian is? Neither did I, until I read the chapter which Sylvanus Thompson, who knew that important things are important, devoted to Faraday's religious life and convictions. Sandemanians are the followers of a man named Sandeman, who was in his turn a follower of a dissident minister of the Scottish Kirk named John Glas. Somewhere about 1730 John Glas preached a restoration of primitive Christianity in these remarkable terms:

> He held that the formal establishment by any nation of a professed religion was the subversion of true Christianity; that Christ did not come to establish any worldly authority, but to give a hope of eternal life; that the Bible was the sole and sufficient guide for each individual in all times and all circumstances; that faith in the divinity and work of Christ is the gift of God, and that the evidence of this faith is obedience to the commandment of Christ.

The message of John Glas was preached by Sandeman who, when he died in the 1770's in America, had these stirring words engraved upon his tomb:

> He boldly contended for the ancient faith that the bare death of Jesus Christ, without a deed or thought on the part of man, is sufficient to present the chief of sinners spotless before God.

That is a noble faith, albeit a mystical one. And the followers of these two remarkable men lived up to it. They did actually follow the commandment of Christ; they had all things in common; they broke bread together on the Sabbath; they took no thought for the morrow. Naturally, they became a despised and rejected sect.

Of this despised and rejected sect Michael Faraday

was an elder. Every penny of his superfluity he gave away in charity to the brethren; he did not save a farthing. He did not believe—how could a follower of Sandeman believe such a thing?—that only through his sect could salvation come; what he did believe, and he had solid ground for his belief, was that "Christ is with us." To this simple faith and the austere loveliness of living that it demanded, Faraday was loyal to his life's end.

Sylvanus Thompson found it hard to understand that this great master, perhaps the supreme genius, of experimental physics, should have lived his life, as it were, in two halves. But was it lived in two halves? Does not the language beg the question? Faraday was the great experimentalist in natural science—so runs the unspoken thought—why was he not a free experimentalist in matters of religion also? But was he not? Did he not perhaps know something that was hidden from Sylvanus Thompson—that the two realms are different in kind, demanding different methods and different faculties for their exploration? His own noble words admit of none but wilful misunderstanding:

> High as man is placed above the creatures around him, there is a higher and far more exalted position within his view; and the ways are infinite in which he occupies his thoughts about the fears or hopes or expectations of a future life. I believe that the truth of that future cannot be brought to his knowledge by any exertion of his mental powers, however exalted they may be; that it is made known to him by other teaching than his own, and is received through simple belief of the testimony given. Let no one suppose for a moment that the self-education I am about to commend, extends to any consideration of the hope set before us, as if man by reasoning could find out God. It would be improper here to enter upon the subject further than to claim an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief. I shall be reproached with the weakness of refusing to apply those mental operations, which I think good in respect of high things, to the very highest. I am content to bear the reproach.

And yet, perhaps, for all his manifest sincerity, Faraday was not facing the real question. Granted his unshakable conviction that " man cannot by reasoning find out God," the next question should have been : " Was it by reasoning that I, Michael Faraday, found out the laws of electro-magnetism " ? But it is unfair to expect Faraday to have asked himself that question. The faculty by which he did what he did in experimental physics was native and simple to him. He could no more help looking at physical things in his curious way than he could help being a Sandemanian. He called one faculty belief and the other reasoning. The distinction was not so clear to his contemporaries. Tyndall, at any rate, who should have come nearer to understanding Faraday than most men, said of Faraday's electro-magnetic speculations : " Amid much that is entangled and dark, we have flashes of wondrous insight, which appear less the product of reasoning than of revelation." Strange words for one physicist to use of another. What was " reasoning " to Faraday appeared quite otherwise to others.

What if, after all, he *was* applying those mental operations which he thought good in respect of the very highest things, to the high ones also?

To me, indeed, there is a manifest connection between Faraday's mystical religious belief and the quality of his scientific vision, that was, most probably, not apparent to Faraday himself. His scientific vision was different in *kind* from that of his contemporaries : Tyndall described it well as a faculty of " lateral vision." Faraday could see not merely straight in front of him, but sideways also. And no one could really understand what he was talking about. He used words in curious senses, he talked about " lines of force," he seemed to see before his bodily eye some simple and beautiful harmony in the workings of the physical universe ; for him some at least of the veils interposed by

the secular assumptions of the human mind were as though non-existent. Listen to this : it is at the end of a letter describing one of his experiments in electro-magnetic induction.

> It is quite comfortable to me to find that experiment need not quail before mathematics, but is quite competent to rival it in discovery; and I am amused to find that what the high mathematicians have announced as the *essential condition* to the rotation—namely, that *time is required*—has so little foundation that if time could by possibility be anticipated instead of being required—*i.e.*, if the currents could be found *before* the magnet came over the place instead of *after*—the effect would equally ensue.

It was not altogether unnatural that his contemporaries, mathematicians or not, should be uneasy about a man who wrote that sort of thing. With a simple gesture he abolishes time : and shows himself perfectly capable of envisaging all the phenomena of the physical universe as a vast simultaneity which we are compelled to perceive as a time-sequence simply because of the limitations of our minds.

Faraday's " lines of magnetic force " are really a conception of the same order : that is to say that they are not a *conception* at all. Faraday is *seeing something*, and seeing it with some altogether peculiar faculty of direct perception. And what he *saw* was much simpler than what the mathematicians of his day *understood*. Much simpler and much truer. I do not know what the contemporary mathematicians thought of him in fact : that it was nothing to his credit is obvious from his own confessed " pique " against them. But I should guess that they wavered between thinking him a simple naif and a dangerous visionary—an attitude not unlike that of the Scribes and Pharisees towards Faraday's Master. Even Tyndall, in many respects Faraday's follower, could never quite make up his mind about him.

> It sometimes strikes me that Faraday clearly saw the play of fluids and ethers and atoms, though his previous training

did not enable him to resolve what he saw into its constituents, or describe it in a manner satisfactory to a mind versed in mechanics. And then again occur, I confess, dark sayings, difficult to be understood, which disturb my confidence in this conclusion.

Nobody really understood him. He gained a tremendous reputation because he was always, so to speak, producing the rabbit out of the hat : he made marvellous machines and contrived astonishing experiments. But his real interest was in the why and how of rabbit-production, and his speculations on the why and how were understood by none, until Lord Kelvin (not yet a lord) began to have a glimpse of what he was driving at. Kelvin set Clerk Maxwell on the study of Faraday's " Experimental Researches."

Then in very truth Faraday had found his disciple. To Clerk Maxwell all that Faraday had said was perfectly simple and beautiful and true. The manner of his reception of Faraday's work recalls Rousseau's memorable phrase concerning other words of the deepest wisdom : " They act only at the level of the source "—a casually stated law of spiritual dynamics. Clerk Maxwell found that " Faraday's method of conceiving the phenomena was also a mathematical one, though not exhibited in the conventional form of mathematical symbols." Not a little lies hid within that seemingly transparent phrase. It was, indeed, not so simple as all that. After all, it took a Clerk Maxwell to see that Faraday's method *was* " mathematical," and when Clerk Maxwell had expressed it in mathematical symbols he had caused a mathematical revolution. Where Clerk Maxwell and Faraday met was not in mathematics, but in the quality of their minds. They had the same way of looking at reality. I do not think it would be altogether fanciful to call it the Sandemanian method in physics.

BOOKS TO READ

GOD'S WAY WITH MAN. By Lily Dougall. Introduction by Canon Streeter. (Students' Christian Movement.) 4s. net.

This posthumous collection of essays by the author of the once famous *Pro Christo et Ecclesia* reveals a keen intelligence and a tender heart, engaged in what we cannot but consider a hopeless cause. Liberalizing theology cannot pause within the Church. We do not agree with Newman's dictum that there is no *via media* between *atheism* and Rome; but we do agree with the implication that those who would, like Lily Dougall, regard the Christian Church as a temporal reality, and at the same time minimize unpalatable dogma into nothingness, are building on sand. The time is long past—it has been past ever since the Renaissance—when the Christian Church could truly accommodate all kinds of religious experience. Since then Christianity has hardened into Rome on the one hand; and complete individualism on the other. There is no resting-place between except for the simple, who, we know, are blessed above others.

PRINCIPLES OF LITERARY CRITICISM. By I. A. Richards. (Kegan Paul.) 10s. 6d. net.

This is an interesting rather than a valuable book. Mr. Richards sets to work, with immense subtlety, to construct a scientific basis for criticism: in other words, he begins his work with the assumption that his subject-matter (which is literature) is amenable to scientific method. So far as we can see, he makes no really serious attempt to criticize his own assumption, though he is full of scorn for criticism which is not "scientific." The consequence is that, although many of his pages are suggestive, the effect of his book as a whole is super-subtle and tedious, and the continued presence of these qualities makes the reader doubtful of so elementary a thing as Mr. Richards's literary discrimination, a suspicion not removed by some of his *aperçus*.

MEISTER ECKHART. Translation, with some Omissions and Additions, by C. de B. Evans. (John M. Watkins.) 20s. net.

This translation of the works of Meister Eckhart has evidently been a labour of love. Its excellence could not have been attained otherwise. Henceforward the road to Meister Eckhart is open to any English reader; and to read him is to come into immediate contact with a soul of such purity and strength that the miracle which he sought to impart to his hearers six hundred years ago—the birth of their own soul—may well be renewed to-day. Let not those who are frightened of the word "mystical" shut themselves against this book. It is simple as love itself.

A HISTORY OF THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE. By Bache Matthews. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.

Curious that a history of this kind should be so fascinating. It is positively exciting to read of the beginnings of the Pilgrim Players and their awful experience on their first tour at Holt Fleet, when they had 6d. in the house; and the heart of one reader at least actually began to thump as he read of the building of the Theatre itself in 1913, with relays of workmen going day and night. Can it be that this absorbed excitement is aroused by the theatre alone? Or is it the same with the struggling beginnings of any successful enterprise? In either case, we recommend this book even to those who have no interest in the Repertory Movement as such. Surely they will like to read of a stage manager who, when a fountain was wanted, lay under the stage on his back and blew water up through an iron tube for a quarter of an hour every night.

JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY. By J. H. Morgan. (Murray.) 10s. 6d. net.

Mr Morgan's earlier chapters show that reticence is still compatible with vividness and truth in biography. They are excellent. Yet, if we try to reproduce in essential outline the picture of Morley which this book presents to us, it is to two remarks of Mr Hardy's (quoted with a due sense of their value by Mr. Morgan himself) that we must have recourse. The first is "If only Morley had let politics alone, he would have been the Gibbon of his age." The second appears elsewhere in these pages. The man was ambitious, and ambitious of distinction in a province not his own; and in a province where he was compelled to do violence to his own conviction. Yet why "compelled"? He made the choice. And there is something distasteful in Morley's assumption of moral superiority over his fellow-politicians. *Que faisait-il donc dans cette galère?*

BOOKS TO READ—*continued.*

DR. GRAESLER. By Arthur Schnitzler. (Chapman & Hall.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is on the whole a very good translation of a book which is more than very good. "Dr. Graesler" is a little masterpiece. In the first reading it is a simple, thrilling, and convincing story of real life · in retrospect it becomes a lovely piece of music. Its subtle formal beauty is haunting. We hear a great deal about the "art" of fiction to-day. That art exists; but not where its English zealots look for it. There is a great deal more art in "Dr. Graesler" than there is in Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw." There is, indeed, nearly as much as there is in Tchehov's "The Duel." Praise can go no higher.

THE GENIUS OF STYLE. By W. C. Brownell. (Scribners.) 10s. net.

Mr. Brownell is one of a notable phalanx of "academic" American critics. "Academic" is used in the best sense, to distinguish his party (which includes such men of mark as Irving Babbitt and Stuart P Sherman) from the opposition of which Mr. Mencken is the most vociferous member. There is no call for the Englishman to decide between them: he is content to note that Mr. Mencken seldom appears to understand what the "academics" are driving at. It would be easy to say both sides are partly right it would be more interesting to show how both sides are partly wrong, Mr. Mencken being the "wronger." However, there is no space for such enterprises. Mr. Brownell's is an excellent book, though partial. "Style" actually includes a good deal more than he allows it to include.

DORA WORDSWORTH: HER BOOK. By F. V. Morley. (Selwyn & Blount.) 7s. 6d. net.

A very interesting biographical and critical narrative of Wordsworth's life for which Dora Wordsworth's album serves as scaffolding. Mr. Morley handles his material with skill.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF HUMANISM. By Geoffrey Scott. New Edition with *an Epilogue. (Constable.) 10s. 6d. net.*

This book seems to us to have a deplorably ambiguous title. It is in fact a defence of Renaissance Architecture; and is a work of considerable importance in its own sphere—though less as a defence than as a general provocative. Mr. Scott shows keen, if intermittent, perception, and he can write brilliantly; but his work as a whole suffers from indifferent powers of logic and comparison.

TRIMBLERIGG. By Laurence Housman. (Cape.) 9s. net.

Though it be the product of supernatural "verbal inspiration," and cost nine shillings, this is a novel, and can only be judged by the standards of that almost illimitable genus. Mr. Trimblerigg is the sordid creation of a "tribal god," which manner of god Mr. Housman disclaims in an "Editorial" and harasses throughout with pitiless irony. The book will be appreciated less by a reader's religion than by his temperament, and by his aesthetic even less than by his religious sense. Being by Mr. Housman it is, of course, written cleverly and with underlying earnestness but it does not impress us as a serious contribution to any deep spiritual or religious problem.

THE ADELPHI, printed by LOXLEY BROTHERS LIMITED, Whitefriars House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. 4; and published for the Proprietors, by BRITISH PERIODICALS LIMITED, 12, Cursitor Street, London, E.C. 4.

MARCH, 1925 MONTHLY VOL. II NO. 10

The Adelphi

1/- 1/-

EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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The Adelphi

VOL. II. NO. 10. MARCH, 1925

WILLIAM ARCHER AND THE SURVIVAL OF PERSONALITY

By John Middleton Murry

ON December 20th last I received quite unexpectedly a long letter from William Archer, which struck me as singularly impressive, above all since I was almost a total stranger to him. When, on re-reading the letter, the full significance of the time and place of his writing came home to me, I said to myself: "William Archer is going to die: this is his spiritual testament."

I hastened to reply to the letter before it was too late. Hurriedly and incompletely I tried to tell him that my rejection of *personal* immortality was different, altogether different, from an acceptance of annihilation. This hasty letter of mine I have also reprinted below. Though I cannot prove the fact, I am reasonably certain that William Archer received my letter while he was still able to read it, for by the kindness of his brother, Mr. Joseph Archer, I received an empty envelope addressed to myself in a handwriting notably less firm than that of his original letter. I shall always believe that this envelope was intended to contain a reply to my reply.

William Archer's letter speaks for itself. I have added by way of explanation the passage from my book to which he refers.

27, Fitzroy Square, W.1,
December 19th, 1924.

DEAR MR. MURRY,—

" I am really writing from a nursing home, where I am awaiting an operation to-morrow. This is my excuse for troubling you with a letter about your book *To the Unknown God* before I have had time to finish it. I shall scarcely finish it before the time fixed for the operation ; and when I may be able to write after that, who can say?

" The book interests me greatly, though it deals with an order of experience to which I am a total stranger. For instance, on p. 75, the whole passage from ' What one feels to be true . . .' to the end of the paragraph conveys practically no meaning to me.* ' Truth,' as

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* The passage in question is the following :—

" That, it seems to me, is the obligation I have undertaken : to write and to publish what I feel to be true. Not what I *think* is true : I can make mistakes about that, without any consciousness of wrong. And where a mistake is a matter of indifference, at worst no more than a prick to an intellectual vanity, there the assertion is not worth making. What one feels to be true is quite another affair. Now the whole man is involved. If he is mistaken in his feeling for truth, the very roots of his being are troubled and torn. When through his whole being there comes a flash of sudden awareness of unity within him, and from some place that he scarcely knew leaps up a sense of knowledge and a sense of oneness in that which knows; when his deepest, unfamiliar self rises and takes possession of all that he is, body and mind and soul, and declares : *This is true.*— then, if he is wrong, it is disaster and dismay.

" Yet perhaps the man to whom that truly happens never can be mistaken. If his deepest, unfamiliar self has risen and taken possession and pronounced : *This is true,* perhaps indeed it *is* true, for ever and ever. For this mysterious judgment is pronounced first and foremost upon a man's own acts. Of a man's acts many are indifferent—even this also may be a mark of imperfection : were we more truly living, perhaps our smallest acts, having the self in its oneness directly behind them, would be no longer indifferent but vital—but as we are, many, nay most of our acts are indifferent. But a moment

I understand it, means the correspondence between an inward conception and an outward reality, and I cannot be satisfied with what may be called intuitional evidence, or evidence from desire or satisfaction. What reason have I for believing that the nature of things, if I could arrive at it, would be satisfactory to me?

"My purpose in writing, however, is not to raise such questions. I might or might not wish to raise them after having finished your book; but as yet I am only at the before-mentioned p. 75. My real wish is to suggest to you a sort of *caveat.*

"I understand from what I have read, and still more explicitly from the review in the *Times Literary Supplement,* that you totally and rather emphatically reject the idea of the survival of personality, of individual consciousness, after death. Now, I am myself very far from being convinced of any such survival; but my mental constitution forbids me to reject positive evidence on *a priori* grounds; and I hold the evidence on this point to be such as to leave it a *very* open question. If it is so, I suggest that any philosophy which builds on the idea of annihilation is necessarily incomplete and over-hasty. A grub who should construct a religion on the assumption that he could never be anything but a grub, would be rather nonplussed when he found himself a butterfly.

"If there is one thing I am certain of in this world, it is that there is *something* which we do not begin to understand behind the phenomena which we loosely describe as spiritualistic. Of course, there is often trickery, fraud and hysterical delusion behind them—I make every allowance for this element. I further

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comes when the whole being is awakened and on the alert: a crucial act is coming to birth. And on this judgment is pronounced. *This is right,* or *That is wrong;* and from that judgment there is no appeal."

admit the extremely unsatisfactory nature of the alleged 'communications' which 'come through.' They are trivial, commonplace, futile—they seem to rob death of its dignity, and discount the very idea of a future state. (I speak, of course, of ordinary communications alleged to come from recently deceased people. The outpourings of great men, from Socrates downwards, are manifest bunkum—mostly fraud, I fancy, though partly perhaps, due to sincere delusion.) Both on account of the poverty of the communications, and of the enormous antecedent difficulty of conceiving at what point of the evolutionary process the power of surviving the death of the body came into being, I am myself, as I said before, quite unconvinced of survival. But at the same time I am absolutely convinced, from repeated experience and observation, of the genuineness of a very great number of the phenomena, and of the crass stupidity of the men of science and others who simply denounce and refuse to study them. There is *something* there which science must, so to speak, fathom and assimilate, on pain of wilfully living in an incomplete universe. And a complete outline-picture of the universe is, I take it, as essential to the man of science as to the philosopher.

"It would take far too long to go into the nature of the evidence on which I base this opinion. You will, of course, suspect me of absurd credulity—but why should I be credulous? I have no strong desire for a survival which I cannot conceive, and which seems, on the evidence, to be most unalluring; and I have no shrinking, physical or sentimental, from the idea of annihilation. Only I have an instinct which impels me to include in my mental vision of the world whatever I believe to be *fact*, and to disregard *a priori* objections to things of which the evidence seems to me convincing. Now I have had many communications from a dead relative, under circumstances *absolutely*

excluding trickery or fraud, which can be explained, I think, only on one or other of three hypotheses :

" (1) That some part, at any rate, of his memory and intelligence survives.

" (2) That some more or less mischievous intelligences, of an order inconceivable to us, are able imperfectly to simulate the characters of the dead.

" (3) That certain living people have the most marvellous powers of getting at, and so to speak pumping, not only the supraliminal, but also the profoundly subliminal, memories of other living people.

" Now if either one of these hypotheses could be established it must enormously change our picture of the world.

" Hypothesis (2) I take to be the most difficult, not to say the absurdest of the three. It could be accepted only by a man violently prejudiced against the other two.

" Hypothesis (3) is the least upsetting to our preconceptions, for I suppose we all admit the reality of a certain measure of thought-reading. But to make the hypothesis work, we should have to conceive an almost *in*conceivable extension of the power ; and even then many of the phenomena would, I think, remain unaccounted for. If, however, this should ultimately prove to be the right hypothesis, it would point to the possibility of methods of communication between mind and mind, which, if developed, would revolutionize life.

" The reasons against Hypothesis (1)—some of them at any rate—I have stated above. But there is no denying that this is by far the simplest, most obvious hypothesis. The other two are to be regarded rather as last-resort methods of escape from it. And if Hypothesis (1) should establish itself—not necessarily as implying immortality, but at all events the survival (perhaps temporary) of certain elements in the human

personality—I presume that the bases of your philosophy, or religion, would be seriously disturbed.

"Forgive me if I touch upon matters that are painful to you. There are obviously very wide differences between our points of view and habits of thought; but in writing this letter I have assumed that we have in common a desire to be loyal to things-as-they-are, which I take to be synonymous with intellectual honesty.

"Should I emerge all right from to-morrow's ceremonies, I should be glad to meet you, and to tell you in some detail the facts on which I base my conviction that there is *something there,* and something of importance. Of course I am not going only on my own experiences, but on hundreds of others, which my own enable me (not uncritically) to accept.

"Yours sincerely,

"WILLIAM ARCHER.

"Written in bed."

To this letter I replied in these terms:—

"DEAR MR. ARCHER,—

"I sincerely hope that all has gone well with the operation.

"It is difficult for me to answer your letter fully in writing; a long conversation (which I hope we shall have) would be necessary. But on the point with which your letter is chiefly concerned, I would say this.

"You have been compelled to take my views on this matter of survival at second-hand. Unfortunately such questions as these are precisely those on which the 'reporter' (critic or not) invariably plays one false. It is true that I do not believe in *personal* immortality; but I do most strongly believe that something survives, and is immortal. . . .

"I most emphatically do not believe in annihilation. I have no fear of it, and for many years I did believe in it; but now I do not. But with equal emphasis I do not

believe in the immortality of this personality. You will find something of my belief if you read the essay at the end of my book called *Lost Secrets*. What precisely I do believe is very, very hard to express : but I think I could convey it to you in conversation.

" With regard to your difficulty concerning my criterion of *truth*, I can say only this. To me there are at least two kinds of certainty. For instance, the voice of conscience is just as *real* to me as the existence of the physical world. It is, for me, just as *true* that conscience exists, as that this paper on which I am writing exists. But these two existences are apprehended in a different way. So I conclude and firmly believe that there are two kinds of knowledge. I cannot escape this conclusion. If I try to avoid it, I find that, in spite of myself, my whole life is shaped by it. Therefore, in any final truth I must be able to include both these kinds of truth. The temptation is to neglect one for the other : I have tried to resist the temptation. That has led me into positions, and at last into certainties, which I find it extraordinarily difficult to express without becoming unintelligible or being misunderstood.

" Once more with every sincere wish for your speedy recovery,

" Yours very sincerely,

" J. MIDDLETON MURRY."

That letter was written in great haste, and its language in part is not my own. I had just been reading the manuscript of Mr. Henry King's article on " Newman and Sidgwick " which appeared in the February ADELPHI, and I used some sentences of Sidgwick which corresponded very closely with my own experience. To be more precise would have taken time which could not be wasted. That William Archer should receive my letter while he was able to read it was to me a matter of life and death. As I have said, I believe he received it, and read it, and prepared to reply.

Now I will try to say what I should have tried to say to William Archer if the meeting had taken place.

Murry: I believe in, I am convinced of, the immortality of the *soul*.

William Archer: But what *is* the soul? Does such a thing indeed exist?

Murry: I believe that it does exist, but I do not believe that its existence can be *proved*. For a long while, for many years, I did not believe that it existed. I knew nothing whatever about it. I had a body, I had a mind, but I had (so far as I could tell) nothing besides. Somehow that body and that mind co-existed, but in growing discord; and this discordant co-existence of two elements was all that I meant when I used the word "I." I said I knew this or that; it was my mind that knew: I said I did this or that; it was my body that did it. I had no self. I was conscious that I had no self. Therefore in all things I took the line of least resistance. In whatever I did I tacitly sought the approval of others, and lacking that I did not know whether what I was doing was right or wrong: it reached such a pass that I can truly say I needed the recognition of others to be secure of my own existence. And when I had reached this extreme condition of not-being, I remained there for many months.

William Archer: I am not *sure* that I know what you are talking about, but I think I have been in something of the same condition: it is painful.

Murry: It is terrible: it is a waste and stony place; it is the dark night of the soul.

William Archer: But can you speak of the soul? Its very existence is what you are going to persuade me of.

Murry: You are right. I must not speak of the soul. In this waste and stony place I knew nothing, except that what I desired was not. I desired to be myself,

and my self was not. I longed for truth, and all I knew was that the truth was not here or there. I did not long for a soul (though, perhaps, indeed I did, though I did not know it), because I did not know that such a thing could be. What I desired above all else, what I desired in all things that I desired, was *to be*. Simply that.

William Archer: I do not understand. But wait a moment: let me say I am not sure that I understand. How did you know that you were not?

Murry: That I cannot say: for it had taken me many years to learn, and I learned it as one grows, unconsciously. I found at length that I did not believe in myself, but in others' belief in me. That came to me very slowly; but when it came to me, it was an agony. On some days it seemed to me that I was struggling—and in vain—to be born, and that until I was born I could *know* nothing.

William Archer: But you knew a good deal, surely? Self or no self, that could make no difference to your knowledge.

Murry: It made all the difference in the world. "Though I have *all* knowledge and have not charity, I am nothing."

William Archer: I do not understand. What difference would "charity" make?"

Murry: In the Greek, you remember, charity is love. I was like a man who is an infinitesimal part of a great process. I knew the process; there were moments when I could see that it was a wonderful and beautiful process and I worshipped it (yes, worshipped it) in awe-struck adoration. Yet something in me was frozen. It was my mind which adored; but in my heart I rebelled against this monstrous and lovely tyranny to whose beauty must be sacrificed all that I prized and dreamed. I adored the beauty, but I did not love it.

William Archer: Do not be mystical. I shrink from mysticism.

Murry: I am simply trying to describe what I felt and was. Many men had felt it before me. Spinoza called this condition the *amor intellectualis dei*—the intellectual love of God.

William Archer: Of God?

Murry: So he said. But he was wrong. His was but a love of the outward and visible garment of God. His *amor intellectualis dei* had yet to become an *amor spiritualis dei*—that is what " charity " means.

William Archer: Can we not leave God out of it? Remember I have yet to be persuaded of his existence also.

Murry: I will try to leave God out; but do not misunderstand me: I did not say and do not believe that *he* exists.

William Archer: But surely you spoke of an " intellectual love of God," which, you said, had to be somehow changed into a " spiritual love of God." I can understand an attitude which could be called " an intellectual love " of a God who is not a person, although, as I say, I do not believe such a God exists; but I cannot attach any meaning to " a spiritual love " of a God who is not a person.

Murry: Perhaps it is only a word that troubles you: there is love of the body, as a man's for a woman, or a mother's for her son; there is love of the mind, as love of beauty or of justice or of truth; and there is love of the soul; but for the love of the soul there is no object but God, and there can be no love of the soul for any person. Indeed love can be predicated of the soul only by metaphor. That may be seen if we consider by what means the soul is born.

You will remember where and what I was: a mind and a body in a waste and stony place. This mind and body were not me: there was no *me*. I was now one, now the other, never a single and certain thing—save perhaps at fleeting moments when I was as it were

possessed by the strange beauty of words I could not understand, or moved beyond myself by the sight or sound of some harmony I could not grasp.

William Archer: That was ecstasy : you should have known it for what it was.

Murry: I did; nevertheless it haunted me. It seemed to whisper that there was indeed a condition—a something—that could be attained.

William Archer: A condition, *not* a something.

Murry: A condition, *and* a something. If I were to *be,* if that incessant discord within me were resolved, I should have attained *something.* Would not being itself be something?

William Archer: Why not an illusion?

Murry: If it were an illusion, it would not last. Illusions do not last. But I do not believe that I *thought* these things at that time. It is hard in remembering oneself not to interpret what was in terms of what is. I can vouch only for desolation, for longing, for a profound sense that I was not. *I longed to be.* I remember that I said those words to myself many times; but I can scarcely have known what I meant by them.

I had come to a point when I no longer believed in other's belief in me. What did it matter to me that they should believe in me, when I did not? Or of what profit that they should believe in my existence, when mere existence was worthless to me? But there was one person remaining who believed in me in a different way. I felt that she *saw* something in me that I could not see. I mean exactly what I say: I felt that she verily did see a *me* of whom I knew nothing. To him she spoke, and sometimes he answered. Am I becoming mystical? If so, I cannot help it, for I am trying faithfully to describe what was.

William Archer: Not more, and perhaps not less, than you have been hitherto.

Murry: It does not matter. I had come to the point

when all the *self* of which I knew was simply this woman's belief that such a self existed. Nothing more —nothing. The woman died.

Then I was alone, and there was no going back. The last straw at which I could clutch was gone, and I knew this had to be. I had to be stripped naked, and I was. I do not know how to describe this nakedness. You drown, and I cannot describe this drowning. All I know is that there is a point at which you do not struggle against it : you do not fight for life : you go down, down, with a sense of gladness and relief. The struggle is over. You go back, back into the dark from which you sprang.

William Archer : And then?

Murry : Then a spark is born, which is, and knows, and is your self and is something quite other than yourself. At the moment you are not, you are ; and that which you are not, you are. That is the birth of the soul ; and in knowing itself, it knows I AM THAT I AM, which is the name of the nameless God.

You shake your head. Is it indeed incomprehensible?

William Archer : I fear so : it means nothing to me.

Murry : But wait. Forget all that I have said, save only this : that the soul verily exists, that it is other than mind and body, that it is as it were the hidden meaning of them both, that it is man's purpose here on earth to attain his soul, that at the moment he attains his soul he knows that the soul exists out of time and space and belongs to another order of reality than any our body feels or our mind knows. Can you *conceive* that this should be true?

William Archer : Yes, I can conceive it.

Murry : Suppose it were true. Then it would be wrong, somehow vulgar and belittling, to speak of personal survival. The soul which is out of time and space eternally is, and therefore is impersonal. There is the eternal soul ; there is that in which the eternal

soul eternally exists, in another mode of being, which neither our senses nor our mind but our soul alone can comprehend. To seek to reimpose personality upon the soul which is the triumph over personality—that would be strange, would it not? Strange and futile and unworthy.

William Archer: If the truth were as you say, it would be so.

Murry: I put it before you as a hypothesis—to explain that " something there " of which you speak—that this may indeed be the goal and purpose of human life : to achieve a soul, here and now, but that this purpose is not always attained before death. (It can be attained before, I believe, only through a death in life.) But mortal death must come, and then it is attained. Suppose that mortal death is indeed such a nakedness and such a drowning as I have described—suppose that the spark of the soul is born in that darkness from which we sprang and to which we return, and that we do indeed put on this incorruptible—inevitably, without distinction of saint or sinner, wise man or fool, by the very fact of death—then would not your sense of " something there " be explained?

William Archer: Not explained, perhaps—yet perhaps indeed explained.

Murry: And if this should be true, as I believe it is true, then would not our business here on earth be to conquer the last enemy death through a death here in life, and not by seeking communication with the dead? They live indeed, but not with our life : they have paid the price for their souls, and for their entry into that incomprehensible mode of being which mankind has called God. Something *is* there. I believe it more strongly than you, but because I believe it, yes, and know it, I believe that to seek to compel that eternal and timeless being to re-enter this world once more is mistaken.

> We do it wrong, being so majestical,
> To offer it the show of violence.

William Archer: So you condemn effort at communication with the beyond.

Murry: I condemn nothing. I simply say that our effort should be to attain a condition and a knowledge whereby we should not even desire such communication, because we should know that it was impossible by such means. We shall conquer death only by dying; and if we die, whether in this life or at the end of it, we shall need no communication with the dead.

William Archer: But I have had such communication.

Murry: So have I, though I did not seek it. And it told me, as it told you, that there is "something there." But what more could it tell? What would you have it tell? That all is well? Would that be enough? And if it were not enough, would all indeed be well? The knowledge that "something is there" may come to a man by many ways; but to know the something that is there—to that, I believe, there is but a single way.

TO READERS.—At the moment of going to press it was impossible to come to a final decision concerning the continuation of THE ADELPHI. Moreover, it has been made evident to me that very many regular readers of THE ADELPHI—probably a majority of them—cannot afford to take a direct subscription. I wish to assure such readers that they will be giving the magazine valuable support, and to me the knowledge necessary for a final decision, simply by ordering THE ADELPHI from their newsagent, provided that they order it immediately, so that I may quickly know the total number of such orders over and above the promises of direct subscription.

AN UNKNOWN FRIEND

By Ivan Bunin

October 7th, 19...

On this picture postcard with a grand and gloomy view of the shores of the Atlantic by moonlight, I hasten to write my warm thanks to you for your last book. This place—my adopted country—is the furthest point on the west coast of Great Britain, so you see from how very far one of your unknown friends sends you greetings. Be happy and God keep you.

October 8th.

Here is another view of the desolate country where I am destined to live for the rest of my life.

Yesterday in a terrible downpour of rain—it is always raining here—I went to the town on business; I happened to buy your book and was reading it all the way back to the house where we have been living for the last year on account of my health. It was almost dark with the rain and the clouds, the colour of the flowers and the trees in the garden was unusually bright, the empty train rushed along throwing out violent sparks and I read on and on feeling almost painfully happy, I do not know why.

Good-bye, thank you again. There is something else I want to tell you, but what? I do not know, I cannot define it.

October 10th.

I cannot resist writing to you again. I expect you receive too many letters of this sort. But then they are

the response of those very minds for whom you produce your work—so why shouldn't I write? You were the first to communicate with me by publishing your book, for everyone—and therefore for me—to read.

To-day, too, it has been raining ever since the morning; our garden is almost unnaturally green and it is half dark in my room; I have had a fire all day. There is much I would like to tell you, but you know better than anyone how difficult, almost impossible, it is to express oneself! I am still under the impression of something insoluble, incomprehensible, but beautiful which I owe to you—tell me, what is this feeling? What is it people experience when they surrender themselves to the influence of art? Is it the fascination of human skill and power? Is it the longing for personal happiness—a longing that is never extinguished in us and becomes particularly intense when something affects our senses—music, poetry, visual image, a scent? Or is it the joy of recognizing the divine beauty of the human soul, revealed to us by a few such as you, who remind one that this divine beauty does, after all, exist? It often happens to me to read something—even something horrible—and suddenly to say to myself, "Oh, how beautiful it is!" What does this mean? Perhaps it means that life is beautiful, in spite of all.

Good-bye, I will soon write to you again. I do not think there is anything improper in this, writing to authors is quite a recognized thing, isn't it? Besides, you need not read my letters . . . though, of course, I should be grieved if you did not.

At night.

Forgive me, perhaps it doesn't sound nice to say it, but I cannot help telling you: I am no longer young, I have a daughter of fifteen who looks quite grown up, but there was a time when I was not bad looking, I have not changed very much since then. . . . I do not want you to imagine me different from what I am.

October 11th.

I wrote to you because I wanted to share with you the emotion which your talent caused me. It has the effect of melancholy and noble music. Why does one want to share things? I do not know, and you don't know either, but we both know quite well that this need of the human heart is ineradicable, that there is no life apart from it and that there is a great mystery in this. You, too, you know, write solely because of this craving, and indeed you give yourself up to it completely.

I have always read a great deal and kept diaries like all who are dissatisfied with life ; I had read some of your things, too, but only a few, though, of course, your name was familiar to me. And then came this new book of yours. . . . How strange it is ! A hand far away writes something, a mind shows the tiniest glimpse of its hidden life—for what can words express, even your words !—and suddenly space and time and difference in destinies seem to vanish and your thoughts and feelings become mine, become common to us. Truly there is only one single soul in the world. Don't you understand then my impulse to write to you, to express something, to share something with you, to complain? Are not your books exactly the same thing as my letters to you? You, too, say things to someone, you send your lines to some unknown friend out there in the distance. You, too, complain for the most part, you know, for complaining, or in other words, asking for sympathy is the most essential characteristic of man. How much of it there is in songs, in prayers in poems, in declarations of love !

Perhaps you will answer me, if only with two words? Do !

October 13th.

I am writing to you again in my bedroom at night. An absurd desire torments me to tell you something that it is so easy to call naïve and that cannot in any case be expressed adequately. It really comes to very little—

only that I feel very sad, very sorry for myself, and yet that I am happy in this sadness and in being sorry for myself. I am sad to think that I am in a foreign land, at the furthest edge of Western Europe, at a strange house in the midst of the autumn darkness and the sea mist that stretches right out to America. I am sad to be alone not only in this cosy and charming room but in the whole world. And the saddest thing of all is that you, whom I have invented and from whom I already expect something, are so infinitely far from me and so unknown and alien to me in spite of anything I may say—and are so right to keep aloof. . . .

In reality everything in the world is beautiful—even this lampshade and the golden glow of the lamp, and the glistening white linen on my bed, and my dressing gown, and my foot in the slipper and my thin hand below the wide sleeve. And one feels infinitely sorry : what is the good of it all ? All will pass, all is passing and all is in vain—just as my everlasting expectation of something which takes with me the place of life.

Write to me, I beg you. Just two or three words, simply so that I might know that you hear me. Forgive my insistence.

October 15th.

This is our town, our cathedral. The deserted rocky beach—the view on the first postcard I sent you—lies further north. The town and the cathedral are black and gloomy. Granite, slate, asphalt and rain, rain. . . .

Yes, write to me briefly, I quite understand that you can have nothing but two or three words to say to me and believe me, I will not mind in the least. But do write !

October 21st.

Alas, there is no letter from you. And it is already a fortnight since I first wrote to you.

But perhaps the publisher has not yet forwarded my letters to you? Perhaps you are taken up with urgent work, with social engagements? It would be a great pity, but it is better to believe this than to think that you have simply taken no notice of my entreaties. It wounds me to think this. You will say I have no claim on your attention and that, therefore, there can be no question of my being wounded. But is it true that I have no claim on you? Perhaps I have, since I have a certain feeling for you? Has there ever existed a Romeo who did not claim reciprocity, even if he had not the slightest ground for it, or an Othello who had not a right to be jealous? They both say "If I love you, how can you not love me, how can you be false to me?" This is not a mere desire for love, it is much deeper and more complex. If I love someone or something, it is already mine, it is in me . . . I cannot explain it to you clearly, I only know that this is what people have always felt, and it seems to me that there is something very profound in it. Everything in the world is wonderful and incomprehensible. . . .

But be that as it may, still there is no answer from you and I am writing to you again. I invented all of a sudden that you are in some way near to me—though, again, is it a mere invention on my part? I came to believe my own fancy and began writing to you persistently and I already know that the longer I go on with it the more necessary it will be to me, because some bond will be growing up between you and me. I do not picture you to myself, I do not see your physical form at all. To whom do I write then? To myself? But it does not matter I, too, am you.

And yet—do answer me!

October 22nd.

It is a lovely day to-day, I feel lighthearted, the windows are open and the warm air and the sunshine make

one think of Spring. This is a queer country! In the summer it is wet and cold, in winter and autumn—wet and warm, but now and again there are such lovely days that one wonders whether it is winter or Italian Spring. Oh, Italy, Italy, and myself at eighteen, my hopes, my happy trustfulness, my expectations on the threshold of life which lay all before me, bathed in a sunny haze like the hills, the valleys and the flowering orchards round the Vesuvius! Forgive me, I know that all this is anything but new, but what do I care?

At Night.

Perhaps you have not written to me because I am too abstract for you? Then here are a few more details about me. I have been married for sixteen years. My husband is French, I met him one winter in the French Riviera, we were married in Rome and, after a wedding trip through Italy, settled here for good. I have three children, a boy and two girls. Do I love them? Yes, but not like most mothers whose whole life is in their children and their home. While my children were little I looked after them and shared all their games and occupations, but now they no longer need me, and I have a great deal of leisure, which I spend in reading. My own people are far away, our lives have lain apart, and we have so little in common that we seldom write to each other. Because of my husband's position I have to go out a great deal, to pay calls and receive people, to go to dances and dinner parties. But I have no intimate friends. I am different from the women here, and I do not believe in friendship between men and women.

But enough about me. If you answer this letter, say something about yourself. What are you like? Where do you live? Do you like Shakespeare or Shelley, Goethe or Dante, Balzac or Flaubert? Are you fond of music, and of what kind of music? Are you married?

Are you bound by an old tie of which you are weary, or are you just betrothed and still at that tender and beautiful stage when everything is new and joyous, when as yet there are no tormenting memories that deceive one into believing in a happiness that one missed and passed by?

Write to me if you can.

November 1st.

There is no letter from you. What agony! Such agony that sometimes I curse the day and the hour in which I ventured to write to you.

And the worst of it is that there is no way out. I may assure myself as much as I like that there will be no letter, that I have nothing to expect, and yet go on expecting it: for how can I be sure that it will really not come? Oh, if only I knew for certain that you will not write! Even that would make me happy. But no, no, hope is better! I hope, I wait!

November 3rd.

There is no letter, and my misery continues, though really it is only the morning hours that are bad. I dress very slowly with unnatural composure, my hands cold with secret anxiety; I come down to breakfast and give a music lesson to my daughter, who practises with such diligence, sitting at the piano charmingly straight, as only girls of fifteen can do. At midday the post comes at last, I rush to it, find nothing—and grow almost calm till the following morning.

This is a lovely day again. The autumn sun is shining brightly and softly. Many trees in the garden are bare and black, the autumn flowers are in blossom, and unutterably beautiful is the fine blue haze in the valley beyond, seen through the branches of the trees. And there is gratitude in my heart, I do not know to whom and what for. What for, indeed? I have nothing, and nothing to look forward to. . . . And yet,

is it true that I have nothing, once there is this heart-melting feeling of gratitude?

I am grateful to you, too, for having given me the chance to invent you. You will never know me, you will never meet me, but in this, too, there is much melancholy charm. And perhaps it is a good thing that you do not write to me, that you haven't written me a single word, and that I do not visualize you at all. Could I have written to you and felt about you as I do now if I had known you or had a letter from you? You would then certainly have been different, certainly have been a little worse, and I would not have felt so free in writing to you.

It is growing cool, but I do not shut my window, I keep gazing at the blue mist over the hills and valleys beyond the garden. And that blue is painfully beautiful—painfully because one feels that one ought to do something with it—but what? I do not know. We know nothing!

November 5th.

This is like a diary, and yet it is not one, for I have a reader now, if only an imaginary one.

What is it that impels you to write? A desire to tell a story or to express yourself, even indirectly? The second, of course. Nine-tenths of writers, even of the most renowned ones, are merely story-tellers and have really nothing in common with that which deserves the name of art. And what is art? Prayer, music, the song of the human soul. . . . Ah, if only I could leave behind me a few lines just to say that I, too, have lived, loved, rejoiced, that in my life, too, there had been youth, spring, Italy . . . that there is a remote country on the shores of the Atlantic where I live and love, expecting something even now . . . that there are in this ocean wild and barren islands and people, poor and savage, whose obscure language, origin, and destiny no one knows or ever will know. . . .

I am still waiting for your letter. It is an *idée fixe* with me now, a kind of mental disease.

November 7th.

Yes, it is all very wonderful. There is, of course, no letter. And would you believe it—because there is no letter, no answer from a man whom I have never seen and never shall see, no response to my voice calling to a dream in the unknown distance, I have a feeling of terrible loneliness, of the world being terribly empty, empty, empty!

And again there is rain, fog, the usual workaday weather. And it is a good thing indeed, all is just as it should be. It calms me.

Good-bye, may God forgive you your cruelty. Yes, after all, it is almost cruel.

November 8th.

Three o'clock, but it is quite dusk because of the rain and the fog.

At five we have people coming to tea. They will come in their motors in the rain from the gloomy town, which in wet weather seems blacker than ever, with its wet black asphalt, wet black roofs, and the black granite cathedral whose spire is lost in the rain and the mist.

I am dressed and seem to be waiting to come before the footlights. I am waiting for the moment when I shall be saying all that one is supposed to say, will be kind, solicitous, lively, and only slightly pale—which is natural in this awful weather. In these clothes I seem younger, I feel as though I were my daughter's eldest sister, and I am ready to burst into tears at any moment. After all, I have been through a strange experience, something like love. For whom? Why? There is no understanding it, but it is so.

Good-bye, I expect nothing now—I say this quite firmly and sincerely.

November 10th.

Good-bye, my unknown friend. I end my unanswered letters as I began them—with gratitude. I thank you for making no response. It would have been worse if you had. What could you have said to me? And at what point could we, without awkwardness, have broken off our correspondence? And what could I have found to say to you, except what I have said already? I have nothing more—I have said everything. In truth, about every human life one can only write two or three lines. Yes, only two or three lines.

With a strange feeling—as though I had lost someone—I remain alone again, with my home, the misty ocean close by, that everyday life of autumn and winter. And I return again to my peaceful diary, though why I need it—or why you need to write—God alone knows.

I dreamt of you a few days ago. You were somehow strange and silent, and I could not see you in the dark corner of the room where you were sitting. And yet I did see you. But even in my sleep I wondered how I could dream of one I have never seen in my waking life. Only God creates out of nothing. And it felt uncanny, and I woke up frightened and with a heavy heart.

In another fifteen or twenty years probably neither you nor I will be in this world. Till we meet in the next! Who can be certain that it does not exist? Why, we do not understand even our own dreams, the creatures of our own imagination. But is it our own imagination—those things which we call our fancies, our inventions, our dreams? Is it our own will we obey when we strive towards this or that soul, as I strove towards yours?

Good-bye. And yet, no—till we meet.

Authorized translation by Nathalie A. Duddington.

MONTESENARIO

By Aldous Huxley

It was March and the snow was melting. Half wintry, half vernal, the mountain looked patchy, like a mangy dog. The southward slopes were bare; but in every hollow, on the sunless side of every tree, the snow still lay, white under the blue transparent shadows.

We walked through a little pinewood; the afternoon sunlight breaking through the dark foliage lit up here a branch, there a length of trunk, turning the ruddy bark into a kind of golden coral. Beyond the wood the hill lay bare to the summit. On the very crest a mass of buildings lifted their high sunlit walls against the pale sky, a chilly little New Jerusalem. It was the monastery of Montesenario. We climbed towards it, toilsomely; for the last stage in the pilgrim's progress from Florence to Montesenario is uncommonly steep, and the motor must be left behind. And suddenly, as though to welcome us, as though to encourage our efforts, the heavenly city disgorged a troop of angels. Turning a corner of the track we saw them coming down to meet us, by two and two in a long file; angels in black cassocks with round black hats on their heads—a seminary taking its afternoon airing. They were young boys, the eldest sixteen or seventeen, the youngest not more than ten. Flapping along in their black skirts they walked with an unnatural decorum. It was difficult to believe, when one saw the little fellows at the head of the crocodile, with the tall Father in charge striding along at their side, it was difficult to believe that they were not masquerading. It seemed

a piece of irreverent fun ; a caricature by Goya come to life. But their faces were serious ; chubby or adolescently thin, they wore already an unctuously clerical expression. It was no joke. Looking at those black-robed children, one wished that it had been.

We climbed on ; the little priestlings descended, out of sight. And now at last we were at the gates of the heavenly city. A little paved and parapeted platform served as landing to the flight of steps that led up into the heart of the convent. In the middle of the platform stood a more than life-sized statue of some unheard-of saint. It was a comically admirable piece of eighteenth-century baroque. Carved with coarse brilliance, the creature gesticulated ecstatically, rolling its eyes to heaven ; its garments flapped around it in broad folds. It was not, somehow, the sort of saint one expected to see standing sentinel over the bleakest hermitage in Tuscany. And the convent itself—that, too, seemed incongruous on the top of this icy mountain. For the heavenly city was a handsome early baroque affair with *settecento* trimmings and additions. The church was full of twiddly gilt carvings and dreadfully competent pictures ; the remains of the seven pious Florentines who, in the thirteenth century, fled from the city of destruction in the plain below, and founded this hermitage on the mountain, were coffered in a large gold and crystal box, illuminated, like a show-case in the drawing-room of a collector of porcelain, by concealed electric lights. No, the buildings were ludicrous. But after all, what do buildings matter ? A man can paint beautiful pictures in a slum, can write poetry in Wigan ; and conversely he can live in an exquisite house, surrounded by masterpieces of ancient art and yet (as one sees almost invariably when collectors of the antique, relying for once on their own judgment, and not on tradition, " go in for " modern art) be crassly insensitive and utterly without taste. Within certain limits,

environment counts for very little; it is only when environment is extremely unfavourable that it can blast or distort the powers of the mind. And however favourable, it can do nothing to extend the limits set by nature to a man's ability. So here, the architecture seemed impossibly incongruous with the bleak place, with the very notion of a hermitage; but the hermits who lived in the midst of it, are probably not even aware of its existence. In the shade of the absurd statue of San Filippo Benizi a Buddha would be able to think as Buddhistically as beneath the Bo tree.

In the grounds of the monastery we saw half a dozen black-frocked Servites sawing wood—sawing with vigour and humility, in spite of the twiddly gilding in the church and the *settecento* bell tower. They looked the genuine article. And the view from the mountain's second peak was in the grandest eremitic tradition. The hills stretched away as far as the eye could reach into the wintry haze, like a vast heaving sea frozen to stillness. The valleys were filled with blue shadow, and all the sunward slopes were the colour of rusty gold. At our feet the ground fell away into an immense blue gulf. The gauzy air softened every outline, smoothed away every detail, leaving only golden lights and violet shadows floating like the disembodied essence of a landscape, under the pale sky.

We stood for a long time looking out over that kingdom of silence and solemn beauty. The solitude was as profound as the shadowy gulf beneath us; it stretched to the misty horizons and up into the topless sky. Here at the heart of it, I thought, a man might begin to understand something about that part of his being which does not reveal itself in the quotidian commerce of life; which the social contacts do not draw forth, spark-like, from the sleeping flint that is an untried spirit; that part of him, of whose very existence he is only made aware in solitude and silence. And if there happens to be no

silence in his life, if he is never solitary, then he may go down to his grave without a knowledge of its existence, much less an understanding of its nature or realization of its potentialities.

We retraced our steps to the monastery and thence walked down the steep path to the motor. A mile further down the road towards Pratolino, we met the priestlings returning from their walk. Poor children! But was their lot worse, I wondered, than that of the inhabitants of the city in the valley? On their mountain top they lived, under a tyrannous rule, they were taught to believe in a number of things manifestly silly. But was the rule any more tyrannous than that of the imbecile conventions which control the lives of social beings in the plain? Was snobbery about duchesses and distinguished novelists more reasonable than snobbery about Jesus Christ and the Saints? Was hard work to the greater glory of God more detestable than eight hours a day in an office for the greater enrichment of the Jews? Temperance was a bore, no doubt; but was it so nauseatingly wearisome as excess? And the expense of spirit in prayer and meditation—was that so much less amusing than the expense of spirit in a waste of shame? Driving down towards the city in the plain, I wondered. And when, in the Via Tornabuoni we passed that well-known pillar of Anglo-American-Florentine society, Mrs. Thingumy, in the act of laboriously squeezing herself out on to the pavement through the door of her gigantic limousine, I suddenly and perfectly understood what it was that had made these seven rich Florentine merchants, seven hundred years ago, abandon their position in the world, and had sent them up into the high wilderness to live in holes at the top of Montesenario. I looked back; Mrs. Thingumy was waddling across the pavement into the jeweller's shop. Yes, I perfectly understood.

AT NIGHT

By Frances Cornford

THIS is your nursing-mother—this is sleep,
And milk of darkness. Dedicated lie
With graspless hands. Or is this the bottom of the sea?
Now let my fancy wander a little while,—
I am a rock a thousand fathoms sunk,
Dark and for ever immobile. My thoughts
Like droves of silvery soundless fish appear
And visit me, and pass, who wave-lapped lie.

When I was a child, I used to think the elves
So curled round safely in the centre of flowers.
White, perfect-petalled roses lapped them round
Through all night's darkness ; with the light they woke
And shook the pollen from their heads, and danced
On tippity toes.
Or next I am that Princess
I dreamed in youth, with eyes like hazel pools,
And gold-encircled head. She has left the lawns
Where peacocks with their furled embroidered tails
Sleep on the balustrades ; left far behind
Lit galleries and gallants, lutanists,
And long-curled princes with their captured eyes,
She has laid aside her green embroideries
And with long fingers lifted off her crown,
And won this wealth of solitude. Yet she
So lovely, lying in her silken sheets,
Is not more safe than I am.

I am safe
As all wild creatures. In their burrows deep,
Rooty and dark the furrèd rabbits lie
Safe till to-morrow's dewy, nibbling dawn—
And somewhere unimaginably far
Striped tigers with their sleep-enchanted paws
In Eastern caverns.
Why, I am so safe
That if an ichthyosaurus came outside
In the bright moon, and with soft primitive nose
Snuffed at the window-pane, I should not care!
I should not care though all the garden filled
With monsters humping to the star-strewn sky;
I am too remotely safe in this dark bed.

I think my bed is a fortress on a rock.
Now faintly, as I lie unreachable,
I hear the wash and roar of the waves of care,
I hear the retreating shingle of desire
Pour away—far off. O, this falling night!
O, this dark dew, this balm! O, undeserved
Coming to me, the haggard, as to a child,
A child with sealed eyes, innocent as a flower
Enwrapped with wisdom—what strange wisdom is it?
Hearing with tender ears—what soundless truth?

O, even as a child, that wisdom and truth I crave,
My sustenance and peace. In the chaos of day,
On far to-morrow's shore, I am lost alone,
Rootless and jangled. Pour them, too, on me
—Even as the splendour of the whole sea stays
With one beglistened pebble on the beach—
Now, as my phantasies foldward drift, like sheep—
Bestow them on me, O my mother, Sleep!

WHY CHRISTIANITY FAILS

By T. A. Bowhay

THERE are many reasons for the apparent weakness of Christianity, or for what is the same thing, the failure of Christians. That we need not be surprised at it is easily seen, when we consider another similar failure. Thousands, not only of the poorer classes, with whom the pressure of material needs makes it somewhat excusable, but of the classes whose time is more at their own disposal, and with whom the failure is almost without excuse, go through the process of education without showing any signs, in later years, of the result in themselves which it is the object of education to produce. The end of education is to arouse, into an activity corresponding to their proper nature, all the intellectual powers of man, so that an educated person should know not only what they are, but also how to control and apply them, that he may by his own efforts cultivate and develop them to their complete capacity. Generally, the result of education is that the educated man, except in what is technical and so mechanical, never does anything so well as the uneducated, whence has arisen the proverb about the value of mother-wit, and the opinion to which most people appear to be coming, that the value of school is not the training of the mind, but the production of moral character. To a vast extent, intellectual training is a failure as Christianity is also a failure. Intellectual training appeals to a lower side of human nature than Christianity does, and for that reason its failure is the more remarkable. Both failures, however, are due to the same cause.

Intellectual training and Christianity both appeal to the inner nature of man, that side of man to which his senses supply material to be used, but do not in any way contribute towards the activity of the powers which make use of those materials, those powers being born in him, and working according to their own mode of action. Science has succeeded because scientific men have learnt the lesson which those engaged in intellectual and Christian teaching have got to learn. The lesson is that man cannot create. He can call no material into existence, and can originate no mode of action. All existence and all possibilities of existence have been already determined before man comes into contact with them. They are ; and he must find them out.

As far as existence and the possibilities of it are concerned, all that man can do is to discover them. Scientific men have recognised this with regard to what is stupidly called nature, but should rather be called natural facts. I say stupidly called nature, since so to call it, is to personify that which is not a person. People say, " nature does so and so," when all they have the right to say is, " so and so is a natural fact " ; but why so and so is a natural fact is an inquiry very different from the inquiry as to the actions of the facts, so different, indeed, that the facts themselves give no hint whatever of the answer to it. When scientific men have dealt with the question, why, and have sought to confine the answer to what has been only a restatement of the facts, they have been guilty of the greatest absurdity, as the best of them have learnt to recognise. Their real greatness consists in their appreciation of the truth that existences and their possibilities are facts already determined, and that therefore man cannot create. He can combine, and his combinations often appear like creations ; they never are so. Intellectual teachers and Christian teachers have yet to learn the lesson.

It was reasonable that scientific men should learn it first, the material they deal with is more palpable, and its independence of man more easily evident. In intellectual and Christian teaching it is man who is being used as material to be operated upon, and all men are so conscious of their own mutability, that it could not be expected they would discover their own fixed nature before they discovered that everything in the world around them was predetermined in power and modes of operation. Intellectual teachers and Christian teachers have to learn, then, this lesson, that all existences, natural, intellectual, and spiritual, alike, are fixed and predetermined in their essential power or powers, in their possibilities, their modes of operation, tendencies, in whatever, in short, constitutes their reality. Now, hitherto, very few intellectual or Christian teachers have remembered this, and therefore have failed in their work and must continually fail, till they do remember it, and act in the same way as men of science have acted.

I said it was easier to recognise the fixed nature of the world about us, than to recognise the fixed character of man's intellectual and spiritual nature. Besides every one's consciousness of his own mutability, such a recognition of men's predetermination has been hindered by the doctrine of free will, the ordinary explanation of which is a mischievous one, that it is man's power of choice. The power of choice is not that of free will, but that which can develop into free will. Free will does not have to choose, when it has come to be able to act, it spontaneously sees before it only one thing to do, and does it, not compelled by any so-called reason or motive. It has been hindered also by man's wonderful adaptability, the plasticity which enables men to call into existence the large variety of occupations in which they are engaged. It is unnecessary, however, to think of all the hindrances which have stood in man's

way, they may be summed up in one description. Right throughout his history it has been true of man, that the things which should have been for his advantage have been to him an occasion of falling. Christianity could have been of infinite service to man, and it is terrible to think of the evil it has done, through the teaching of many which has made the thought of another life the great enemy of this one, as if God could possibly have placed man in this life to think only of the next. It serves little, however, to remember the mistakes of our predecessors, though we cannot forget that our present difficulties are due in great measure to their errors. One great purpose of life is not to observe mistakes but to correct them.

I have spoken of natural facts, of intellectual facts, and of spiritual facts. How are they distinguished?

A natural fact is one which does not know and cannot control its mode of operation. An intellectual fact is one which knows and can control its mode of operation. A spiritual fact is one which can know itself as a fact, but is ignorant of its mode of operation, and consequently can in no way control it. A natural fact has no self; an intellectual fact has a self which it can control; a spiritual fact has a self, but cannot control it.

A scientific man is a combination of natural and intellectual facts, and it is this which gives him a seeming superiority over a spiritual man. He has an assurance of knowledge in and through his own power which the other cannot have of his own power. It is, however, only a seeming superiority, being rather a very great inferiority. The scientific man deals with fixed facts, and intellectual facts, and therefore can always be certain of the extent of his knowledge, and not only that, he can produce the facts for the examination of another, who can acquire the same certainty by the use of the same means as the first. This very certainty, while it is the source

of an apparent power, is at the same time an unmistakable evidence of the very limited nature of what is being handled. There is such a wonderful relationship between natural facts (the world of nature) and intellectual facts (the soul of man), that by his examination of natural facts, man not only learns to know what are the intellectual facts of his psychic nature, but also whenever he is confronted by a difficulty in his endeavour to reach the essential nature of the world around him, he always finds a means to overcome that difficulty by a reliance on the native energy of his own intellectual vigour. His very consciousness of the difficulty is due to his own energy. The natural facts do not make the difficulty, they are always the same. His intellectual nature is such, that in his examination of those facts he is always conscious of something which lies behind the position to which he has attained. His knowledge at any given time is like a veil which hides from him more than it reveals, and he cannot rest until he has made that veil transparent or has pierced beyond it, only again to be confronted with another curtain. Continued success convinces him he can trust to his own powers, and he can imagine no limitation by which his inquiry can be brought to an end, until he has reached a root from which all things have come.

What, then, is the result of all this labour, the end of this continual examination of the world about him? In a word, it is knowledge, that is to say, man can describe to himself, according to his own intellectual methods of description, the whole of the natural facts with which he can come into contact, the whole of the inferior nature about him, inferior because it could in no way aid him in his examination, it could only be, and what was more than being depended entirely on the intellectual powers of man. Supposing, then, man has acquired all such knowledge; what is its value?

But it is not only true he has gained a knowledge

of inferior facts, he has also learnt to know what his powers are, and how to use them, as far as inferior nature is concerned, and he may have learnt how to employ them for his own wonderful pleasure and happiness, in art, literature, philosophy—in a word he may have come into the possession of himself intellectually. What then?

All that he has so long and so laboriously striven to discover is nothing new, it has been in existence all the way through; it was there all the time. He has his knowledge, indeed; the world of facts is not altered one iota thereby, nor is he in himself changed in the smallest degree, except that he knows what he did not know. To what serves his knowledge?

He knows the world of natural facts, and he knows the sum of intellectual facts, which constitute himself; he knows himself, and what is the value of himself to himself? He is, in this employment of himself, an absurd paradox. He is like a shadow which all along had been what it was seeking to discover. Can anything more ludicrous be imagined? The end of human intellect is to be able to discover that all along it has been what it has toiled so wearily to find out! Self knowing itself, and in the end the same self which it was in the beginning. Such is human life, if natural facts, and intellectual facts, are the only facts in existence. There is no meaning in it at all; no value to be attached to it all; it and all its operations are the absurd folly which all intellect has declared it, when intellect has credited its own conclusions.

Thus it is that the apparent superiority of scientific men, which they owe to the certainty of their conclusions, and to their ability to convince others, issues finally in the perception of the worthlessness and folly of all they do, if it stands alone.

Happily for man, there are spiritual facts in existence. Life does not depend on knowledge. A man

may be ignorant of all the knowledge in the world, and live a perfectly happy and reasonable human life; it may be even a more happy and reasonable life as he is the more ignorant. The great difference between men with knowledge and those without it, is principally in the use of the implements they employ, and the subjects of their thoughts. It is a part of everyday experience, as a rule, that an ignorant man is much more a man than the so-called educated men of the same level of life, with more character, more self-reliance, and more to be depended on in an emergency. It is also an assured historical fact that, when knowledge has reached a certain point, nations and empires have declined. The uneducated Romans overcame the learned Greeks, became their scholars, and were ruined by that which they had deemed it so excellent to receive. Stagnation or ruin has always followed general education. That man does well without knowledge is because of the existence of the facts. The natural facts of the world are the same now, when man knows so much of them, as they were a thousand years ago, when he knew so little of them; and so far as they can influence man, because he is also one of them, they do so in spite of his ignorance or knowledge. A man's food feeds him equally well, although he may know nothing of the constituents of it scientifically, as it feeds the most learned; generally better. The intellectual facts of man's life were the same thousands of years ago, when he knew so little of the world of natural facts, and consequently so little of the intellectual ones, as they are now when his knowledge of the external world is grown extensive, and he is much more aware of what he is in his soul. All men, however ignorant they may be, as far as they are men, and merely because they are men, act reasonably, and do not become reasonable by the knowledge they acquire of what their reason is. It is

only because they are rational, and as far as they are rational, that they can discover what reason is.

Man's ignorance of natural facts in no way interferes with their operations, and his ignorance of intellectual facts does not prevent their operation. It is the same with spiritual facts. Man may know nothing of them, but so far as they are spiritual facts they will be operative, and although men may not have been conscious of it, they may have been a very influential element in the life of humanity. It cannot have been accidental that scientific progress was first established where Christianity had most power. The subtle and active intellect of neither Hindoo nor ancient Greek, though the remains of their thought frequently baffles the keenest intellect of the West, set them on the road to a true conception of science. The learning of Egypt was great, but it passed away. The mind of India reached its highest in the doctrine of Maya, that is, that all appearance, and consequently all knowledge (since that depends on appearance) is illusion. The philosophy of the Greek could not preserve him from a shameful and ignominious end. We have before us two historical facts ; keenness of intellect and its advanced cultivation, without even a dream of true spirituality, ending in hopelessness or in degradation ; comparative dullness of intellect, with a conception of true spirituality (a very imperfect conception indeed) with the result of a marvellous scientific progress. It is a logical law that the difference in the cause is that which produces the difference in the effect. Hence it is permissible to conclude that the influence of the conception of true spirituality, imperfect as it was, was the real cause of scientific progress.

What then is the nature of spiritual facts?

It is that they are facts over and above man's intellectual nature, of which he can know, but which he cannot control. They are not facts like those of the outer

world, which appeal to man's senses, and to which one man, not deficient, may direct the attention of another man, not deficient, and be sure the second will perceive what he himself has perceived ; spiritual facts cannot be observed by one man at the suggestion of another. Nor are they facts like those of the intellectual world, which one man may assist another to perceive and comprehend by a proper course of intellectual training ; spiritual facts cannot be revealed to another by any intellectual process of discipline. Spiritual facts can in no way be controlled by man.

He who knew most of the spirit has said : " The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit." That is spiritual action, creation. A man finds a spiritual fact, when he finds a fact which has not grown out of any other fact which he has been or is ; he knows it is what he was not ; in knowing it he is more than he was, not because that which was dormant has awaked, nor because the undeveloped has become developed, nor because the potential in him has become the actual, but because that which was not in him is in him. He is born again. He was in darkness, and now is in light. He knows that this which he has is as real as any other possession of his, but that it differs from all other possessions ; it possesses him, and for this reason man can be certain there is that which is higher than he. He can in no way reveal it to another. But it is as certain to the one who has it, as anything else is of which he is aware.

It is this which is nearly always forgotten, and it is the chief cause of the weakness of Christianity, as it is to a similar one that the failure of education is due.

(*To be concluded.*)

SYLVIA

(An Idyll)

By William Gerhardi

I.

It was evening. I played that voluptuous bit from the *Liebestod* in *Tristan,* and Sylvia sat by and listened, absorbed. From the open window the moon swam out exactly as in romance, causing me to remember that I was not Hamlet but Romeo. I played louder and louder, till suddenly the door opened and the maid said :

" Your aunt asks you to stop playing, as she has a *migraine.*"

" Come out on the balcony," Sylvia said.

" Ha, ha ! High-heeled shoes at last ! How they show off the calves ! "

She laughed—a lovely dingling laughter.

" It's dishonest to show too much of your legs. It upsets men's equilibrium. Either don't go so far, or if you do, then go the whole hog."

" Alexander " (she called me by my third name because George, she thought, was too common, and Hamlet a little ridiculous)—" Alexander, read me something."

" What? "

" Anything. This."

" Whose book is this? "

" Maman's."

I opened and read : " ' . . . Besides, Dorian, don't deceive yourself. Life is not governed by will or intention. Life is a question of nerves, and fibres, and slowly built-up cells in which thought hides itself and passion has its dreams. You may fancy yourself safe,

and think yourself strong. But a chance tone of colour in a room or a morning sky, a particular perfume that you had once loved and that brings subtle memories with it, a line from a forgotten poem that you had come across again, a cadence from a piece of music that you had ceased to play—I tell you, Dorian, that it is on things like these that our lives depend.' "

Sylvia had shut her eyes.

" Lovely," she murmured.

Night, the patron of lovers and thieves, enwrapped us, casting upon us a thin veil of white mist. But the light was on in the corridor, and I had the feeling that every moment the door might fling open and my aunt would come in. This disconcerted me somewhat. A wicked smell, as of burning fishbones, rose from behind the back-yard wall which the balcony overlooked.

" To-morrow I'm going back to school," she said, " and—and we've never been out by ourselves. What cold hands you have, Alexander."

" What is it like at your school? "

" Quite nice," she said. " We play hockey."

A phenomenon of transformation. A Belgian girl after four years in an Irish Catholic convent in Japan came out an Irish colleen; there was even a trace of the delicious brogue in her accents. But withal there was a Latin warmth of grace in Sylvia which underlined her naturally acquired Anglicism. There was a British freedom in her, but she would remember the restraints of a Latin upbringing, what was at Brussels, and the ceremonious notions of her parents as to conduct that becomes a Belgian young girl. And there was " something taking " in such chastisement, as in a beautiful young horse submitting to the harness, or the discomfiture of ornament upon a lovely female form.

" ' Play me something. Play me a nocturne, Dorian, and, as you play, tell me, in a low voice, how you kept your youth. . . .' "

While I read aloud Sylvia "prepared" an expression of wonderment on her face, to show that she was sensitive to what I read. But she began to fret as I read on, absorbed, and nestled to me closely. Her nostrils widened as she breathed in the air.

"'The tragedy of old age is not that one is old, but that one is young. . . .'" And although neither of us had anything to do with the tragedy of old age, here we kissed. A light breeze that moment wafted the smell of the burning fishbones upon us.

"Isn't it lovely?" she purled.

I agreed.

Besides, it was.

"Lovie-dovie-cats'-eyes," she said.

"'Why have you stopped playing, Dorian? Go back and give me the nocturne again. Look at that great honey-coloured moon that hangs in the dusky air. She is waiting for you to charm her, and if you play she will come closer to the earth. . . .'"

We kissed. . . .

And then we kissed again, this time independently of Dorian.

She had soft warm lips, and I held my breath back—at some considerable inconvenience to myself. Then I released her, and began breathing as if I had just climbed up a very steep hill.

"Go on, darling."

"What lovely hair you have."

"Wants washing," she answered.

I stretched out my legs, my hands in my trouser pockets, and stared at the moon—and suddenly shot out: "Art thou not Lucifer?" (causing Sylvia a little shock):

> . . . he to whom the droves
> Of stars that gild the morn in charge were given?
> The noblest of the lightning-wingéd loves,
> The fairest and the first-born child of Heaven?

> Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves,
> Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven;
> Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes
> Oppress'd the common people of the skies.

She stretched herself to my mouth the moment I finished, having, as it were, watched all this time till it was vacant. I kissed her, with considerable passion. "What are all your names?" I asked.

"Sylvia Ninon Thérèse Anastathia Vanderflint."

"Ninon," I said, and then repeated lingeringly, sipping the flavour—

"Sylvia Ninon. Sylvia Ninon. Sylvia," I said, and took her hand. "Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises, sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.

> Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
> Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
> That, if I then had waked after long sleep
> Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
> The clouds, methought, would open and show riches
> Ready to drop on me: that when I wak'd
> I cried to dream again."

"Who wrote this?"

"Shakespeare."

"It's—very lovely."

I trotted out such quotations as I could remember—my Sunday best, so to speak. And, presently, grasping her passionately by the hand—"Adorable dreamer," I whispered, "whose heart has been so romantic! who has given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs and unpopular names and impossible loyalties!"

"Who wrote it?"

I wanted to say that I wrote it; but I told the truth. "Mathew Arnold wrote it," I said. "It's about Oxford."

" Oh ! " She was a little disappointed. " And I thought it was about a woman—who (she blushed) —who gave herself to some hero."

" No, darling, no."

After that I recited the passage about Mona Lisa, who, like the vampire, has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave ; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her ; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants : and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary ; and to whom all this has been but as the sound of lyres and flutes, that lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands.

" Oh, darling, let us talk of something else."

" But I thought you liked—literature ? "

" Well, darling, I *listened*—for your sake. But you are so long, you've never finished."

" But good heavens ! " I exclaimed. " I've been trotting it out for *your* sake ! I thought you liked books."

" This is too highbrow for me, darling."

" Highbrow ! What do you like then ? "

" Oh, I like something more—fruity."

" What d'you mean ? "

" Anything with a lot of killing in it."

" Of course, my case is different, I admit. When I cease earning my living by the sword I shall commence earning it by the pen."

" One day you will be a great author and I will read your story in the *Daily Mail*," she said.

" The *Daily Mail* ! Why on earth the *Daily Mail* ? "

" They have serials there. Don't you read them ? I always do."

" Oh, well—yes, there are—I know there are."

" I also write," she said.

" You? "

" I do! Letters to the Press." She went out, and returning brought a newspaper. " I wrote this," she said.

Under a rubric headed " Questions and Answers," I read:

" Do you think it wrong for one girl and one boy to go for a picnic up on an island by themselves? "

" I wrote this," she said.

" But why did you write it? "

" I write—because I want to know things. Besides, it's nice to read one's letters in the Press."

" And what is their answer? "

" Here is their answer." She showed me: " Not necessarily."

I read on, questions from other correspondents. " What is the proper height and weight of a boy nineteen years and one month? " asked one. " Is he too young to be engaged? " asked another. " If you say yes, it'll be in time to save him, as he is my friend. I'd like to persuade him to wait a while, but what's your answer? "

" Those others are silly," she said, wrinkling her nose.

I smiled. She looked at me with a long, searching glance, as if taking stock of me as a man and a lover, while I, conscious of her scrutiny, manipulated an expression like this—M'm. There is something soft about my nose and mouth, like a rabbit's. I forget whether I told you I'm good-looking? Sleek black hair, brushed back from the forehead—and all the rest of it.

" You're so clever—and yet you're nothing much to look at," she said.

This, I must confess, astonished me. I have no shallow vanity—but this astonished me. Sleek black hair and all that sort of thing. It astonished me.

" Never mind, darling, I don't like handsome men," she added.

Now this sort of thing puzzles me. What am I to make of it?

" I love you all the same," she said.

" How am I to understand it? "

" There's nothing to understand."

" H'm. It's—strange," I said. And then, after a pause, again : " It's strange."

I looked at her tenderly. " Lovey-dovie-cats' eyes."

" Now, darling, don't be soppy."

" But I'm so—for you," I replied.

" No, darling, I don't like this soppy stuff."

" Oh, my——! "

She laughed her dingling, silvery laughter which was a lovely thing.

II.

She leaned out of the train window and I came up to say good-bye. My hat nearly came off as we kissed, and so the kiss was too slight ; we barely brushed each other's lips. She stood at the window and looked at me with her large, luminous eyes. Her broad black velvet hat gave her a kind of Spanish appearance, and there was her nose faintly *retroussé*, nearly as good as her mother's—but too heavily powdered. And pink powder on her cheeks, too.

" You have a natural complexion," I told her, " but when you put powder on the top you make it seem artificial, and that's a pity."

She laughed and showed a gold crown at the end of her mouth ; and even that crown seemed exceedingly sympathetic.

" Back to the *Sacred Heart* ! " she purled, blinking.

I looked up with something like anguish. " What will you do there all these long months without me ! "

" Well—I'll play hockey," she said.

SYLVIA

III.

Now we are married. I watch her comb her hair and wash her face and brush her teeth; then get into bed—so trustfully. She sits there, a dark-curled, large-eyed, long-limbed little girl. Quickly she raises herself on her knees, and bringing her fingers together and closing her eyes—like an angel child—hurriedly mumbles her prayers; then falls back on to the pillows and pulls the sheet to her chin.

"Darling," she says, "you have come to me."

I am grateful. Somehow I could never make myself believe that another human being loves me. She looked at me whimsically:

"I'm your wife?"

"Yes."

She was warm; she lay there all in a bundle, purring, "Mrr-mrr-mrr. . . ."

She was with me—altogether mine; I was assuaged; and I could think of other things. I lay still, and my soul went out to the world. I am a serious young man, an intellectual. My thoughts went back to my *Record of the Stages in the Evolution of an Attitude,* which was the central thing round which the world revolved. Released at last, my soul went forward with another, finer passion of the mind, and I could see things, near and distant with a minute acumen teeming in a pool of quivering sunlight. I suddenly perceived the difference between the subjective and objective aspects at the succeeding stages in the evolution of an attitude. And thinking of this difference between two aspects, I just as suddenly fell asleep.

"Oh, my goodness," she said, waking me.

"What?"

"Well, never mind," she turned her back to me.

"Well, if one can't sleep then one must do the next best thing—think."

I was silent—thinking.

" What are you thinking of? " she asked without turning round.

" Well, I was reading this evening—just before going to bed—a book that, to my way of thinking, defines very clearly the difference between the subjective and objective attitudes in life and letters."

But when I spoke to Sylvia of the confusion of the terms " objective " and " subjective," she looked as though she thought that it was a confusion which I succeeded in confusing further still in my painstaking efforts to elucidate the difference; and I think she felt sorry for me. The trouble was that Sylvia with all her charm was not an intellectual; but though I felt that my endeavour to raise the level of our conversation was doomed to failure in advance, I nevertheless went on : " What is the meaning of ' better,' unless it be ' better fitted to survive ' ? Obviously ' better,' on this interpretation of its meaning, is in no sense a ' subjective ' conception, but is as ' objective ' as any conception, can be. But yet all those who object to a subjective view of ' goodness,' and insist upon its ' objectivity ' would object just as strongly to this interpretation of its meaning as to any ' subjective ' interpretation. Obviously, therefore," I continued, looking at Sylvia, who only blinked repeatedly the while, " obviously, what they are really anxious to contend for is not merely that goodness is ' objective,' since they are here objecting to a theory which is ' objective ' ; but something else. But something else," I said, looking at Sylvia.

" Darling, talk of something else," she said. " This is difficult for me to understand."

I am an intellectual, and I do not like to be interrupted in the midst of an elusive analysis, the less so when this analysis is none too clear even for an intellectual.

" I'm an intellectual," I said. " A purist. I can't be for ever kissing and cuddling."

" You talk to me like a teacher," she complained.

" All the more reason why you should listen attentively. And so where have we left off? Ah, yes. *But something else.* And it is this same fact—the fact that, on any 'subjective' interpretation, the very same kind of thing which, under some circumstances is better than another, would, under others, be worse—which constitutes, so far as I can see— " (I looked at her again, and she gave me a bright, anxious gaze, as though frightened that I might lose the thread)—" so far as I can see, the fundamental objection to all 'subjective' interpretations. Is that quite clear?"

Sylvia tickled me.

" Go to sleep," I said, tenderly.

" Kiss me good-night."

I kissed her tenderly on the left eye. Beautiful, beautiful eye!

She curled up close to my side.

I kissed her again, close on the mouth, with considerable passion, and then said:

" Go to sleep."

And she purrs, having bundled tightly around me, " Mrr-mrr-mrr. . . ."

DANGEROUS DOCTRINES.—" If a doctrine is true, it cannot produce other than good results and respect and promote everything that is good. It is idle to worry about its possibly being misunderstood by others or about the evil effects it might produce by being thus misunderstood, and to take the stupidity of one's neighbour for granted. If we did this, we should never know what to do. Every word, even silence itself, might be misunderstood. There is only one way of demolishing a theory, and that is to show that it is logically wrong and on that account pernicious." (*Benedetto Croce.*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

T. E. HULME.—T. E. Hulme was killed in the war at the age of thirty-five. His friend Mr. Herbert Read has now collected into an imposing—perhaps a little too imposing—volume called "Speculations" (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net) various lectures and fragmentary essays.

These show that Hulme possessed an original and vigorous philosophical mind. He was not what professional philosophers would call a philosopher: the phrase he used for himself was "philosophic amateur." But indeed we have no word for the genus Hulme in English, probably because we have not felt the need of one. The phenomenon is pretty rare among us. Hulme was a critic of ideas, a critic of philosophies, a critic of critiques—into whatever phrase we use for him, the words "critic" or "critical" must enter somewhere. But what the precise province of his criticism was must be left vague. That was Hulme's misfortune. In his writings one quickly becomes conscious of a lack of *engrenage* somewhere. This keen and vigorous mind is, after all, not cutting very much ice. He insists on clarity, and is himself rather vague. He stimulates, but fails to satisfy.

Take, for instance, his leading idea of a fundamental antithesis between the Humanist and the Religious attitudes of mind. He directs all his criticism against Humanism, arguing, I believe truly, that the humanist presupposition has been implicit in all European thought since the Renaissance. At that moment, he says, man began to regard himself as perfectible, or even as naturally perfect. Whereas under the dispensation of mediæval Christianity he had profoundly acknowledged himself the victim of original sin, under the new dispensation he repudiated any such essential disability, and held that man was, by his own effort, capable of

perfection. On this instinctive category of thought the modern consciousness and modern life is based.

As a general statement of the antithesis this is acceptable. But, implicitly during a great deal of his argument—which is rather tedious, chiefly because it is not so original as he believed it—and explicitly at the conclusion, Hulme declares himself an anti-humanist. He is on the side of the religious attitude, and he foresees (on slender evidence) the advent of a new religious epoch, when men will abandon this unconscious assumption of their own perfectibility and once more regard perfection as an abstract and unattainable ideal.

But the question Hulme seems to have failed to ask himself was: Why did *he* take up this position? Quite possibly man is not perfectible by his own efforts. But to make of this possibility a certainty is an extraordinary step for a sceptical critic to take without recognizing its implications. The mediæval Christian could be certain of man's imperfectibility because he knew God who was perfect, and because he knew by the scriptures, which were the veritable word of God, how sin entered into the world; and finally, because he knew how man's original sin was and might always be redeemed. But of these certainties Hulme had none. His assertion of man's imperfectibility was nothing more than an expression of opinion; he had no basis for any critique of imperfectibility. And, in fact, at this crucial point he begins to strike us as a mere dilettante, although he emphatically repudiates any tendency in himself towards a sentimental return to mediæval Christianity.

> I have none of the feelings of *nostalgia*, the reverence for tradition, the desire to recapture the sentiment of Fra Angelico, which seems to animate most modern defenders of religion. All that seems to me to be bosh. What is important, is—what nobody seems to realize—the dogmas like that of Original Sin, which are the closest expression of the categories of the religious attitude.

"What nobody seems to realize"! There speaks

intellectual arrogance and not a little ignorance as well. Sainte-Beuve, then, wrote " Port-Royal " for nothing, and the Catholic Church in France was rent in twain at the end of the seventeenth century for nothing also. And Hulme himself appears to be standing " aloof from the entire point," by not being able to see that to speak of accepting the dogma of Original Sin is hardly more than a romantic phrase unless the acceptance is based on a knowledge of the nature of God.

So when it comes to the real issue Hulme fails rather badly. He becomes much too much like a pale English version of the acrobats of *L'Action Française,* who want the Church without the religion, and the tradition without the sacrifice. Whatever substance there may have been in Hulme's criticism of modern humanism begins most ingloriously to evaporate so soon as we realise that *he* has not the right to make it. He is, in spite of all his repudiations, almost exactly in the position of the man who has a sentimental preference for conditions different from those in which his lot is cast. And perhaps in Hulme's case it was an æsthetic preference of the same order as that which a generation ago moved the decadents in France and England to dabble with Catholicism. He preferred the modern " abstract " art of the cubists to the traditional art which has its origins in the Renaissance ; he also preferred Byzantine mosaic to Italian fresco. Perhaps he elaborated his critique of humanism merely to substantiate his æsthetic preferences.

Anyhow, it is certain that an atmosphere of futility begins to descend upon his writing when he approaches problems of applied criticism. His essay on Romanticism and Classicism in English poetry only satisfies so long as you refuse to think about it. He declares himself the enemy of Romantic vagueness and infinitude, and the champion of the vivid and precise visual image. In other words, instead of being a critic,

he is merely the apologist of the school of poets who called themselves "The Imagists." Had he been critical, he would have realised that this question of "vagueness" cannot be so lightly disposed of, and that a talent for exact visual description is only a small part of the make-up of a poet. How much exact description is there, for instance, in those "Elizabethans" whom Hulme (with the large and sweeping gesture familiar in such arguments) pitted against the Romantic poets of the early nineteenth century? In actual fact, very little—much less, indeed, than there is in the generality of nineteenth-century English poets. How many times do Shakespeare's superlative effects depend upon precise visual imagery? The number could probably be counted on the fingers of one hand.

And in this failure to realise, first, that this insistence upon exact visual imagery is a comparatively modern invention, and secondly that the real power of a work of literature, whether in poetry or prose, depends upon a hundred other elements, which need a much more thorough-going analysis than Hulme's for their elucidation,—he reveals once more the limitations of his dilettantism.

Nevertheless, though in his longer essays he is rather a specious than a satisfying writer, he is in his smaller pieces often provocative of thought. Some of his aphorisms are admirable, and his definition of ordinary Romanticism as "spilt religion" is simply masterly. Unfortunately the critical aphorism is a genre which receives very little encouragement in England. Had it been otherwise Hulme might have left behind him a remarkable book.—HENRY KING.

THE REAL VALUE OF EDUCATION.—Doubtless hundreds of writers have written on this subject, yet in my experience they have either uttered platitudes and generalizations on education which have become too

familiar to work the slightest effect, or else they have lost themselves in a wilderness of practical detail.

I am trying to look on education from the point of view of the old public schoolboy or ex-'varsity man. Now a very large part of public schoolboys and university men (especially those from the older universities) are not what is called technically trained : of my own year about five in twenty continued with a career which was the direct outcome of their specialization. This is a thing generally deplored, together with an increasing slowness on the part of youths to make the final choice of a career. This intensely annoys a generation of fathers who slipped into their fathers' shoes willy-nilly. We have apparently left that noble time when boys left school at a very early age with a shilling in their pocket, but in their hearts a grim determination to become the Mayor of Puddleton. But we must be sympathetic : those present Mayors of Puddletons scattered all over the country, who are really only making the best of a bad job, who even while they talk to the public about those days when one had to have grit and determination unparalleled, send their own sons and daughters to the best of schools and universities. We have heard too much from these bombastic successes, who, it would seem, were propelled to the forefront mainly by the kicks of well-wisher and ill-wisher alike! We ask rather this question of our educational system : what has it done for that large proportion of men and women who have left the tracks of their subject specialization at school, or more especially at the university? While theorists are pressing their platitudes about " *educo*—I draw out " on an unheeding public, hundreds of men and women are rapidly forgetting their Latin terminations in the vast world of things —business, trade, Stock Exchange—that really matter (or else why do we spend the greater part of our lives at them?).

Even the scoffers would admit that education has provided them with a few vague possessions such as *savoir-faire,* a background of interests in life, a sane perspective. It should have provided them with two invaluable things, if it is education worthy the name : to wit, a working philosophy of life and a means of escape from the externals of life. As Stevenson wrote : " The ground of man's joy is often hard hit. It has so little bond with externals that it may even touch them not, and the man's true life for which he consents to live, lies altogether in the field of fancy." By escape, however, I do not mean the flight of the disillusioned man from the things of the world to seek consolation in the safer realm of sweet imaginings, as formerly ladies disappointed in love flocked to the dispassionate religious houses of the age. Religion or anything else that is high and noble is not a mere refuge, which instantly implies pigeon-holing it off from life. It is an escape ever present within oneself, not a detached and outside thing to which one flees on Sundays and half-holidays. The escape is, however, a vital necessity in a world where there is so much ugliness if there is so much, too, that is beautiful. Too many have to spend the greater part of their lives doing things the outcome of which seems either bad, doubtful, or futile : too easily, unless they have some background of idealism, they fall into that stage defined by Mr. Shaw as " getting to like what we get because we cannot get what we like," or becoming mere pieces of vegetation. If our civilization is still so far from being good that men have to expend their greatest energies on what is mere humdrum, it is obvious that a safety-valve must be found, the safety-valve, we may call it, of the soul.

Look for a moment at the people of the slums who are constantly being rated and despised for spending all their spare money on drink and accompanying evils. These so-called evils are really nothing more or less—

in the first stages—than escapes from the sordid surroundings of their lives. The nature of the escape is controlled by the character and opportunity of the person concerned, the need of escape by the facts and circumstances of his life: education must not shirk its part. Yet people will laugh when you tell them that theatre-going, literature, music, painting, bear similar relations to the educated man that drink does to the uneducated one. It certainly gives a shock to those who believe in the industrial world, in the state it has been for so many years, as one of the best-regulated worlds. Education to fulfil its obligations must help to put such things right. It is not difficult then to see loopholes in an education that is merely technical. We meet too frequently the busy man who is going to take up beauty, art, and the finer things of life when he has retired on a very safe income. Like the water in the radiator of his own plutocratic car on an icy morning, his soul is chilled; would it were as easily thawed as mere ice! Too soon he has "caught an everlasting cold, and his voice is lost most irrecoverably."—W. J. STRACHAN.

LOOKING FORWARD.—I, too, like Dorothy Johnson,* have eight years of teaching behind me. But for me there can be no looking back. And so I must look forward.

Yet it is only in moments of blankness and boredom that the anticipation of other twenty-two years (till I have earned my pension) is utterly appalling. And this, though I am, for my years, young, a person, I flatter myself, of some artistic sensibility, and a reader of the ADELPHI!

Most constantly in my mind during these eight years

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* *Looking Back.* By Dorothy Johnson. (Adelphi, September, 1924.)

has been the fervent remark of H. G. Wells' " Joan " : " I would rather die than be a High School mistress " ; and the struggle against the more obvious traits of the complete school marm has been hard and probably so unsuccessful that almost anyone could recognize her in the voice, too clear and precise, in the manner prim from habitual reserve and repression. Education is so all-important, the shackles both social and moral so heavy on the wretched young teacher—how can she fail to be a little bitter?

One way only lies freedom, but that narrow path leads to the greatest and most glorious of liberties, the liberty of the intellect. It is true that you never really learn until you attempt to teach, but it is a truth that applies far more profoundly than to mere subjects like history and geography. It is not until you have realized your own impotence in the most fascinating of all occupations, the handling of minds, and been convinced of the futility of all systems and organizations that attempt to deal with it on cut-and-dried lines, that you begin to see daylight. The darkness in your own soul must be for a time abysmal—till the light comes. And only by that vision can you look ahead.

How high-falutin' it sounds! And how ridiculous! For that narrow path in plain English is made up of long solitary evenings in rooms, stolen from " corrections " and " preparation," when the school-marm takes refuge from the undiluted and unmitigated company of girls and staff in the company of books. A glorious alternative to the eternal and petty round of shop and gossip—yet dangerous. It is so easy to become a crank, full up of theories that have no relation to reality or common sense. Or a devotee of Shaw or Wells, yet socially halt and maimed because some part of you has atrophied through disuse.

Perhaps I seem to be overstating the case. But I am speaking of the teacher who takes her work with

intense seriousness. On the one hand she finds tha the mere routine of a girls' school, with all its useles amplifications and elaborations, and quite apart fron the actual teaching work, plus the merciless energy o the average Headmistress, leave scanty leisure even t(the least conscientious.

On the other, that the only social relaxations whicl offer themselves are amongst people for whom intellec tual interests simply do not exist. If then she is to keep pace at all with ideas, she must cut out all attempts a local sociabilities. She must become a social hermit anc an intellectual snob.

But I should be an unworthy disciple of G.B.S. if I were utterly without faith. Surely if a desire to see can make the blind see, the desire for a better state ol affairs, if held violently enough, will become creative. But the desire of an assistant mistress is too impotent to work miracles. I must become that dictator supreme and unassailable in her own sphere, a Headmistress. Not in arrogance, but with the most humble sense of responsibility do I aim at that. I would realize, I hope, that to a single woman, such a sudden access of power (for the transition involves an almost unbalancing change in status) was full of danger. The energy that was given me to create the life of my own children I would pray that I should not use to inhibit the life of those others under my care ; that my Staff should not be sacrificed to my personal ambitions, to my worship of the god efficiency, to my miserable delight in petty tyrannies ; that they should not through mere "busyness" be denied the right to live. It would be better that a millstone be hanged about my neck than that any child should be humiliated with the constant sense of failure in school "subjects" without allowing it to discover some creative outlet outside the purely scholastic range. I should aim at educating girls for life and not to become illiterate and narrow-

minded teachers in elementary schools. Presumptuous I would certainly be, yet failure, though it would disappoint, would not surprise me. The adventure of education is so much a groping in the darkness, the perils are so unexpected. For there is no remedy to present conditions that will not produce its own problem for the future.

And the most of my children would have to be piloted between the safe high walls of tradition. I should not dare to lead them all into the jungle of adventurous thought, though I would stifle for breath if I did not occasionally play truant there myself. And there would certainly be some whom I might help to look over the wall if not to climb it. And some few there might even be whom I might inspire to find their own way through the jungle and win freedom and light.—HILARY WEST.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.—Flecker has always been a somewhat baffling literary personality, and now that a definite " Life " of the poet has been published (Basil Blackwell, 12s. 6d. net) there is a chance of clearing up some of the difficulties of approach. Dr. Geraldine Hodgson, the author, informs us that she has compiled most of it " from letters and materials provided by his mother," though it is also clear that she has had Mr. Douglas Goldring's book at her elbow. It seems that his Christian initials were not J. E. but H. E., since his first name was not James, but Herman, and that when he was at Oxford " he took a dislike to what he called his foreign-sounding names, and discarded Herman for James." He did not satisfactorily develop his gift for creative work in verse while he was at Oxford, though he read everything imaginable, including the French Parnassians, and worked hard at what he termed " poetical exercises." Dr. Hodgson some-

times falls into a quagmire when she rises to criticism. Referring to his admiration for Heredia she says :

> Heredia bound all that vehement emotion within the fettering limitations of a sonnet. It could be done because it was undiluted erotic passion. But when Flecker, as he was on rare occasions, was passionate, and in a setting as remote as any chosen by Heredia, his emotion was mixed; so, with the wider latitude of Tragedy, and yielding to his natural, temperamental complexity, he turns aside from the sheerly material and human horror of the Judgment and torture scenes to an intolerable sharpness of intellectual and spiritual anguish, and leaves in the bystander's shaken soul that haunting, tenuous misery of the ghosts, pleading in the cold-shadowed moonlight with the Spirit of the Fountain.

All of which really tells us nothing at all, except that Flecker's poetry had abundant passion, and also that it had not, just what you like, to suit the peculiar trend of your criticism, which in this instance is rather muddled. As a matter of fact passion was the least thing the Parnassians possessed, although Heredia in one or two of his sonnets, just by way of exception, may have borne witness to an undiluted amount of it. Dr. Hodgson is puzzled by Flecker's real or pretended fidelity to the Parnassians, as well she might be, and goes on to say, and very truly :

> There was in him an ineradicable " Romantic " strain, which was lacking to, or rather which was rejected by the more traditionally classical Parnassians.

Flecker, indeed, was never quite to be trusted when he spoke of himself. He knew it, and even confessed it. Writing to a critic about his preface to the " Golden Journey to Samarcand," in which he proclaimed himself a Parnassian, he said :

> You know that Preface of mine, though it's absolutely sincere, is a wicked piece of work! It was no good just writing poetry and flinging it at the public's head—especially if your poetry isn't all of one piece, but rather apt to

> vary with moods. If one wrote *only* Oriental poems, for instance, the critics would say, This follower of Fitzgerald, &c., &c. So I had to give myself a label. I had to proclaim a *message*. Of course, it succeeded. I have irritated some and pleased others—but now I am labelled !

As a matter of fact Flecker was a poet of unfulfilled promise, with a label or two stuck on his back. Had he lived he might have developed into a very great poet. He had more passion, wit, vision, and real fire in him than most members of the French school he so lauded. Death took him just as he was discovering himself; though, as it was, he had probably fulfilled himself more completely than either Mangan, Poe, or John Davidson—poets to which at different times he possibly has some affinity. He has puzzled his critics; and we can partly trace this to his Uppingham and undergraduate predisposition for intellectual ragging, throwing dust in people's eyes, putting his tongue in his cheek. His was a perfectly genuine and serious, but somewhat complex nature, hidden beneath a cloak of queer swank and gay fooling. He said in his preface that he was sincere when he wasn't, called himself James when his true name was Herman, dubbed himself a wholesale Parnassian when he was less than half of one. In character he reminds us somewhat of Heine without his bitterness, and his work is tinged with something of the German poet's qualitv. Much of this Dr. Geraldine Hodgson's book helps us to see clearly, and admirer's of Flecker will be very grateful to her for the copious information she provides.—HERBERT E. PALMER.

RENAN'S DREAM

By The Journeyman

THE other day I began to read for the first time Renan's *L'Avenir de la Science.* It is an astonishing book for a young man to have written, even though he happened to be young Renan—to my mind the most exquisite intelligence produced by France in the nineteenth century. *L'Avenir de la Science* is a moving book; it moves first by its passion and then by its pathos, and in recollection by its pathos most of all.

For how few of those who have followed in the seventy years since Renan wrote his book have understood "science" so widely, so nobly, and so subtly as he? Let the average man of to-day read on a book the title: "The Future of Science," and what will he expect from it? A dissertation upon chemical warfare, or a plea in favour of eugenics, or at best some hair-raising speculation on what may happen if the energy of the atom is liberated. He would throw aside with disappointed impatience what Renan had to say under that head—for it contains no sensations, no thrills, no time-machines. The future of science was for Renan simply the future of human knowledge. How dull it sounds! How exciting it was to him! How exciting it still is for those who care to read it!

If science itself has not grown narrow since Renan wrote, the general conception of science has. The very word "rationalism," which was so teeming with hidden promise for him, has become as chilly and *mesquin* as a corrugated-iron tabernacle. What has happened in these seventy years? A big thing and a very simple

thing, I believe : that of the two distinct yet complementary processes which for Renan together composed the magnificent whole of science, one has been neglected and forgotten. The exploration of the universe without —that has indeed marched forward ; but the exploration of the universe within—of the metaphysical and moral reality—that has retired discomfited. It has occurred perhaps to none save Renan himself that in this realm the qualification of the man of science was *delicacy,* that here, above all, he had to be assured of the *quality* of the object. The kingdom has been invaded by men who could not, in things spiritual, distinguish a rose from a cabbage. Psychologists have demonstrated to their own exceeding satisfaction that the vision of the supreme artist or the supreme saint is just the same as that of the brass-voiced Salvationist at the street corner : it is all epilepsy, or it is all sex, or it is all a vague something or other called Libido or Hocus Pocus.

Naturally, this science, of which Renan hoped so much, has got nowhere. Outside Renan's own *Origins of Christianity,* what is there to show? Frazer's *Golden Bough?* But in that astounding work it is precisely the perception of quality that is deficient. It is an accumulation, not a work of science. Renan himself would have shuddered at it, then he would have used it gratefully as a future generation will use it. And people who are weary of the fruitlessness of a science which seeks to unlock the spiritual world with a mechanical key turn desperately to the old superstitions, or to new ones without their element of truth. The Catholic Church at least did once contain the whole wisdom of mankind. There were wise men in the Middle Ages—their wisdom has not wholly perished out of the Church that first contained it. It can be found : but one needs not to be, one had better not be, a Catholic to find it. But better that than to

turn to the slick and second-rate consolations of new-fangled religions, or the abracadabra of occultism. Yet in these last few weeks I have read in a serious review of novels in the *New Statesman* unmitigated praise of the spiritual truth of a story written by some poor victim of demons and black magic. Those who have no sense of *quality* had better by far stick to the great Church: without that sense they can only delude others as well as themselves.

The basis of Renan's science of the future was the axiom: "There is no such thing as the supernatural." How different an axiom from that of those who have stumped their way with hobnailed boots into the holy places: "There is no such thing as the non-mechanical!" Yet, apparently, most people can see no difference between them. In the one ear cries the priest: "Deny the supernatural, and you abolish religion"; in the other the rationalist: "Accept religion, and you accept the supernatural." Children! All the religions that have ever been are but more or less clumsy symbols of an eternal verity of man's nature—that there is a hierarchy and a progress in the human consciousness towards another and a fuller mode of comprehension than our quotidian faculties allow. It is not easy to reach, and few men have reached it; but when they have, their fellow-men have paid homage to what they have achieved. Paid homage, but not recognized it for what it was, a mode of consciousness that any man might attain. No, here was something which veritably was, and was beyond their comprehension: so they called its possessor god or saint or genius. They had to invoke the category of the "supernatural" to explain something which was beyond their understanding.

Nevertheless, it was and is eminently natural. That there is such a progress and hierarchy in the human mind is clear from our commonest judgments. When I say that this poem is better than that one, what on

earth am I saying but that the mind which produced it is finer and truer than the mind which produced the other? And how is it possible for one mind to be finer and truer than other if there is not some mysterious capacity for development in the human mind? When it has reached its pinnacle we say " saint " or " genius." We do not say "god." We have grown out of that; the category is not necessary any more. There have been no new gods for a thousand years or so, or if there have been they have not made good. Not because the Christian was the final revelation; but because men had to some extent grown up.

But they have not grown up very much. It is not much advance to call a man " saint " or " genius " or " great man " instead of " god," if you pay no attention to his words or his beliefs. The simpler minds which did say " god " at least paid some attention to " god's " words. But now that we are quite certain that the great man is not god—that he has no power to blast us with lightning if we pay no heed to him—we have the best of excuses for not listening; if we are tinged with the rationalistic tar-brush, we have a still better excuse for turning away, for we know what he is without listening: he is abnormal.

Which, of course, he is: abnormal and natural. For, luckily, the normal is not natural. If it were life would be a nightmare indeed, save that it would have perished æons ago. Every man is abnormal in some degree: when he begins to be considerably abnormal he is worth attending to. I myself am moderately abnormal, or I should never be writing these lines, or hoping that other moderately abnormal persons will read and understand them. But I am interested in much bigger abnormalities than my own—in men who could write and speak and act with infinitely more power than I can, who because of their great abnormality have impressed themselves on the memory of mankind. It

seems to me very strange that so few people should be interested as I am in trying to discover how these men came to speak their words of wisdom and authority. It is not enough for me to say simply that they were "inspired." Inspiration is a mere metaphor to me, unless I know how they got it. And when the rationalist tells me that they were afflicted by an abnormal state of consciousness, I feel like George II. when they told him Wolfe was mad: "I wish he would bite my other generals." Superstition whispers "inspired"; rationalism sniggers "afflicted." I don't care which; I care only for the fact, not the name, and the fact is that these inspired and afflicted have spoken words which have seemed to generations of men fraught with a secret wisdom and illumined by a strange vision.

Where did they get it from? That is what I want to know; and, as I say, I am surprised that so few are as eager as I am in the search. I am astonished that in this age of complacent rationalism the arch-rationalists should be content to wave these facts aside with "A miracle!" Of course, the facts *are* miracles to them. Half the facts of the universe—and all the important ones—are direct interventions of the supernatural on the rationalist hypothesis. If I were a rationalist, I should hide my head in shame at my own silly superstition. But I am not; I am a mere naturalist.

As a mere naturalist, I observe that there is an order of spiritual creations, and that some of these creations are greater than others. I see in them a hierarchy gradually descending to what is palpably within my own compass; and I conclude that it is possible to make the upward ascent to the height of genius. I do not mean that it is possible for me to be a genius; but it is impossible for me in precisely the same way as it is impossible for me to be a Prime Minister. I cannot make the effort, in either case. The difference is only that in the latter case the effort is not worth making; in the former

it is. Therefore in the former case I do try to make the effort, and though I do not succeed, I do not wholly fail. I succeed to some degree in finding out the way the great men went; I succeed to some degree in going along their path; I succeed to some degree in attaining glimpses of the knowledge which they possessed; and above all I succeed to some degree in seeing the possibility and the necessity of holding to the reality of their experience, without degrading it by supernaturalism, for I begin to discover a law of spiritual progress which has been obeyed in all times and all places.

It may seem strange that seeing so much, and believing that the highest spiritual progress towards a mode of consciousness deeper and truer than the ordinary is natural to man, I am not indignant with the destinv that has meted me out one talent instead of ten. The strange thing, and the thing which most persuades me that what I have discovered for myself is no illusion, is that I have gained in the course of my pursuit a profound sense that it is just and equitable and right that I should have but one talent instead of ten: provided I do not hide it in a napkin it is enough.

Finally, I am bold enough to imagine that it was of some such *science* as that of which I begin dimly to discern the elements that Renan dreams when he wrote in his book these words:

> It is not without intention that I call by the name "science" what is ordinarily called "philosophy." I should like my life to be summed up as a life of "philosophy"; nevertheless, since this word in the common usage expresses only a partial form of the inward life and implies only the subjective fact of the solitary thinker, when one adopts the point of view of humanity it is necessary to use the more objective word—*to know*. Yes, the day will come when humanity will no longer believe, but will know; a day when it will know the metaphysical and moral universe, as it already knows the physical universe; a day when the government of humanity will no longer be left to hazard and intrigue, but to the reasonable discussion of what is

better and of the most efficacious means of attaining it. If such is the aim of science, if its object is to teach man his end and his law, to make him grasp the true meaning of life, to compose together with art, poetry and virtue, the divine ideal which alone gives value to human life,—can it have serious enemies?

But, it will be said, will science fulfil these marvellous destinies? All I know is that if science does not, nothing will, and that humanity will be for ever ignorant of the secret of things; for science is the only legitimate method of knowing, and if the religions have been able to exert a salutary influence on the progress of humanity, it is solely because of the element of science—of the regular exercise of the human spirit—which was obviously mingled with them.

Yes, science *is* the only legitimate method of knowing: but there is a science of quality which has been neglected, while the science of quantity has been cherished. Until they can learn to work together, each respecting the other's realm as inviolable, humanity will not have begun to make the next great step in its progress.

BOOKS TO READ

DISCRIMINA PEREGRATIONIS. By C. T. Harley Walker. (Blackwell.) 7s. 6d. net.

The longest essay in this beautifully printed but expensive little book is the most valuable. It is an account of the views and development of the Swedish philosopher Vitalis Norström. It is impossible to summarise these views in this brief space; but Mr. Walker's quotations fully justify his high, but not extravagant, opinion of Norström. Norström was one of those thinkers who are compelled to square their philosophy with their lives: hence his philosophy culminated in an increasing emphasis on the noetic value of religion.

THE FOUR GOSPELS: A STUDY OF ORIGINS. By B H. Streeter. (Macmillan.) 21s. net.

An impressive contribution to New Testament criticism. Canon Streeter now abandons the "two-document hypothesis" for a four-document hypothesis, of which the consequence is that the historical matter peculiar to Luke is placed nearly on an equality with that of Mark and "Q"—a conclusion greatly to be welcomed. But perhaps the most suggestive portion of Canon Streeter's book is that in which he insists on the necessity of regarding the first three Gospels as of *local* origin: Mark circulating in Rome, Luke in Greece, and Matthew in Antioch—and John, at a later date, in Ephesus. These local gospels acquired such prestige that when the Early Church was compelled to counter Marcion's formation of a canon by forming a canon of its own, all four gospels were perforce included bodily, instead of being combined into a single one

A. B. BARNABOOTH: HIS DIARY. By Valery Larbaud. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. (Dent.) 7s. 6d. net.

It should be noted that this Journal first appeared in 1915, for it embodies a distinctly pre-War phase of French feeling. It is a stage on the downward grade from Dostoevsky to the worst introspective romancers of to-day. This slightly incoherent auto-psychical study of a fabulously wealthy young American is clearly the product of a remarkable mind, but we would not rank it with the best of M. Larbaud's work. Its impression is too exotic for great literature. The translation is supple, but it keeps one very much aware of Mr. Cannan.

INSTINCT, INTELLIGENCE, AND CHARACTER. By Godfrey H. Thomson. (Allen & Unwin.) 10s. 6d. net.

This book consists of a series of extremely elaborate lectures delivered by invitation at Columbia University. Dr Thomson brings to his inquiry learning and patient investigation, but the psychological principles which he advances and illustrates in so various a fashion do not strike us as very original or well-defined. However, in an age when psychology has become the only way of life to many, Dr. Thomson should find plenty of appreciative students. We are interested to note that he minimizes the Freudian hypothesis of sex as the dominant psychological factor in man. The publishers are to be congratulated on producing this bulky work in good format at so reasonable a price.

MR. PEPYS. By J. R. Tanner, M.A., Litt.D. (Bell.) 7s. 6d.

An excellent "introduction" to Mr. Pepys; and since Dr. Tanner really knows his subject, his book is perhaps even better reading for those familiar with the Diary than for those who have yet to make acquaintance with it.

OUR PREHISTORIC FORERUNNERS. By C. E. Vulliamy, F.R.G.S. (Lane.) 7s. 6d. net.

On the whole a brave attempt at a very difficult task—to give "a popular and original account of Prehistoric Man" (though what is the exact meaning of "original" in this context?). Mr. Vulliamy, however, makes the mistake sometimes of trying to play down to a popular audience. There is a popular audience for such a book, but it neither requires nor appreciates being played down to.

THE CRITIC'S ARMOURY. By Cyril Falls. (Cobden-Sanderson.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Falls is undoubtedly a critic of value. He has the maximum of common sense, a pleasant style, a sense of humour, and a very catholic feeling for literary merit. His outline of the function of criticism is quite sound, though he reveals here and there throughout a penchant for interpretation rather than analysis or inquiry. His essay on Congreve is about the best we have read on that difficult subject and his short studies of M. Henri de Régnier should be ranked just as high—Mr. Falls has that patient comprehension of one foreign literature which he thinks necessary in the "Critic's Armoury." "Four Hunting Classics" shows him a versatile essayist.

TWO VAGABONDS IN THE BALKANS. By Jan and Cora Gordon. (Lane.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon have deservedly achieved a reputation as "professional vagabonds." Their engaging quality is an apparently inexhaustible vitality. They almost revel in discomfort, and because of this they enjoy and communicate their enjoyment to their happy-go-lucky wanderings.

THE LETTERS OF OLIVE SCHREINER (1876-1920). Edited by S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner. (Fisher Unwin.) 21s. net.

Despite their occasional great beauty, these letters are strangely exhausting to read. And that quality is not chiefly due to the editorial mistake of printing too many brief notes and fragments of longer letters; it comes from something more fundamental. One feels that Olive Schreiner scarcely ever *expressed* herself; she was in too great a hurry. But that statement of the cause is crude and superficial. The hurry was very deep. At the bottom, one feels, the turmoil was profound and unresolved. It is as though she was too complex to anchor herself in the simpler loyalties, and not great enough to work out for herself loyalties commensurate with what she was. And so she was continually distraught between being and doing, when one *or* the other might have brought the peace that she longed for.

BOOKS TO READ—*continued*

FROM A PARIS BALCONY. By Ernest Dimnet. (Grant Richards.) 8s. 6d.

The Abbé Dimnet is a remarkable man, for besides being a Professor and the author of notable works on French religious, literary, and political thought, he is equally at home in Latin or English, and has been for twenty years a regular contributor to our journals. He is at once an entertaining journalist and an essayist of distinctive and charming style. " Every line of this book," he says, " was written with pleasure," and so, we think, they will be read. The contents are too various to be summarized: but we like particularly his papers on Anatole France, of whom it is astonishing to read that " Nobody ever worked so hard . . . he wrote with his brow wet with honest sweat."

THE PRICE OF PROGRESS, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By S. H. Mellone. (Lindsey Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

The subjects of these religious essays are interesting, the author's attitude enlightened; but the effect is disappointing. A kind of vagueness pervades them. Perhaps it is that theological thinking, like any other thinking, should be hard all through. Mr. Mellone, who is quick to detect logical mistakes in other men's religious thinking, leaves us bewildered concerning the bases of his own. To judge by his first essay they are largely sentimental, yet elsewhere he tells us that he cannot abide a religion of sentiment. We should have welcomed a stringent inquiry into his own faith.

THE BEARDSLEY PERIOD. By Osbert Burdett. (Lane.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a very good piece of criticism. Speaking personally, we disagree with nearly all its judgments, and consider that Mr. Burdett strangely exaggerates the real importance of the period. But we make haste to recognize that such an estimate of it was necessary in order that his book should be as good as it is. On its own assumptions, and in its own manner (which closely depends upon those assumptions), it is *totus, teres atque rotundus*—the best work on the " 'nineties " we have.

SOME CHEAP REPRINTS

No less than five attractive Elizabethan reprints have been received this month. The Shakespeare Head Press (Basil Blackwell of Oxford) is responsible for three of them—two beautifully printed quartos at 2s. 6d. each of Drayton's *Nimphidia*, the charming fairy poem, and of THE NUT-BROWN MAID, the so-called ballad, which (as Mr. Frank Sidgwick says) is rather a long dramatic lyric, and is not the less beautiful for that; and a rather oddly shaped reprint of Thomas Dekker's FOURE BIRDS OF NOAH'S ARKE. The Bodley Head Quartos (3s. 6d. net) have added to themselves Thomas Nashe's masterpiece—it is in its own kind a masterpiece—PIERCE PENNILESSE, HIS SUPPLICATION TO THE DEVIL, and Anthony Munday's THE ENGLISH ROMAYNE LIFE. Munday is an unattractive person, but his account of the English College at Rome towards the end of the sixteenth century is interesting. But Nashe is of another order. His queer prose is in itself exciting: " he hath a demon."

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The Subscription Rate for THE ADELPHI *is* 13/6 *per annum post free to any address. Subscriptions should be addressed to The Publisher,* THE ADELPHI, *British Periodicals Limited,* 12, *Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.* 4.

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THE ADELPHI, printed by LOXLEY BROTHERS LIMITED, Whitefriars House, Carmelite

APRIL, 1925 MONTHLY VOL. II NO. 11

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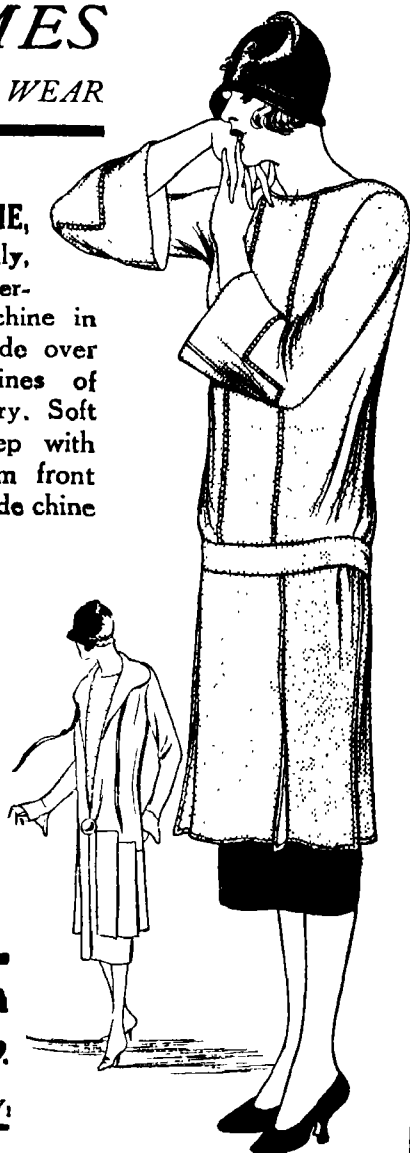
SPECIAL NOTICE: *On March 25, the editorial address of* THE ADELPHI *was transferred to* 12, *Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.4, where all communications for the Editor, Letters, Contributions, Books for Review, etc., should henceforward be sent. Intending contributors are warned that no manuscript can be considered unless accompanied by an envelope sufficiently stamped: neither can the Editor give criticisms of manuscripts submitted to him.*

The Adelphi

VOL. II. NO. 11. APRIL, 1925

THE NEW LIFE OF KEATS

By John Middleton Murry

IT has been necessary for urgent and obvious reasons to interrupt the essays upon Keats which I began. I do not propose to continue them. If they were to be continued on the original plan they would occupy this place in THE ADELPHI for the next eighteen months. The idea is fantastic. That I should ever have entertained it seriously is another proof—the latest of many hundreds—that when I am absorbed in pursuing to some ultimate conclusion an idea that has come to me, I lose all sense of reality. The editor is completely banished, and a very different person takes charge.

Still, the work upon Keats is done. I am sorry that it cannot be published in these pages, for it is a culmination, a demonstration, as it were in the life, of the ideas I have tried to expound and champion here. Therefore I feel that I owe the work primarily to the readers of this magazine and I regret that it will not appear between these yellow covers, but as an ordinary and rather substantial book under the title *Keats and Shakespeare* somewhere towards the autumn of the year. It is an attempt to record the means by which a true poet conquers his own soul, and thereby becomes a great poet; and to show how Keats came to hold and to express, at twenty-three, the beliefs I have come to

hold and to be unable to express, at thirty-five. The writing of that book, whether it be good or bad, was important to me; it carried me from vague surmises to certainties. Whether they will appear as certainties to others, the event will decide.

In the meantime a new life of Keats, by the American poetess Miss Amy Lowell, has appeared (2 vols., Jonathan Cape, £2 2s. net). It is a very big book and a very valuable one to those who know how to use it, for it contains all the available material concerning Keats's life, which has been gathered together by Miss Lowell in many months of devoted work. It is by far the best biography of Keats that we have, though in honesty I must say it is not much of a *book*. It is formless and unbalanced. Miss Lowell's constructive sense is oddly deficient. Of course, it was not easy to make it a balanced and harmonious whole. All the discoverable facts of Keats's life had to be included: the narrative had to obey them. But when every allowance is made for this necessity, there remains a superfluity of naughtiness for which the author alone is responsible. There is no excuse for indulging in 150 pages on *Endymion*, while dismissing both versions of *Hyperion* as "failures" in a line or two. The disproportion is wanton; and we fear Miss Lowell will have to pay the penalty. Very few readers, save the specialists, will care to burrow their way through her 1,200 pages.

In her second volume, which covers Keats's great period from September, 1818, to September, 1819, Miss Lowell puts forward some novel and unfounded theories. I have read two reviews of her book, one in the *Times*, the other in the *Observer*; and I regret that each of these reviewers has committed himself to approval of a different one of these novel theories. The reviewer in the *Times* has approved her theory that the second *Hyperion* was written before the first. Mr.

Squire in the *Observer* has pronounced that Miss Lowell's rehabilitation of Fanny Brawne is successful. It is, I know, very difficult to review a book of 1,200 pages at a day's notice, above all when it is a mixture of fact and of theory; it is impossible to check the theories by an independent knowledge of the facts, unless these are fresh in one's mind. I do not blame either the *Times* reviewer or Mr. Squire for having hastily accepted theories that cannot be justified; but I am anxious that they should not gain any further currency. A great deal of work has been done in the last ten years in clearing a way towards a truer understanding of Keats's life and spiritual development: if authoritative reviewers give their backing to misconceptions concerning him, that work will be wasted. I intend therefore to do what I can towards stifling these two misconceptions at birth.

The first of these misconceptions is that the second or revised *Hyperion: a Dream* was written before the first *Hyperion: a Fragment*. That may sound an unimportant detail. Would it seem unimportant if some one were to put forward a theory that *The Tempest* was written before *Hamlet*, and if this theory were to be endorsed by an authoritative reviewer? *Hyperion: a Fragment* (which I call, because it was, the first *Hyperion*) was the first long poem of Keats's great creative period; *Hyperion: a Dream* (which I call, because it was, the second *Hyperion*) was the last. What Keats suffered, what he learned, what he achieved in that period, is unparalleled in the history of our literature. If the notion were to gain ground that the last long poem of the period was written before the first, the whole basis of our understanding of Keats would be shattered. Such a notion could be put forward only by one who had not grasped the essentials of his subject.

But, it may be said, Miss Lowell knows a good deal

about her subject. I agree, but with one tremendous reservation. She does not know very much about Keats the poet : and even there I must define more closely. Keats the poet developed at a prodigious speed during the four years of his poetic life, and the speed of his development was constantly accelerated. For the first year, even the first year and a half of his poetic life, Miss Lowell is adequate to her theme : she is something of a poet herself, though it is sometimes a little trying to find her assimilating Keats's poetic processes to her own. One cannot help wondering why identical processes in this case have led to different results. However, the fact is that Keats rapidly grew into something clean beyond Miss Lowell's understanding. By the time he was writing the first *Hyperion* (in the winter of 1818) he was engaged with problems which are apparently as remote from Miss Lowell's comprehension as the Einstein theory is from my own. Miss Lowell can therefore quite cheerfully change the order of the two *Hyperions :* they are interchangeable counters, because they have no meaning for her. But actually they are poems in which Keats, at two distinct stages in his miraculously rapid growth—a month of Keats's life was as a year of other men's, and great ones at that—struggled to express all the truth he knew concerning the most vital and intimate of all questions—the meaning and value of poetry and the growth and destiny of the poet. To reverse the order of those poems is a sheer impossibility for anyone who begins to discern what Keats was attempting in them. Miss Lowell reverses their order and then—ignores them.

Moreover, the fixing of the correct order of the two *Hyperions* was the most important advance made in the criticism of Keats in the hundred years that followed his death. It was as epoch-making as the establishment of the approximate order of Shakespeare's plays which was accomplished during the nineteenth century. There

were three stages in the advance. The first and the third were due to Sir Sidney Colvin. He first saw the importance of the statement of Keats's friend Charles Brown, made many years after Keats's death, that in November, 1819, Keats was engaged "in reshaping his *Hyperion* into the form of a dream." So it was established that the revised induction to *Hyperion* was written after the poem in its familiar form had been completed. The correctness of this became generally recognised: the study of the internal evidence of Keats's poetry (which was seriously begun, at about the same time that Sir Sidney made his discovery, by Dr. Bridge's essay on Keats, I think in 1890) confirmed the external evidence. The next stage was the discovery of the original MS. of the first *Hyperion* in the form in which Keats's friend Woodhouse received it from him in April, 1819. This MS. was apparently a fair copy so far as the first two books were concerned, and for the brief and significant third book the actual first draft. Thus it was apparently established that the first *Hyperion* was completed in April, 1819: and that Keats in the following November had attempted to rewrite it in the form of a dream.

Unfortunately there was a difficulty. A letter of Keats existed, written to Reynolds on September 22nd, 1819, in which he said, "I have abandoned *Hyperion*: there were two many Miltonic inversions in it": and there was a previous letter of August 15th, 1819, to Bailey, saying: "I have been engaged in writing parts of my *Hyperion*." If the first *Hyperion* (which is the familiar one) was finished, as it was, in April, 1819, in the form in which we have it; and if it was not till November, 1819, that he was engaged in reshaping it into the form of a dream, which is the second *Hyperion: a Dream*, what on earth was this *Hyperion* of which Keats was writing parts in August and which he abandoned in September?

To that problem there was no answer. People who agreed with me—for I think I was the first to insist on the supreme importance of the second *Hyperion* in the poetic and spiritual development of Keats—tried, as I did, to believe that Keats was tinkering with the first *Hyperion* in August and finally abandoned it in September. It was just possible, but only just. There were no traces of the tinkering: the April MS. was almost identical with the printed version of the first *Hyperion.*

Still more important, it was evident from the tone of the letter to Reynolds that the abandonment of *Hyperion* was a crucial act in Keats's life. That could hardly have been the case if he had not been actually writing, and writing with all his power.

Quite suddenly and unexpectedly the problem was solved, and solved—most amazingly—through the instrumentality of Miss Lowell herself. She published in the *Keats Memorial Volume* four years ago a long-lost letter of Keats written to Woodhouse on the same day that he wrote to Reynolds, September 22nd, 1819. Miss Lowell appears to have been quite ignorant of the real importance of the letter : nor does her ignorance in this respect seem greatly to have diminished since. This letter proved, as Sir Sidney Colvin quickly pointed out, that what Keats had been writing in August and had abandoned in September was the second *Hyperion.* Brown had been mistaken as to the time. It was his impassioned effort to reshape *Hyperion* in the form of a dream that Keats suddenly gave up. And in the same letter in which he announced his decision he enclosed the perfect and lovely and serene *Ode to Autumn.* The sequence and the rhythm of Keats's poetic progress were thus finally established. It remained only to begin to interpret and understand.

This letter is Miss Lowell's property : it is the most valuable piece of new Keats material in her big

volumes. That *she* should try to alter the order she was unconsciously instrumental in fixing strikes me as altogether fantastic, unless the explanation be that she insists in interpreting her own property in her own way. I have learned by experience that very queer things do happen in literary criticism. This aberration will always appear to me one of the queerest, seeing that there is not a shred of evidence for the alteration. In that letter Keats quotes the opening lines of the second *Hyperion*: " Fanatics have their dreams . . ." and says, " This is what I had written for a sort of induction." " *Had* written ! " says Miss Lowell. " That must obviously mean he had written it months before." That is all, absolutely all, the foundation for her theory. A moment's thought would have shown her that " *had* written " cannot possibly mean anything of the kind. Here was Keats, sending to a friend some parts of his attempt to rewrite *Hyperion* together with the announcement that he had abandoned it. What more natural than to say : " Here is what I *had* written as a sort of induction " ? What else could he have said? If he had said, " Here is what I *have* written," it would have meant that he had not abandoned it.

I am afraid that this detailed discussion may seem tedious. Those who find it so must bear with me, and imagine that to me it is as important to strangle such a misconception as Miss Lowell's at birth, as it would be to stifle that imaginary theorist who should assert that *The Tempest* was written before *Hamlet*. In the case of Shakespeare thousands are on the *qui vive ;* in the case of Keats but one or two. That will change. Fifty years hence it will be as impossible for a *Times* reviewer to accept so grotesque a theory at sight as it would be for him to accept the analogous theory in the case of Shakespeare.

For Keats is a poet of the same order as Shakespeare, and the only poet we have who *is* of the same

order. Miss Lowell, I may note in passing, does not believe that Keats had he lived would have been "as great a poet as Browning": that sentence alone disqualifies her in my eyes as a biographer of Keats the *poet*. It proves that she does not know with what order of mind she is dealing. It does not incapacitate her as a biographer of Keats the man, up to a certain point: but at the point where the poet and the man became completely involved and identical, it incapacitates her absolutely. It is the miracle of Keats that the point came soon. At twenty-three he had reached a knowledge of the truth that Browning did not attain on this side of the grave.

But, in fact, we are only at the beginning, at the very beginning, of our knowledge of what the great poet really is. At present, three hundred years after his death, we are still fumbling towards the secret of Shakespeare; we have only begun to feel our way towards a realization of what he really was and achieved. I have become convinced that the best way towards that realization is to approach him by way of the only English poet who palpably belongs by gift, by being, by character, and by achievement, to the same order as he. That is the reason why I have devoted some pages to what may appear a tedious restatement of the facts concerning the two *Hyperions*, against a perverse and light-minded attempt to upset them.

In doing this I have an uncomfortable memory of a letter I lately received from a reader complaining that I had not acknowledged a letter in which he corrected a mistake in one of our mathematical problems. "Yet it was," he said, "more important, to say the least, than settling the relative importance of Keats and Shelley." Whereat I gasped, and wondered why on earth he continued to read this magazine.

I am not a mathematician. Would I were! But in my own way I have tried to grasp what it is that the

great mathematician does, and I have come to my conclusions. He tries to apprehend the universe as a unity by methods and faculties which I do not possess. He tries to apprehend it as a *structural* unity. The great poet also tries to apprehend the universe as a unity by methods and faculties which I in some measure do possess. He tries to apprehend it as an *organic* unity. At some exalted point I believe those two methods more or less coincide.

That is to say, the great mathematician is very much nearer to the great poet than he is to the little mathematician. So that it seems to me as ridiculous and presumptuous for anyone to say the correction of a mistake in a trivial mathematical problem is as important, "to say the least," as to settle the relative importance of Keats and Shelley, as it would be to say that to correct a line in the minor poet's sonnet in the local newspaper is as important as to settle the relative importance of Lagrange and Maxwell. But why on earth, I ask myself again, does my correspondent read THE ADELPHI? He must be wiser than his words.

I proceed to the question of Fanny Brawne, whom Miss Lowell would rehabilitate. And let me premise my remarks by saying I have no grievance against Fanny Brawne. She was very young: she had her "penchant for acting stylishly": she had not much imagination: and she did not love Keats as Keats loved her, with all his body and mind and soul. That is no very formidable indictment of a girl of eighteen. Ninety-nine girls out of a hundred would succumb before it. Fanny Brawne was not a criminal. I simply think, as all Keats's friends thought, that it was a pity (in the event a tragedy) that Keats should have fallen in love with *her*. But it was part of his destiny.

She treated him badly, not because she was bad, but because she was ignorant. She coquetted with him when he was wholly hers. Only at the rarest moments

did she make him feel that she was indeed his. For most of the time he was agonizingly uncertain of her: feeling that she might be flirting with the next man who turned up. She meant no harm: she wanted to enjoy herself and to be admired, and she did not understand why she should be required to forego enjoyment and admiration at the demand of her exacting lover. Why should she? And the only answer is that if she had loved Keats in the way he loved her, there would have been no occasion to ask the question. She would not have wanted to enjoy herself apart from him, or to be admired except by him. And he would have been content. As it was, the uncertainty of his love fanned the spark of his disease into a devouring flame. That is, at least, how I and others before me have read the evidence of Keats's letters.

Miss Lowell would persuade us that, on the contrary, Fanny Brawne was the ill-treated one. Keats was ill with tuberculosis. "One of the effects of tuberculosis is a tendency to suspicion." (I wonder if Miss Lowell has ever *known* a writer of genius who suffered from consumption?) Fanny Brawne's faithlessness and coquetry were the invention of his diseased brain. She was long-suffering, loyal, and kind.

> Looking at their relations without bias, thrusting our minds away from the conventional interpretation, I think we must admit that he wronged her far more seriously than she ever wronged him. Her patience with him was unbounded; his with her no bigger than a grain of millet-seed.

Of course, if we are to call that "patience" in love which looks and is damnably like indifference, what Miss Lowell says is true. Keats was not indifferent; he believed and knew he could not live apart from Fanny Brawne: she was indifferent, not coldly, but just girlishly indifferent. Keats was "a nice boy" to her.

If this new theory of Fanny Brawne as the patient and devoted Griselda could be maintained, it would, of

course, change our conception of Keats. But what does the theory rest on? First on the assertion that tuberculosis brings with it a tendency to unjust suspicion. Herein, I pit my knowledge aganst Miss Lowell's, and deny the fact. A suspicious person who becomes consumptive doubtless becomes more suspicious : an unsuspicious and large-hearted person like Keats who becomes consumptive does not change into a suspicious one. Tuberculosis does have strange effects. Chief among them is its tendency to make infinitely more intense the spiritual characteristics of the person who suffers from it. Whatever he intimately is, he becomes to the *n*th degree. That Keats was Keats was far more important in his relation to Fanny Brawne than that he was an incipient consumptive.

Then Miss Lowell produces portions of some letters of Fanny Brawne's. Hitherto we have had no letters of hers. We have Keats's letters, but not hers to him. They would indeed be precious. We should then know, instead of having to guess at, the few letters that filled him with happiness and the many that plunged him into despair. Unfortunately, not one of the letters of Fanny Brawne which Miss Lowell produces was written during Keats's lifetime. He had been dead a year when the earliest of them was written. They are interesting in a mild sort of way, for they were written to Keats's sister Fanny, and therefore do concern Keats. But what evidence can they give as to Fanny Brawne's attitude and behaviour to Keats while he was alive? That was the time to be kind : when he had died and the worms had eaten him and largely for love, what matters what she wrote?

Miss Lowell has a penchant for psychology : she has also a penchant for speaking of psychology as a modern discovery, a new-found key by which we may unlock the secret hearts of great men who were ignorant of the science. It is a queer notion which powerfully contri-

butes to the impression of provinciality given by Miss Lowell's book. A modicum of the old-fashioned psychology—the sort that has been accessible *à toute personne bien née* for the last few thousand years—would have warned her that when a mistress has treated her lover badly in his life-time, and he dies a sad and painful death, her sentiments during the succeeding years are not evidence of her behaviour while he was alive. In this particular case the only valid evidence is the sentiments of Keats's friends, who would all, he says, have "god-blessed him from her for ever," and the agony of Keats's own letters. It is quite possible to believe that the sheer *extremity* of suffering in those letters was due to Keats's illness; but I should have thought it impossible for anyone (whether a "psychologist" or not) to imagine that that suffering had its root in unjust suspicions of a loyal and devoted mistress. Keats knew the truth of the matter: he stated it to Fanny Brawne again and again:—

> If you would really what is call'd enjoy yourself at a Party—(he wrote to her in June, 1820)—if you can smile in people's faces, and wish them to admire you *now*—you never have nor ever will love me. I see *life* in nothing but the certainty of your Love—convince me of it, my sweetest. If I am not somehow convinced I shall die of agony. If we love we must not live as other men and women do—I cannot brook the wolfsbane of fashion and foppery and tattle—you must be mine to die upon the rack if I want you. I do not pretend to say that I have more feeling than my fellows, but I wish you seriously to look over my letters, kind and unkind, and consider whether the Person who wrote them can be able to endure much longer the agonies and uncertainties which you are so peculiarly made to create. . .

"Nobody with a grain of medical sense," says Miss Lowell, "can fail to see this is delirium." Nobody with a grain of human understanding can fail to see that it is agony. There is a difference: a biographer of Keats must be able to appreciate it.

KNUT HAMSUN

By Maxim Gorki*

THERE are men for whom writing books is a profession, a "means of living." Their work is satisfactory enough if they refrain from heaping lies upon their heroes, if they desist from showing them in a worse light than they deserve. It is still better if they flatter their fellow creatures, be it ever so slightly. It does not matter if it is done crudely and with the obvious purpose of winning the good grace of the readers, for I think it only does the readers good to see themselves painted in brighter colours. Beautiful plumage, after all, lends to a man a certain resemblance to a cock! And we should not fail to remember that that bird, having entirely forgotten how to fly, continues nevertheless to walk on the earth with grave loftiness, not only because it supplies the world with milliards of eggs, but also because it has well realized the cultural importance of competition.

There are writers doomed by the disease of talent to work "in the sweat of their brows," who are impelled to write books by a restless yearning for "fame," by an entirely legitimate and biologically justifiable desire to set forth—to display—their individuality which sets them out from among the chaotic crowd of "mere men," and to create among them an atmosphere of attention and interest centred around the knight with the plume, the comforter, the wit. Such writers cannot do without the flattering encomiums of critics, the respectful acclamations of readers, the all-promising curiosity of women, and various other manifestations of

a kind that, going to their heads like wine, incite them to further work. Writers of this type are not long-lived and do not imprint their names very deeply in the "memories of yore." But it is they, precisely, who create "literature" in the broad sense of the term—they are to be compared to the nameless masons who erected the marvellous temples of the Middle Ages.

Besides these there are the artists of exceptional spiritual force and concentration and of an almost miraculous spiritual sight. These possess the power of seeing what cannot be seen by others, of understanding what has been understood by nobody before them, of discovering the uncommon in the commonplace. Their books bear the traces of an impressive and charming intimacy, and one always feels that they are not talking to people in general, but to one single, favourite, beloved being whose opinion alone carries weight with them, who alone can understand the full significance of their Scriptures.* These are the monumental figures of art, the makers of "immortal books," the despots in the domain of literature, the creators of its schools, styles, and tendencies.

Knut Hamsun belongs precisely to this latter group of artists of the word. But to me, even among them he is an exception. In all the literature of the present day I know of no one to equal him in the singularity of his creative talent. It seems to me that he gives no heed whatever to "schools" and "styles," or anything that drags like a shadow behind all true art. True art creates a "second nature" just as science does, with this difference, however, that science, with tender

* It is probable that such a being does not physically exist; the artists imagine him. The imaginary interlocutor is exceptionally subtle-minded and intelligent, for he is the man himself. I cannot picture to myself Anatole France discoursing with a real, true being, a friend, in complete frankness, without the pauses that require reticence and interpunctuations.—M. G.

solicitude, surrounds a man with the " second nature " from the outside, while art creates it within us.

Hamsun's books are truly the Scriptures on mankind, and are entirely free from all external ornaments. Their beauty lies in their implacable, dazzlingly simple truth, which in some miraculous way makes the figures of his Norwegian heroes as undeniably beautiful as the statues of ancient Greece. He does not write for the readers, neither does he write for the one " beloved " one. No ! I have this impression : Hamsun tells all he knows and feels to someone living somewhere miles above the heads of all men.

As he tells his story, he ponders over it. In my opinion, however, it would be useless to try to find out what Hamsun actually wishes to assert. His meditations entirely lack all " pedagogic " purpose. His mind is not influenced by any moral dogma or social hypothesis. His mind, to me, seems ideally free.

" Yes," he says, " we are all tramps on this earth. . . ." He says it—but does not affirm it. He is not a pessimist. His " tramps " are the masters of the earth ; the people he creates—those people of a small, austere country—are all heroes. Isaac of *Martin's Gröde* is the hero of an epos. Had the Edda not existed already, he would, of course, have created an Edda of his own, weaving from the tissue of his imagination a Thor, a Freia, a Sigurd, a Loke. A Loke, also ; for evil should also be transformed into a system ; one should grow a head on to its shoulders in order to tear it off later on. I think that Loke's head will be torn off by someone like Isaac ; after that he will settle down on earth in a harmless way, as every respectable man should have done a long time ago, and renovate the sky, populating it with kinder and more human gods. For, surely that clever and kind man of the future will not suffer the sky to remain empty, for fear lest this emptiness penetrate his soul !

> Fröken d'Espart was so obstinate in both good and evil, she had sunk so deeply into all that was earthly. *For that is what we call it.*

In the words underscored Hamsun expresses the kindly indulgent, soft irony of a sage. What else except the earthly is more significant than the woes of wretched human beings, sentenced to live in emptiness on an earth that trembles and crumbles to dust under their feet and destroys thousands of them in the fraction of a second, as it did in Lisbon, in Martinique, in Messina, and in Japan? It is exactly in all that is "earthly" that all the meaning of life lies buried. Is man to blame that it should be so? That there should be nothing but this god created by him for his own consolation and in whom I, personally, see as much mysticism as is concealed in all mechanics? Is God not created in order to bring harmony into the idea of omnipotence and omniscience? Is not a child of the mind the only instrument of self-defence at the disposal of man?

One is apt to think that in his last books—*Marten's Gröde, The Women at the Well, Sisste Kapitel*—Hamsun discourses with a being known to and seen by him alone. It may be the so-called "world's reason" or is it Hamsun's God, created by him to act as interlocutor? It is to him that the marvellous Norwegian writer tells the stories of his heroes, terrible in their epic simplicity, like the story of Inger in *Marten's Gröde*—"she was almost nothing among the rest of humanity—a mere unit"—this is how he characterizes the heroine of everyday life.

No one before Hamsun has reached the same amazing vividness in the descriptions of so-called insignificant, colourless personalities. No one has been so convincing in the revelation that colourless people do not exist! The earth is populated with millions of heroic ants, innocently sentenced to death, who erect

towns out of masses of stone, imagine and create all that is wise and beautiful, and in the various attempts to adorn their miserable lives, create for themselves the most torturing and intolerable conditions of social existence.

The story of this terrible and unwise existence is the story which Hamsun tells to his interlocutor, a certain perplexity ringing in his voice and, *en passant,* concealing his wrath, he questions him :

" Do you know the reason for all this ? Do you know why we all—heroes and martyrs that we are—appear to each other so insignificant and colourless ? Are you able to understand why this life on earth is so hapless ? "

The interlocutor maintains a malicious, perhaps an equally perplexed silence.

" Yes," insists Knut Hamsun, the wonderful artist, " such is life. But why ? Can you give me an answer ?

He does not get one.

Then Hamsun, with a still more amazing simplicity, tells another story about innocent men sentenced to endless tortures for some unknown crime.

" Yes," he says, " we are all tramps on this earth— Why are we tramps ? What for ? We have worked on it so diligently, we have already made it so beautiful. We truly have reason enough to love and respect each other, we have done some good work. Do you know why we torture each other so ? Are you able to understand the purpose of it ? "

He gets no answer.

It is an unspeakably hard and heroic task to live on this earth in the image of a Hamsun and spend one's life talking to someone who is deaf, dumb, and perhaps incurably stupid and desperately wicked ! How well it is that this monster does not exist, and that men like Hamsun, meditating on life, merely see to it that the head of a Loke be grown—in order that it may be torn off in time to come !

PICNIC

By John Metcalfe

I.

" THAT was a flash then, see it? "

The youth and the girl had risen from the bracken and waited for the peal of thunder.

Presently it reached them, hardly a peal in fact, only as yet a sort of flat and muffled bump, as though some monstrous troll had jarred his wooden trencher on the far horizon-rim. The curious, silent shudder of the air that followed had passed next moment, like the giant's breath, to lose itself along the leafy tunnels of the wood, but in its wake arose on every hand an urgent whispering of trees and the affrighted danger-cries of little birds.

" Damn! " said the boy. He was tallish, a small-boned, narrow-shouldered lad, some eighteen years of age. His face, good-looking in a facile, undistinguished style, was marred by a loose mouth and eyes too closely set. He wore a tennis-shirt, and round his waist a purple kamma-bund.

By his side the girl, Edie Copping, had begun to cry. " Oh, Elge," she said, " I do hate storms. They do make me feel rotten."

Early that morning Edie and her sister Ruth, and Alge and Alge's cronies, Bert and Jim, had started out with Mr. Meggeson the curate and a score or more of others for the woods. It was the annual summer outing of St. Saviour's " Social and Endeavour," and they had come by motor char-à-banc. After a noisy lunch of lemonade and sandwiches procured at the hut beside the lake, Mr. Meggeson had given the word to scatter.

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Edie and Alge had wandered far. From where the rested on their heather-scented couch they could n longer hear the shouts of their companions. Some where behind their heads a drowsy bee had buzzec The afternoon had lapped them in its lazy warmth, an in the serving of those golden moments they had los count of time. Only the sudden, ominous darkening o the sky had roused them from their dream.

About them, in the little, fern-floored glade, wer visible the accessories and souvenirs of dalliance Under a bush Alge could make out the empty bottle and the crumpled paper bag which he had thrown awa an hour or more ago. Nearer, some cigarette ends an a heap of orange peel still marked the spot where the had sat and smoked and squeezed before retreating t the deeper shadows of the thicket's edge. Over ther the yielding bracken still retained the impress of thei bodies, and, resting side by side between the twisted ankles of an oak, there lay like scandalous stage properties his silver-mounted cane and Edie's powder-box and puff.

He strode forwards to pick them up and as he did so came a second flash and then once more that curious susurration of the upper air. " Eight seconds," he pronounced, proceeding towards the oak tree after his pause to count. " It's still a long way off. It mayn't come here at all."

As if to answer him the fronting silhouette of trees leaped forwards, stamped its instantaneous pattern on the ground, and then as suddenly retreated. Next moment thunder grumbled sourly round a distant ring of hills.

" Oo, Elge, it's getting nearer. It is."

He had returned from the oak tree and held out her powder-box and puff.

" Here, catch hold," he said. " Better get along out of this. Better get yourself tidy, too. Come on."

Together, then, they hurried from the glade, whilst high above their heads the wrath of heaven gathered. She would have run, but he, with a restraining hand upon her arm, prevented her. About them little, dusty flocks of fallen leaves fled scampering in a hollow wind, and all around the boughs and stems of trees were labouring.

Edie still cried. Her head and throat were burning, and her body shook with intermittent sobs. Alge could feel the trembling of her fingers on his coat-sleeve, but held his glance averted.

Suddenly she stopped and spoke. " I'm frightened. Oh, I feel so frightened."

They faced each other. The rushing wind had dropped, and in the hush that followed it were audible the last low pipings of the birds, held to a single faint, half-stifled note of fear. Presently these sounds also died away, and all the forest waited breathless for the coming storm.

" We're all right, Edie. It's under single trees that's dangerous."

" It isn't only that. Oh, Elge, it isn't only that I mean. You know. . . ."

She faltered, paused a moment, and continued.

" You know, you promised, Elge. You promised to stick by me."

He regarded her uneasily. Clearing his throat, he made as if to speak, then checked a half-embarrassed snigger. Into his glance there crept a look of troubled calculation, presently of apprehension.

The girl was clinging to him now with both hands round his neck. Above them, heavy with the imminence of rain, the sky had beetled like a frowning face.

" Oh, shut it, Edie. Everything's all right. I promise you it is. Let go my neck."

He tried to unloose her hands.

" Let go," he said. . . .

A sudden passion of resentment blazed between them. The tense, electric air had held their nerves astretch, but now pent-up emotion had its way. They railed like angry children scarce knowing what they said.

" That's right, Elge; that's the way with fellows. Get round a girl and lead her into wrong, and then ' Let go,' they say."

" My God, you girls! "

" You know you planned it all along. That's why you was so glad when Mr. Meggeson says ' Break.' That's why——"

" And so was you, you tart! You wanted it as bad as me, you know you did. Let go my neck, I say."

She released her grasp so suddenly that he reeled backwards, catching at a branch. The girl had sunk upon her knees, hysterically sobbing.

Alge ran his fingers tenderly around his neck. " Come on," he muttered sulkily. " It's going to pelt. I'm going to the Hut. The others'll be there by this and wondering where we've got to. Come along, Edie."

" You cad! " she said.

He eyed her nervously. His face was white. " I'm going," he repeated, but she made no move.

" All right," he said. " I'm off. Not going to wait here to get soaked an' struck. Let you get on with it."

She raised her eyes.

" You cad! " she said again.

" I'm not. Why don't you come? "

" Along of you? I wouldn' be seen dead! "

" You fool! It's your fault just as much as mine."

" It wasn't."

" Yes it was. You——"

He stopped that moment, for a sudden, searing flash that seemed to rive the sky blinded their eyes and drove recrimination back upon their lips. Next instant, with

a deafening report, the storm had broken on them in its fury.

They ran then, plunging through brake and thicket, stumbling down paths grown darker every moment. The rain came on just as they reached a little clearing, and by the time they crossed it they were drenched.

They made, so far as memory might guide them, for the refreshment hut where they bought their lemonade and sandwiches three hours ago. At intervals Alge uttered a forlorn halloo.

After a time the downpour became less torrential, but overhead the mighty din went on without a pause. The lightning now was almost continuous. It gave them curious, momentary visions of a whelmed and stricken world—the drenched and spouting leaves, the shining trunks of trees, long, streaming vistas that fled headlong through a glittering sea of ink, drowned paths that slid away to regions more tormented yet.

Alge felt the touch of Edie's hand upon his shoulder. She shouted in his ear : " I can't run any more." Next nstant she had sunk exhausted at his feet.

He tried in vain to raise her. She seemed too tired ınd too terrified to move. Her arms were scratched ınd bleeding, and her flimsy summer clothes were torn. She drew his head down to her lips and whispered : ' We're going to get struck. It serves us right. We're going to get struck."

Between the flashes it was dark, but not too dark for him to see her face. Something in its expression puzzled and dismayed him. Her eyes were large and feverishly bright. Her mouth was set to a straight line. She lay nert and terrified, and yet in the abandon of her pose was something curiously more than terror or despair. n some obscure and contradictory fashion it conveyed hint of triumph.

He raised himself and frowned. For a moment he uckered his lips as to a hesitating whistle. His jaw ropped, and his gaze grew plaintive.

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II.

Perhaps an hour had passed. For more than half that time Edie had remained as she had fallen, resisting every effort on the part of Alge to move her. At last, however, a flash more blinding than the rest had caused her to scramble to her feet. They had run then, clumsily, for their limbs were chilled and cramped, through tangles of drenched undergrowth, along the slippery and sodden paths.

Now for a while they halted to take breath.

"It's hardly raining," said Alge presently. "I knew it wouldn't last. Come along, kiddo, let's do a scamper to the Hut an' then you'll be O.K."

Suddenly she laughed, and the smile which he had forced to reassure her faded as suddenly.

"The Hut!" she said. "You don't know where it is no more than me. We won't get there. It's going to get us first. The lightning. We're going to be struck."

They were almost the first words she had spoken since her collapse an hour ago. Her voice was toneless, but her eyes were wild. And once again he seemed to catch that curious and brooding note of triumph.

"Get struck!" he echoed in a pale derision. "Don't talk so silly! Why, the rain's almost stopped, and so's the lightning——"

He paused there, for to belie his words there came a distant surly roar. The storm, which for a time had seemed to pass behind them in a circle, was now returning.

"It's coming back," she said. "There, see that flash!"

"Look here," said Alge, "what's come to you? If you're afraid, why don't you get a move on? Come on, old Edie girl, no nonsense."

He ended lamely. His attempt at mastery had

failed. He stood confronting her in the soaked twilight of the forest. Before her glance his own fell cowed and baffled.

" It's coming back," she said again, " the lightning."

Her voice which had been toneless held now an almost gloating quality.

He raised his eyes to hers. Upon her face, tight-lipped and tranced, there sat an unreal exaltation, a sort of dreadful and exultant acquiescence in fatality.

" Oh, God, shut up," he said. " You and your bloody lightning ! "

His words had ended on a nervous shout, for at that instant came another flash much nearer than the last.

" Come on," he said. " I'm going to run. Almost on top of us that one it was."

He started off. The girl, after a moment's hesitation, followed him, but made no attempt to hurry.

" Come on," he shouted back at her again. " For heaven's sake, come *on*."

He waited until she had come up with him. His face worked nervously. His lips were dry.

" Why can't you run ? " he said. " You say the lightning's going to strike you . . . I believe you want it to. Gone lo· py, that you have. . . ."

The perspiration broke upon his forehead. He seized her arm and tried to drag her by main force. " Look here," he screamed, " you've got to come, or else I'm going on alone . . . Edie . . . Do you hear ? "

They proceeded slowly in this fashion whilst he, with one hand clenched about her wrist, cajoled, expostulated, and entreated, striving in vain to hurry her.

" I'll marry you . . . to-morrow, that I will . . . do anything you like . . . You hear ? I'll marry you. . . . ."

Any answer she might have given him was lost in a terrific peal of thunder. She started then to run with him. At last and with the nearer threat of danger that

tranced and stony mood of hers had crumbled for the time.

They hastened down the sodden paths. Alge reasoned that sooner or later they must strike the road by which they had approached the forest. Once they hit that the rest was simple.

III.

It was as the trees began to thin around the edges of a clearing that Edie said : " Listen ! I thought I heard somebody shout."

They stopped, straining their ears, but could hear nothing save the surly mutter of the thunder.

" It isn't anyone," said Alge. " They're all inside the Hut by now. Let's get across this bit. I think I see a road."

They hurried forwards, gazing with eager eyes towards the spot at which his finger pointed.

" Make haste ! " he called.

He had said that, and she, somehow, had run a little way before him through the fringing belt of trees. He heard her shout : " Look, here's the quickest way, " and saw her pass from out the shadows of the wood and gain the centre of the clearing.

Then she looked up, and, following hard behind her at a distance of ten yards, he saw her face.

He heard her cry : " Oh, Elge, the sky, the sky ! "

A second later he was at her side and looked up, too.

Above their heads, so close that one might touch it with an upraised hand, so curiously, fearfully remote that Edie's cry climbed tingling thinly and more thinly in its infinite ascent, the sky hung stretched and level as a painted card. Then, as Alge gazed, the card began to crumple slowly. An angry, brownish light shone round the circle of the hills.

He was as surely and as instantly aware of threatened danger as if he watched the steady creeping of a flame

along a fuse. Some instinct threw him flat upon his face. " Get lower, quick ! Get down ! " he shouted to the girl.

Next moment there came such a shattering shock as seemed to rend the earth. Although their eyes were shut they felt a blinding light as though all heaven had spouted into flame. And almost instantly a curious, deathly reek had filled their nostrils.

After some seconds Alge sat up.

From the woods on the further side of the clearing towards which they had been running came a voice.

" Gor love us, that was a wunner. Something went west then in a hurry. Look, can't you see it? Over in the trees there. I can see the smoke. . . ."

The voice was lost awhile, but presently it shouted :

" Look, there's a bloke upon the ground. Why, blimey if it ain't young Elge. Look, an' there's Edie, too."

Alge had risen to his feet by the time his friends came up. Three of them, Bert and Jim and little Freda Bighouse, all very haggard and bedraggled, all chattering in a nervous rush of talk.

" We lost our way. Reckoned we was the only ones, we did, an' all the others snug inside "—" That wasn't 'arf a stunner, was it ? "—" Blew off ole Jimbo's 'at "—" Where *is* the bally 'ut, then, any way ? " . . .

Presently there was a pause, and then somebody said :

" 'Ullo, what's up with Edie—can't she speak ? "

She was standing, very pale, and looking at the opening in the wood from which they had come out into the clearing. Just there the trees stood straight and calm against the sky, but from behind their screening forms, as from a hidden wound, there travelled faintly to them still that curious, pungent reek.

" Poor kid," said Bert, " she's properly done in. Never mind, Edie girl, you'll be O.K. along of us."

" She's starin' at that place I saw the smoke," said Jim. " Don't she look queer? Tell us, what is it, Edie?"

She turned, white-faced, and spoke.

" Elge," she said slowly, " Elge, that was the place where we was waiting. Elge, it was meant for you and me."

There was a pause and presently an awkward laugh. Then Alge said nervously :

" It's the storm that's made her queer. Just like a blessed jug of milk, she is. . . ."

" Well, come along an' don't stand gassin' 'ere," said Bert. " It isn't over yet."

Quite unexpectedly they came upon the road. Jim, with a shout of triumph, leaped across the broken fence that marked the ragged limit of the wood. " And look," he said, " why there's the 'ut. What price a cup o' tea?"

They pushed on jubilantly. Alge and Jim had drawn a little way ahead. Behind them Bert was walking with the tired girls.

As they neared the hut Alge caught the sound of Edie's voice : " He's going to marry me."

The words were plain. Jim could not have ignored them had he wished.

" 'Ullo," he said, " what's this I 'ear? You an' young Edie, eh? Shake 'ands ole man!"

The two of them turned back to join the rest.

" Well, I'll be 'anged," said Bert, " some folks 'as funny ways. To go an' pop it in a blinkin' thunderstorm!"

" Ah," giggled Freda in a nervous titter of excitement, " I expect it was the storm as give 'im courage. The electricity an' that, you know."

" Well, any'ow, cheer up, you two," said Bert, sarcastically, " it isn't arf as bad as goin' to a funeral."

A minute's further walking brought them to the Hut.

Just as they gained its shelter the storm broke (
afresh.

IV.

The long, low wooden room was crammed w
people. A dozen picnic parties, driven for refuge fr
all parts of the wood, filled it to overflowing. The
was blue with smoke and heavy with the steam t
rose from soaking clothes.

"Ough! What a fug!" said Jim. "I don't :
any of our joint."

But presently, by dint of dogged shoving, tl
discovered their own party, miserably packed a
steaming like the rest.

"'Ullo," said Bert, "thought we was struck n(
didn't you?—An' so did we a little while ago."

A dozen leaden eyed and pallid faces, stared ba
at him lethargically, too woebegone to smile. Five
six damp and tired girls were sitting in stolid a
resigned discomfort on a form. Their drenched fin
hung soaking round their bodies like the petals of
many dashed and mudded flowers. Wedged in
silent, surly knot beside a window, their swains st(
smoking gloomily.

"Well, ain't you glad to see us, then?" deman(
Bert facetiously. "We'd 'a called earlier, but v
detained over our toy-letts."

"Pity there ain't a mirror," replied some(
sourly, "and then you'd see yourselves."

"Better than sitting in a row with faces like
backs of trams, at any rate," said Bert ungallan
"'Ere, what about a cup o' tea?"

"You've got some 'opes. The tea's all gc
There's only bath water."

Outside the rain descended in a vicious fury.
stretch of gravel round the hut was covered witl
sudden white and seething carpet where the drops :

stung the ground and risen ankle-high like steam. A lamp was lit. It shed a flickering and uncertain light, so that each countenance appeared decayed, swimming within a sallow, watery unreality, like sick men's faces pictured in a dream.

Suddenly Edie cried : " Where's Ruth ? "

There was a moment's pause, then someone said : " She hasn't come in yet."

" Who saw her last ? " Her voice rang out high-pitched, tremulous with alarm. " Who was she with, I say ? "

" No need to worry, Edie. She's all right. She went with Mr. Meggeson. He'll see to 'er all right."

" With Mr. Meggeson ! "

" Yes. They was together, any'ow, the last I see of 'em. Lord love us, child, there's nothing to take on about. Whatever's happened to the girl ! "

" It's the storm," said Alge sulkily. " It's given her a headache."

" Too much excitement," remarked Bert, with a meaning intonation. " Which reminds me, you 'aven't 'eard the news."

" The news ! What news ? "

" They've fixed it up together," he proclaimed. " 'Er an' young Elge."

There was a moment's incredulous silence. Somebody began to whistle " 'Snaughty but 'snice." Then a girl tittered : " That's why she's let 'er 'air down. ' Opportunity's a fine thing,' Edie."

" Puss, puss ! " called Freda. " Give the chee-ild a chance. Can't you congratulate 'er ? "

Alge stood confused. An angry flush had risen to his cheek. His fingers fidgeted about the lapel of his coat.

" Looks like a cat that's swallered a canary, I don't think."

" More like a 'am-bone that's gone an' lost its frill. 'Ere, Elge boy, give us a shake ! "

After the handshaking and congratulations Alge slunk away. He edged between the shoulders of the crowd until he reached the strip of varnished wood that had served as counter while there was anything to sell. He looked up, and by his side saw Bert.

" No luck," said Alge, " not even a cake."

" Never mind the cakes," said Bert. " You goin' to marry Edie ? "

" Looks like it, doesn't it ? "

" My Christ, you better. . . ."

" I'd better ! What d'you mean ? "

He could make out Edie standing with the group beside the window. Her face was half-averted, but he could fancy she was crying. Her hair hung down her back but neatly now. Somebody, apparently, had lent her a slide. His gaze flickered, became furtive, then rebellious.

" What's it got to do with you ? " he said.

Bert for a time stood silent. The rain had ceased. The lamp had been extinguished. The mutter of the thunder grew more distant. Somewhere a voice, sardonically festive, began to sing " Ain't we got fun ? "

" To do with me ? " repeated Bert, " To do——"

He stopped there suddenly. Alge followed the direction of his glance. " Hello," he said, " here's Ruth and Mr. Meggeson."

They had come in, soaking and dishevelled, from the storm. The curate's hat was gone, his grey alpaca coat was daubed with mud. His teeth chattered. His eyes were set in a peculiar, glassy stare. Just for a moment the thought had flashed across the mind of Alge : " Good Lord, he's drunk."

But Mr. Meggeson was not drunk, only very frightened. He had discovered them by this time, and

made his way, still shivering, to where they stood. "She's hurt herself," he stammered. "That last stroke. A branch fell on her arm."

The girl beside him forced a flickering smile. "It isn't anything," she said, "only a scratch. Mr. Meggeson did it up for me——"

"After a fashion," said Mr. Meggeson, "only after a fashion. It ought to be attended to. . . ." His face was grey, peculiarly lined and creased like crumpled paper.

Alge raised his voice. "Edie," he called, "here's Ruth."

But Edie was already at their side. She untied the handkerchief which Mr. Meggeson had tied around her sister's arm.

"It was the branch," said Ruth in a faint whisper. "A tree was struck. It might have killed us. That last stroke. . . ."

"I know," said Edie. "It nearly got us, too. Anyone got some rag?"

Her voice was harsh and strained. Without raising her eyes to look at him she returned his handkerchief to Mr. Meggeson.

"Some rag!" said Freda. "You're welcome to my petticoat!"

The injured arm was bound.

Outside the storm had ended. A watery evening sun showed sheepishly behind the trees. People began to scatter from the hut.

"Hi, Ruthie, 'ave you 'eard the news?" said Jim. "Your sister's gone an' fixed it with young Elge."

But Ruthie's only answer was a nervous smile.

The char-à-banc had come out from the garage. St. Saviour's Social and Endeavour clambered to its seats. Slowly at first, then with a gathering roar that merged the catcalls and the shouting in a general steady and incessant din, they started on their way.

For many a noisy mile they thundered on towards Hoxton.

Edie was sitting between Alge and Mr. Meggeson. Until they left the Lea Bridge Road to skirt the southern side of Clapton Common she had kept silence. Now, as the racing lights of shops and lamps began to twinkle on each shouting mouth and waving arm, she turned at last towards the curate, and in a voice directed so that only he could hear, inquired :

" What are you going to do about it? "

" Do about what? " he stammered. For a while he did not catch her meaning, but as he marked the small, set face beside him, still tranced and curiously passionless as that of one who walks in sleep, a terrible misgiving filled his own.

. . . .

" About my sister here, about young Ruth. . . . The lightning tried to get us, Elge and me. It tried to get you, too. . . ."

His jaw had dropped. A stealthy sweat began to break upon his forehead. A look of horror crept into his eyes.

" She told you then," he whispered, " I'm going to marry her."

. . . .

It was a second or two later that someone in the seat behind them shouted :

" Hi, wake up there in front. Budge up, young Elge, and give 'er room. Your gel's a-goin' to faint ! "

THE PEOPLES WILL

By J. H. Clynes

LUCKILY his two friends knew the way, every inch, or he might have turned back in disgust. To propel one's self upstream against this lava-like torrent of commonplace people was a Bunyan's sort of test for a very self-conscious lover of humanity. Was one in duty bound to suffer crowds gladly? Humanity in the, no, not the abstract, quite, but—well, when he spoke and wrote and thought of humanity, it wasn't like this. Might this not be the proletariat? But with a mind applying itself to every face as the crowd swept it by, with a pin-point's concentration for a bowler-hat, a bonneted sticky baby, a blue-faced old woman (bad heart, no doubt), a policeman's helmet floating steadily on the surface of this river of bodies and souls, he began to give it special meanings, to idealise it, to see in it immense collective purposes and needs, to discover shortly that this was not only a great many people, but that this was The People, of whom he spoke with such fervour, and whose votes he would be demanding in a few minutes when he mounted the platform. They were the electorate—had he not addressed them as "Ladies and Gentlemen" in his election address? Copies of that address were no doubt walking about crumpled in the pockets of the crowd. The fate of the nation, the future course of history, were in their hands, to bend and mould as they would.

His heart warmed to this drab noisy multitude, as he threaded the spaces between fruit-stalls in the road, sandwichmen, weary gutter musicians and the knots of

sceptics listening to the patter of watch-and-ring tricksters with their guinea's worth for eighteen pence. How easy their work was, if their hearts could only tell them! Vote for the right man, and their tangled equations would begin to resolve themselves and a better order would emerge. If they could but see that it was *everything* to appoint as their representatives men who loved them, who didn't want just to exploit and sneer at them as the old politicians had done . . . men who respected and anticipated their welfare, and wished deep in their hearts to serve. He found himself thinking how true it was that the biggest things in life, whatever they be, were so simple, once you grasped them.

The journey he had begun as a martyr, he continued as a prophet, blowing the glow inside himself into a fine heat. The killing brilliance of the white electric light from the high-power bulbs shining upon mountains and barricades of scarlet meat, the contorted masses of garments, corsets, and pyramids of silk stockings in the drapers' shops, the sadness of the boot-and-shoe shop-windows with their paper foot-gear gaping open for feet, the terrifying winking electric tooth outside the dentist's establishment, all helped to lay on a little more thickly the conviction that he was seeing these things (so familiar in a sense), with new eyes. That's what everyone wanted to do—to see the world with new eyes!

They reached the town-hall, his agent saying: "You'll speak first, for half an hour, and then we've got to go on to the next meeting." His unforgettable speech, delivered with a mind and eyes transfigured by the emotions sweeping through him, won the election. It touched them. They wouldn't let him go away. People who had come to ask awkward questions stood up and yelled: "Who's a-going to vote for the Boy? . . . *I* am!" And they sang "For he's a jolly

good fellow" until the town-hall organ caught the infection and roared as if it would get loose and canter off down the main-street, singing "For he's a jolly good fellow," and leave behind a stream of broken fruit-stalls.

So it went on, from day to day, from climax to climax, until the figures were read out announcing his return to Parliament, and his opponents (one of whom had lost his deposit) shook hands with him and said they wished him well. Exhausted, elated, and secretly appalled at the reality of fruit his scattered seeds of words had borne, he climbed into his be-streamered, be-placarded car, and made a painful, hysterical progress down the main-street which he had seen for the first time three weeks before. Even in this tumult and unreality of event, how familiar it seemed by now! The names painted over the shops, the sequence of shops from ironmonger to grocer, newsagent, confectioner, passed before him as inevitably as might the notes of a melody. The dentist's sign, no longer terrifying, but with a kind of comic intimacy in its appeal, he hardly noticed: indeed, was it possible to notice anything with these legions of singing faces, hands to be shaken, catch-words to be returned, clamouring for his attention?

The days between the election and his swearing-in were dream-like in their unsubstantiality—or was it that on emerging from a dream the substantial world was hardly believable? But letters were there, regiments of them, formulæ of congratulation, forgotten friends coming up like bubbles to the surface of memory, societies and leagues claiming support, begging letters, anonymous notes of abuse, wails from houseless people, pensioners with claims against the Government, written in every kind of thin pale ink on lined and creased cheap paper. To each its answer.

"Certainly I shall investigate your case. It is a scandalous thing that any Government. . . ."

" I fear I cannot pledge myself to a full support of your Committee's objects, but. . . ."

" My dear Walter, it is years since I heard from you. Thanks very much. . . ."

And so to the House of Commons, with its teeming labyrinthine corridors, its policemen, its jangling division-bells, its wigs and mace, its silk robes and knee-breeches, its irreconcilable detachment from and concern with the world outside. What a whimsical disgust he felt at its ceremonial and slow-but-sure procedure! Still, it must be endured in all its strangenesses; one must blink its irrelevancies, remembering that indeed from this place fulfilment sooner or later would come to his vision.

Consequently, during the twelve months of that unhappy Parliament's life, he made a possible eighty-two out of eighty-four divisions, asked one hundred and sixteen questions for oral answer and twenty-nine for written answer, sat upon two committees, spoke thirty-five columns of Hansard, introduced a Bill which died a natural death, created three scenes, entertained a hundred and forty-three constituents to tea on the Terrace, wrote forty-two columns of newspaper comment, answered an average of twenty-six letters per day, " showed round " the Houses of Parliament two hundred and twenty-one persons (not all constituents, though some of the constituents entertained to tea might be included in this number) and when the next General Election came about, and once more the fatal figures were announced, found himself defeated by three thousand, six hundred and seventy-nine votes.

WHY CHRISTIANITY FAILS

By T. A. Bowhay

Continued from page 837.

It is only natural things which can be revealed directly to another, that is the things which appeal to man's senses. Intellectual facts do not exist external to the mind, and it is only the mind's spontaneous action which reveals them to it. It is true that a more cultivated mind may be of assistance in guiding and stimulating a less cultivated one, but that is all it can do, guide and stimulate, not impart. This is the point at which teachers generally fail, whether intellectual or Christian. Because human nature is one, and natural facts can be known intellectually, it is also possible that intellectual facts may be known as if they were natural facts. This is the case when they are merely remembered. A child, like an animal, may remember that fire burns, and he may tell another child that it burns, but the memory of the fact, and its statement in words to another, do not imply any direct use of the intellect; there is no intellectual life in the memory of the natural fact, nor in the verbal expression of it. It is possible for a child to commit to memory a whole book without the slightest exercise of his intellect. Not only, however, may huge numbers of actual facts be remembered, but also large numbers of intellectual statements (intellectual, it may be, or may not be, to the teacher), may be remembered and used by the pupil, without the slightest participation of his own intellect in the process. That he can use them is due to the power of association, which is one capacity of the memory of great importance so far as the memory is

concerned, and an extremely useful servant, when memory is assigned its proper place in relation to the intellect. To mistake memory for intellect is the cause of the failure of education. Omitting all considerations now of natural facts, such a mistake causes teacher and pupil to suppose, when a number of intellectual principles are stored up in the memory, and it is possible to combine and recombine them through the power of association, as circumstances occur, which arouse it into action, that the intellect has been acting, and such a mistake renders nugatory for intellectual life all which has been done. Yet such a process alone is all that education generally accomplishes.

A good memory is necessary, doubtless, for intellectual life, but the apparently best memory may be the greatest possible hindrance to even the awakening of the intellect to action. Animals have far better memories than any man; savages have far better memories than any man with a cultivated intellect, within the range to which their observation extends. Memory, therefore, in education must not be substituted for intellectual action. When a child, or any other learner, is asked to attend to either a natural fact, or to an intellectual one, and he does it intellectually, he shows in some way or other a personal concern in what he is attending to, because he is conscious that it appeals to him personally; he is aware that he is using himself, and wishes to grasp the relation of it all to himself; his intellect is working spontaneously, it adds of itself to what it receives. The direct consequence of such a working is that the child does not merely remember, as is evident from his never giving an answer as if he had learnt it, but always as if he had made it for himself. No education is of any service, intellectually, except in so far as it enables the learner, not to remember that he has learnt something, but to answer a question or to make a statement, as if he

himself were the original source of what he says, and he had never heard it before.

With regard to spiritual facts, a twofold mistake can be made ; they can be dealt with as if they were intellectual facts, or even as if they were natural facts. When a man who may know a spiritual fact spiritually, speaks of it to a learner in such a way, that the learner, in accepting the statement, thinks he knows the fact, because he remembers the statement, and can repeat it to himself, he has reduced the spiritual fact to the level of that which is natural. The learner may even behave in the way the recognition of the spiritual fact would require, he may even think and feel, as he should, in regard to it, and still what he supposes a spiritual fact will be to him a merely natural one.

Or the spiritual teacher may make another mistake. He may so speak of the spiritual fact, that the learner receives it as an intellectual one, one which he can receive and deal with as if it were in his own control, which all intellectual facts are ; and again, behaviour, thought, and feeling may correspond to what the spiritual fact would require, although he is entirely ignorant of what the spiritual fact is, as a spiritual fact.

Just as the so-called intellectual education is of little or no use to the majority who are subject to it, and in most cases rather weakens than strengthens their innate powers, so what is termed Christian or spiritual teaching, in large numbers of cases, seems rather to drive men from God than to reveal Him to them. The cause is the same in both failures. For intellect, memory is substituted ; intellectual facts are degraded into natural fact. For spiritual facts, intellect or memory, or a mixture of both, is accepted. That the essential characteristic of both intellect and spirit is spontaneity ; that that alone is intellectual which the intellect thinks of itself, and that alone is spiritual which a man cannot find in the world, nor in himself, but which he is aware comes

to him ; all this is forgotten. The inferior is elevated into the position of the superior, and human life is dominated by the lower instead of by the higher.

Or to express it in another way. The natural facts of the world used by the intellect of man as material for the exercise of its powers, are transformed, for man, by that exercise, and the intellect has been active only so far as a man has grown conscious that, for him, natural things have been transformed. So intellectual facts at any given point in a man's development can be transformed for the man by the spontaneous action of further intellectual power than was previously exercised. The intellect is then alive when it is continually developing through its own essential activity, itself becoming a continual fuller revelation. So a man may find himself, in the natural facts which constitute his physical nature and in the intellectual facts of his being, transformed continually by the action of the revelation in him (and by his own correspondence with them) of the spiritual facts which are beyond him. Nor is the transformation of the natural facts more real and assured than is the transformation of the earlier intellectual facts, by the later ones, or than is the transformation of both the intellectual and natural by the spontaneous power of the spiritual facts revealed to man. That alone is intellectual by which the intellectual is transformed, and that alone is spiritual by which the whole nature of man is transformed, not by his own energy, but by the action of what is beyond him. All this is generally forgotten.

The question arises, if intellectual facts are fixed and predetermined, and the same is true of spiritual facts, how can the mark of both sets of facts be spontaneity. Can predetermination and the freedom of spontaneity co-exist and co-operate in action?

With regard to intellect, the predetermination involves that intellect, to attain to its complete develop-

ment, can only do so in obedience to its own method of development, which is fixed before it begins to act ; but that it is not compelled to such obedience is evidenced by the countless mistakes made in the past, and repeated in the present, and especially by the mistake, which is the fountain-head of all others, as to the true nature of education, wherein men regard that as intellectual which is deficient of the essential characteristics of intellect, and that as spiritual which has no mark of a spiritual fact. That the method of intellectual action is fixed and predetermined is shown by the fact that all intellectual success is accomplished in the same way, however various the direction in which it is sought, and that is by obedience to what may be termed the general laws of intellectual action, as subordinate to those which are peculiar to the individual.

Method is predetermined, obedience to it is free.

There can be no doubt that obedience is free ; otherwise there could be no failures ; and that fact of life is of more importance than the fact that the method is predetermined. For it involves the further fact that the intellect holds a subordinate position in life. If intellect were the directing and controlling power of life, the dominating influence in it, there might arise a conflict between the intellectual and the natural, but there could be no conflict within the intellectual ; the fixed method of its operation would prevent such a conflict, whilst nothing is more certain than that such a conflict does exist.

The intellect is not free, obedience to its method is free ; and therefore in man there must be a capacity which can use the intellect as its instrument, and that capacity is man's spirit. Man is not the highest reality he can know. The highest reality is the infinite spirit who is infinite freedom, with whom, man may learn by experience, he can more and more closely correspond. Man in the beginning, however, is

finite actually, and only infinite potentially. But there must be nothing in the beginning which is absolutely antagonistic to what he can become, for then he would have to lose what was antagonistic, and so far as he had to lose, he could not be potentially what he finally becomes, he could not be the something which had to be transformed without the loss of itself. Man's spirit, therefore, in the beginning of his development must be free, but his freedom has to harmonise with the infinite freedom of God. So that in spirit as in intellect, freedom and predetermination have to be reconciled.

And again, it is the method in which man must correspond to God which is fixed, whilst man is free to obey that method or not as he will. If his obedience were compelled, he would be no more than an observer, a mere looker on, of a process, and the process would have nothing to do with him ; he would only be a mirror in which certain operations were reflected, or like a visitor to a camera-obscura, who has no vital interest in the shadows in front of him, or like a peasant dressed in a king's robes, who is still the peasant that he was. Such is not the nature of man ; what he is, and not what he beholds is his chief concern. To possess being in any sense that is real, man must be free to obey or not to obey, and that he is so the whole course of his history testifies.

This freedom extends not only to his correspondence with the freedom of God, but also to the development of his intellect, and to his dealing with natural facts. It is man's spirit which dominates his development, and through his spirit man's life lies in the power of his own decision, and hence, he is responsible for the use he has made of himself.

He can, as he has done in the past, and as he does in the present, make himself in a countless variety of ways, but for each man there is but one perfect way,

in following the fixed method of his intellect as it is in him individually, and in obedience to the method which secures his correspondence with the infinite freedom of God.

Another question arises. What is the relation to man of the knowledge of natural facts which he can acquire? One answer to that question is easy. It enables man to use the powers, which are natural, for his own practical purposes, and to make the circumstances of his life more beautiful by a closer association with what is beautiful in natural facts, than that which he gets, for example, from flowers, beautiful as they are. Another answer comes readily to the mind. Through his knowing man knows so much more of himself, and is able to attend to more and more worthy objects of thought and feeling, as his knowledge is more. His knowledge makes his earthly life more full and complete, more interesting and delightful, more human, since it becomes a developing expression of his own nature.

Yet, as we have seen, the complete possession in knowledge of what a man is, gives him only a consciousness of what he has been from the beginning unconsciously, and there can be no doubt that with increased knowledge of himself, a greater uncertainty and hesitation about his course of action grows up in him, whereby the sense of delightful pleasure in action, the charm of early life, is lessened, and in some cases utterly lost. When men use their reason as what may be termed a natural possession, they seem to make fewer mistakes, to accomplish more, and in a more delightful manner, in a word to be more, than when they seek to use it after intellectual cultivation. All languages have been made by the instinctive use of reason, cultivated intellectual reason cannot make one new word, only manipulate more or less imperfectly words already in use. Still cultivated reason is

superior to uncultivated, and the seeming loss it entail
must be due not to the cultivation itself, but to th
method of the cultivation. Its cultivation is due to th
instinctive promptings of the intellect, and is part
therefore, of its predetermined nature, and cannot b
wrong. What is the fault in the method?

As we saw, when we considered the paradox whicl
knowledge became if there was nothing beyond th
intellect, the intellect is not supreme in life, it is onl
a means to an end, and hence the failure men make s
generally. They do not, through the cultivation of th
intellect, through the increase of their knowledge, fin
that which it is part of the predetermination of life the
should find by those means, the power of spiritual life
That power always restores, if it has been weakene
or lost, the wholeness of life as it is possessed by
little child; it gives strength, energy, brightness
vivacity, the sense that mere living is a delightfu
pleasure; it quickens and regenerates the physica
nature, it invigorates and illuminates the intellectua
capacities, it produces that joy in all existence whicl
makes a man not only a joy to himself, but a joy to al
with whom he comes into contact. In spiritual life mar
lives with real and true life. Probably even the abilit
to make new words might return if that spiritual powe
was possessed by men generally. According to the ol
story, it was the almost universal wickedness of man
that is his utter aversion from his spiritual nature, whicl
brought the confusion of languages, and that may be
a promise of the restoration of the oneness of speech,
as men become more and more convinced of thei
spiritual capacity, and live in its power of freedom.

This restoration of the spiritual capacity of man is
what Christianity is in its truth. The spiritual fact that
God the Son became man, is the divine assertion of what
all men had hesitated to declare, however great as
teachers they had been; the fact that there is nothing in

man, and therefore nothing in the natural world, which is in any way antagonistic to the nature of God. All the old conceptions and superstitions, with which men, feeling darkly after God, of whose existence their own unconscious spiritual nature was a dim foreshadowing, had overladen the human conscience, had rather blinded themselves than found light, and had rather degraded than elevated themselves, all such conceptions were swept away by the revelation that man was in very truth the Son of God, that he was what God in the essential integrity of His being could become without loss, and therefore that man was, also without any loss of his manhood, capable of being a partaker of the divine nature. An early Christian wrote, and it is the whole of Christianity in a small compass, " God became man that man might become God," and not hereafter, but now in the days of his earthly sojourn.

This gives us the answer to the question I asked; what is the relation to man's knowledge of natural facts to man? In sharing the divine nature it is necessary that man should share in the work of God. His knowledge of natural facts reveals to Him intellectually God's method and plan of work, as far as that is revealed in natural facts, in that they are the creation of God. What is the work in which men can share? It is to aid in the development and elevation of all created things to the perfection intended for them by the Creator.

It must be remembered, however, that no intellectual knowledge, however great, can enable a man to do this, only those are capable of the task who have found in themselves the power of spiritual life. Scientific men have revealed the principle of evolution, but they have also revealed that evolution has stopped, and using only intellect are baffled in their attempt to discover why it should be so, as merely intellectual teachers are always baffled in their attempts at education,

Christian and otherwise. No intellectual attempt (
unravel the mystery, for to unravel it would mean t
man would continue the evolutionary process, and t
is impossible to man using mere intellect; it is o
spirit that can create, and a continued evolution wo
be a creation. The knowledge of what God has d(
hitherto is only a means in preparing man for his wo
when through the development of man's spirit
capacity he is ready for it. St. Paul says (Rom. v
19): "The earnest expectation of the creation wait
for the manifestation of the sons of God," which s(
men are in their spiritual capacity. So those who kn
spiritual life must aid their fellow creatures to find
also, till men, all men, come to the knowledge of G
in spiritual power, and working with God share
bringing about the regeneration of all things.

Why then has Christianity failed to the extent it ha
Because Christians most often do not believe what
the essential verity of their own faith, and because ve
few even of those who do believe it seek su
ciently to realise it in themselves. If Christians we
Christians, there would be no need for any other inci
ment to induce those to be Christians who are not s
A true Christian is the best evidence of the truth
Christianity. It was the only argument of the ea
Christians. When through their attractive charm t
Western world was drawn to assume the form a
fashion of Christianity, and made it either natural
intellectual, knowing nothing spiritually, then Chris
ianity began to fail, both in the life of its professo
and in its method of teaching.

Such a failure is not surprising. If it is only aft
thousands of years of mistakes and delusions, that m(
have learnt to enter into and comprehend natural fact
and some few, some few indeed, are just beginning
enter into and comprehend intellectual facts, how cou

it not take longer for men to enter into and grasp spiritual facts?

There are other reasons, the interminable disputes as to the true meaning of Christian teaching, not at all due to what is Christian; the large number of so-called Christian sects; the altogether evil action of so-called Christian authorities, when they have had the physical power to carry out their evil will; and many others into which there is no need to inquire, all due to the root one, what has been offered to men has been merely natural, or what is worse, intellectual superstition, not spiritual, and therefore not Christian. So long as professing Christians are only natural, or only intellectual, not spiritual, Christianity must fail.

The Tryst

THE mist is on the meadows,
Breasthigh in the moon;
And woodsmoke rises silver
O'er cold roofs of the town.

Now is the hour we longed for,
The solitude we planned.
But oh, this frozen passion
Was not by us designed!

RICHARD CHURCH.

TWO SONNETS

By Kathleen Freeman

Failure

JEALOUS, you said ; and scorn was in the curve
Of the lips that framed the word of failure ; last
I came of all your lovers, I who cast
No arms about your knees, forbore to serve
Your beauty, swore to stand erect, apart,
And praise you as men praise a tree, a hill,
Music, a picture ; proud was I of will
Indomitable, and proudly sang my heart,
" I give the rarest gift in all the world,
Justice, not passion ; she shall know what hands
Can love and cling not ; splendid she shall tread,
And splendidly the heart that understands
Shall contemplate her going." Your lip is curled
To-day, and shamed my eyes ; jealous, you said.

Gratitude

I should be grateful to you ; for your hands
Gave no caress, your lips did not assuage
My misery to mock-forgetfulness.
No, but you cried aloud, " Rejoice and know
That love is lost to you ; the gentle bands
Are loosened ; forth, forth where the storm-winds rage,
The night has secrets, and the seething stress
Of all-engulfing anguish, blow on blow,
Shall shape your soul to wisdom ; in these arms
Your song is silent, and your eyes are blind
With gazing over-much on eyes that hold
Promise of safety from the night's alarms,
False promise of false service, soft and kind."
I should be grateful to the heart grown cold.

THE FUTURE OF "THE ADELPHI"

By The Editor

THE ADELPHI will be continued. It has been made clear that there is a sufficient demand for it to warrant a slight risk being taken. The appeal has had the effect of forming a large and valuable nucleus of direct subscribers, and also of showing that a very large number of readers, who would subscribe if they could, simply cannot afford to do so.

For the sake of these readers, it has been decided to fix the price of THE ADELPHI from June onwards at 1s. 3d. instead of 1s. 6d. This will mean working with a narrow margin for the time being : but again, the risk is worth taking. I hope that those who have promised to become direct subscribers will not imagine they have been persuaded by false representations, seeing that they will save only 1s. 6d. instead of the promised 4s. 6d. I think they will agree that every effort must be made to keep the magazine within the reach of all who want to read it.

A further effort will accordingly be made to keep THE ADELPHI to some extent upon the bookstalls, in order that the opportunity of gaining new readers may not be lost. This is possible because the appeal has had the effect of giving a fairly firm basis of a minimum sale on which to rely. I shall be no longer working wholly in the dark, and shall therefore be able to allow a margin for casual sales with a clear knowledge of the maximum risk it will involve.

THE ADELPHI will not be run at a loss, simply because it *cannot* be run at a loss. Its mere existence will always be a guarantee that it is, however modestly, paying its way. My hope is that, by taking all the work into my own hands, I shall be able during the coming year to establish it firmly.

It seems appropriate to conclude this announcement with the following kindly prognostication sent to me on a postcard :

> 9 a.m., Monday, February 16th.
>
> To-day Mercury (Hermes), in Aquarius is in square. Evil aspect to Saturn in Scorpio at 11.8 a.m. Aquarius is the sign of Uranus, who governs Astrology, New Thought, Socialism, &c. Last April you turned down Astrology of which you knew nothing. I suppose Frederick Carter was your alias. I have a friend a writer of that name who did *not* write it. Mercury to-day will *turn down* your mag. and end your editorial Pecksniffian lucubrations on religion. The critics, A. Porter, Leond. Wolff, R. Aldington, &c., are all unanimous about your *egotism* !
>
> H. M.

" All the critics," said Remy de Gourmont, " that means one critic copied by all the others." However—I am not Frederick Carter ; I know nothing about astrology ; and now I am even less inclined to believe in it than I was.

The Dream Pirate

I have eaten bitter aloes, I have drunken of the brine,
I have moored my craft in safety under banyan-tree
  and pine,
High flotillas swerve asunder, and fly in fear of Me
When I hoist my sails of Wonder, and swoop down
  upon the Sea.

HERBERT E. PALMER.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WILLIAM ARCHER AND SPIRITUALISM.—It seems only right that a passage from an article by Mr. Hannen Swaffer in the *Sunday Express*, which was kindly sent me by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, should be brought to the attention of readers of William Archer's letter in the March ADELPHI, for Mr. Swaffer evidently speaks with some detailed knowledge of the experiences to which William Archer referred in it. For my own part I must confess that these things do not interest me. I have no formed opinion concerning the fact of such experiences, and I have an irresistible disinclination to accept evidence in the physical realm that is not approved by investigators of the highest standing in the physical sciences. To me there is an absolute distinction between spiritual knowledge and "spiritualism"; and the distinction appears first in that the former is, by its own nature, immune from scientific investigation, while the latter claims to be a physical manifestation and therefore is, and should be, subject to scientific investigation of the most rigorous kind. The second, and to me still more important consequence of the distinction, is pragmatic. Of what value are these communications to those who believe they have them? As far as I can see, of none, though I may be mistaken in this. At any rate I cannot conceive any circumstances in which "communications" of the nature of those recorded by Mr. Swaffer would be of any worth to me; and I note that William Archer himself admitted "the extremely unsatisfactory nature of the alleged 'communications' which 'come through.' They are trivial, commonplace, futile—they seem to rob death of its dignity, and discount the very idea of a future state."

I should be inclined to suggest, though well aware that it is not a "scientific" hypothesis, that the "communications" are curiously adapted to the level

of spiritual understanding of the media through which they come. Whether I regard these media as very commonplace receiving instruments for something which I might possibly assimilate to the eternal soul-existence in which I do believe, or I regard them as conscious or unconscious participants in fraud, does not greatly matter. In the second case I dismiss them entirely ; in the first, why should I use a commonplace means for making contact with something which I know, not merely by my own experience but by the experience of many men far greater than I, *cannot* be known by commonplace means : something which rather, in order to be known at all, demands the utmost purity and the intensest operation of all a man's faculties? When, by means of spirit communication, words are said which move me to the depths as I am moved say by the words of Christ or lines of Shakespeare—then I may begin to listen. Till then I will go my way untroubled.

So much by way of preamble to the following. Mr. George Valiantine, it should be said, is the American medium. The speaking of the "spirits," which are "manifested" through him, is done for the most part through trumpets in a darkened room.

> Well, two weeks last Wednesday, while Dennis Bradley, my Secretary, and two other friends were sitting with Valiantine, a voice suddenly sounded out loud, speaking high up in the room, without the trumpet.
>
> "William Watcher," I thought it said. When I repeated that name, it said, "No, William Archer."
>
> "Swaffer," the voice went on, "I want to tell you and Bradley how sorry I am that I was afraid to acknowledge Spiritualism."
>
> "Are you happy, William?" I asked.
>
> "Yes," he replied, "I am with my boy."
>
> Last Wednesday again, at another sitting, William Archer turned up and spoke to Austin Harrison, a sceptic who was one of the party. He did not address me this time, but talked to Harrison, after speaking towards Bradley, and said, "Harrison, this is the great truth."

"How did you get the plot of *The Green Goddess?*" asked Harrison.

"Through my son," was Archer's reply.

As if that miracle were not enough for one week, I heard, three nights later, a message from William Archer, who died ten weeks ago. Just a year before, in that same room at Kingston Vale. Archer had sat with Valiantine, and, in the hearing of Lady Grey of Fallodon and Dennis Bradley and his wife, spoke to his dead son, whom he thanked for giving him the plot of *The Green Goddess.*

If you remember, Archer, although a great critic, was a man of little imagination. Then, late in life, he wrote, of all things for a highbrow, a melodrama which won him a big fortune.

"How did Archer do it?" said his friends.

"The plot came to me in a dream," replied Archer. That was as far as he went.

The Bradleys knew the truth. They had heard him thank his son. But Mr. Bradley was asked by Archer not to mention this in *Towards the Stars.* Archer was convinced of Spiritualism, but he feared ridicule.

Then, on the day before his operation, Archer wrote to J. Middleton Murry, "I have had many communications from a dead relative in circumstances absolutely excluding trickery or fraud. Should I emerge all right from to-morrow's ceremonies, I shall be glad to meet you and tell you in detail the facts on which I base my conviction."

A few hours later Archer was dead.

On the following Monday morning he was due to sit with Mrs. Osborne Leonard, the famous trance medium. Then, on the day he died, two days before the sitting, she was having tea at Harrow Weald with Mrs. Gibbons Grinling, a spiritualist friend, when she saw a form enter the room.

"There's Mr. Archer," she said. Just then the form vanished.

Wondering, she waited for Mr. Archer on the Monday, but he did not come. That night she read in the evening papers that Archer had died in a nursing home just before he appeared to her at Harrow Weald. Knowing how busy she was with appointments, he had come to tell her, she thinks, that he could not keep the one that he had made.

The remarks attributed to William Archer do not strike me as very probable remarks from the man who wrote the letter in the March ADELPHI.—J. M. MURRY.

Of Common Things.—It is a boon and a satisfaction to be able to do common things, to know how to do them, to have the inclination to do them, to know the zest of doing them well; which means pridefully and with a *soul-sating* punch. And common means common, in this case, as, to fire the incinerator, cremate the garbage, oil the door-hinge, mend the foot-scraper, adjust the eaves-trough, diagnose the roof-leak, replace the washer in the sink. One can only pity the man who, as in Lord Dunsany's *Fame* (poet sublimated), can only write the sonnet and is not able—in the efficient and pragmatic sense—to wash and clean the dishes that lie in the sink; thereby exposing to the visiting vulgar goddess the depressing fact that "he eats eggs"!—The fact itself is a grave disability. No person of that sort, no Poet Sublimated, should ever eat eggs; but if he sins in ignorance, the effective manipulation of the sink might, in part at least, atone for it.

I have thrown *Leaves of Grass* on the bonfire. I do not read the essay on *Compensation.* I stand with my back squarely against Thoreau's shanty on Walden Pond and announce that these things are so. Because I know. I have just incinerated the combustibles for this household and abated the nuisances imposed upon me by my neighbour and my neighbour's dog. I have dried the dinner dishes and prescribed for the boy with the quinsy and eliminated the feral arachnid ensconced on the counterpane for the night. . . And I have blacked my own morning shoes—that's the American of it, for aught I know, the Australian, too. The colonies, I hope, were designed by a benevolent Providence to free Englishmen of the enslaving fetish of service and the benefactions of valet, butler, kitchen and scullery-maid. Amenable as any to the beguiling charm of "Your hot water, Sir," I know in my soul that these things are paradisaical pleasures that should only be tasted in rare relaxations—escapes to the home

f them—enervating as they are to the yeomanly
eart that beats out the business of living as if the life
ere new.

I know, I say, because when I am my own serving
ıan I am feeling the strong pulse of this temporal
orld. I own my own hand and direct my own vigour
nd am no pasha in a degenerate heaven. When I am
one with them—all the stout healthy common things
ıat Adam did on escaping from that vice-begetting
arden—my mood is not erose with soul-gnawings; I
ın cram a briar bowl with sound satisfactions and smoke
in contempt of all fools; in derision of the fool my
ɔul itself would be—if it could afford to. Here are no
lusions: fill the pipe! The warm briar fragrance adds
motif to the blend; it is the very tincture of the hill.
feurons heed it, jaded neurons that live deep and have
nguished for the scent of faggots burning in the dark.
\ blight on towns!) They join me in the flicker and
low. We own the cave and the zest of it. Outside are
easts and bone-gnawings; within, smoke-coils and
ctures on walls. Nothing that lived ever dies. Glory
e to God, Maker of Eohippus and Hipparion and of
[ousterian Man, Urus, and the forest horse. I know
em all, and the priest-artist function of painting them
fat and ochre on these walls. Only when I am
rved, I forget. . .

Where was I?—"It is a boon and a satisfaction to
e able to do common things." Who said it? Not I
ıt some wise god who, passing, saw me prod the
cinerator with a garden fork and do hand-duty on the
lge of the dark . . . that majestic and impersonal
ark that islands our trivial days, that are beaded on so
ly a chain.—H. CHESTER TRACY.

MR. BARRYMORE'S HAMLET.—Mr. John Barry-
ɔre, at the Haymarket Theatre, is to be congratulated

on a singularly practical and careful exposition of the character of Hamlet. His production, as a whole or in detail, is governed by the dignity of conception, which is skilfully maintained, and gives evidence throughout of unobtrusive research and ability.

That there is more than one interpretation possible, many actors and writers have been at pains to demonstrate ; and they have obtained from the text a justification proportionate to the value of their opinions. Whilst the vexed question of Hamlet's madness has bred so many efforts to translate it into the sanity against which it is to be contrasted and judged that probably no play has ever been more sedulously assisted into confusion.

The character which Mr. Barrymore portrays is that of a noble Prince grieved and saddened by his father's death and his mother's life. Already he is closing his heart's wounds with blood drained from the mind, when suddenly, his whole being is agonized by the appearance of his father's spirit. Henceforth, those doubts questionings, and surmises, which have previously enforced but a partial hold upon him, are consolidated into a vast metaphysic of intellectual reconciliations, which darts fierce and sudden lightnings upon the daily affairs of the court.

Then follows that strange combat where Pain is slowly accepted in its own terms, and is, in some way, its own deep pleasure, fantastic, indeterminate ; where Life exists only as absolute and complete suffering, paralyzing and fraying the mind. It is a state wherein the dismissal to a nunnery of the girl who stands as a symbol of his loving gentleness, is the highest possible statement of Life, and the searing of his mother's heart is the unconscious justification of existence. That the girl's mind should break, and the mother's heart start from the reechy kisses of her spouse, are but the purest psychological corollaries, and are so demonstrated.

And finally comes the surrender, when the emotions,

weak from their long smothering, surge painfully over the wearied spirit :—

> But thou wouldst not think, Horatio, how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter.

Then, the lives of those about the court, affected by his brief, frenzied activities, interwoven inextricably with his own, close with his in ultimate disruption, to be swept away and cleansed in the memory of Fortinbras.

This much, of the stages of a mind sickened by mental anguish, by intellectual hyperaesthesia, Mr. Barrymore makes palpable and clear. His is neither a sullen nor a gloomy Hamlet, but a man dispassionate, chilled with the sadness and melancholy of continued introspection.

The unfolding of the scenes is regulated to march quietly with the growth and final dissolution of this dialectic; and here the clever work of Mr. Robert Edmond Jones furthers the dramatic conception. A subdued, permanent setting is used, on the whole, with superb effect; slight alterations are enough to indicate changes of scene. Many of the stage pictures, beautifully lit and dressed do honour to both producer and designer. The graveyard scene is, unhappily, the least convincing of any. For some reason the work of another designer is imposed upon Mr. Jones's scheme; this, with a certain waywardness in the acting of the scene, is the only serious rift in the coherent artistic thought which governs the production.—ARNOLD GIBBONS.

LOOKING FORWARD. A REPLY.—Here is one of those "illiterate, narrow-minded teachers in elementary schools," who would presume (not in any spirit of annoyance, but realising that the epithets are more or less true of all of us), to offer a few remarks suggested by Hilary West's lament.

I am about half-way along that seemingly dull stream

of forty years' teaching which is bearing me on to t
desired haven-pension or death.

I now belong to that band of " dictators suprem
the headmistresses. Dictators Supreme! What
mistaken idea! Especially so I imagine, in connecti
with the Heads of Secondary Schools. How many
them would choose, were they absolute, to pour all t
varied intellectual powers and interests of their pup
into one shape of mould—the Matriculation typ
Where, indeed, is to be found that school where tl
headmistress is allowed to venture *dangerously*?
will have to be carefully chosen. Granted the hea
teacher's freedom, what about the Staff? How ma
teachers, even outside the ranks of the " illiterate a
narrow-minded elementary " class, will even begin
understand the desire of their new colleague to educa
girls for life? Even if they share the desire, how mu
agreement will there be as to the method of attai
ment? What about the girls' parents? Will they n
want them trained for livelihood, most of them thinkin
of life in terms of livelihood? Can a girl enter a Ban
or an Insurance Office (both good, safe jobs), witho
the passport of Matriculation?

Suppose, among the few who were encouraged t
" look over the wall " was one whose father (influenti
among the powers that be), was determined that sh
should gaze for ever at the earth. What would he d
to the person who, in his estimation, had led his chil
astray? *I* know—out of my own disastrous experience

I believe the only way out for the Hilary Wests c
the teaching profession, if they are convinced that the
must teach or die, is to set up their own schools, an
gather around them the children whose parents wisl
them to see " over the wall." My desire is that sucl
teachers may come to this knowledge while they ar
still young enough to have the courage to act on it
Would I were of that company!—L. M. M.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF "THE VORTEX."—The able and sympathetic comments of Mr. Wallace Hill on "The Vortex" in the February ADELPHI, full of interest as they are, do not exhaust what there is to be said about this play. Too much emphasis, I think, is laid upon the "modernity" and "immediacy" of the play and not enough upon the elements in it which create an interest more permanent than that of red-hot contemporary thought and feeling. To whatever period of time "The Vortex" belonged, it would still carry conviction, since it is produced by profound unconscious factors, factors of whose real significance, it appears, the author himself is so unconscious that he is able to create that effect of "spontaneous reality." By no means is it the case that "Mr. Coward has coined his characters in a mint which has only just received its supply of silver and gold"; rather is it that Mr. Coward's oldest and most dynamic emotions have created the Mintage and the Mint—that is the explanation of the strength of the play's appeal to the mind. It is very true that his characters do not "come professionally" as from "the minds of many of our practised dramatists," but they *are* drawn from "vast stores of material in the author's mind," namely, from his most significant unconscious ideation. I am assuming that Mr. Coward is not conscious (or certainly not fully conscious) of the implications involved in his play: I have no knowledge on this matter outside the play itself, but the conviction conveyed to the audience, the power conveyed by words which are often quite colourless in themselves, the illogicality and yet complete truth of some of the action—all these things bring a realization of the true sources of the play and its power. Added to which, of course, is Mr. Coward's poetic and dramatic quality, and his unique opportunity as the chief character to give concrete representation of his unconscious impulses—fine "acting" we cannot

call it ; it is rather an *identification* displayed before us.

The theme is not " modern " ; on the contrary, it is one of the oldest treated by art, just as it is one of the most significant in humanity—and Mr. Wallace Hill draws attention to the marked resemblance in situation, emotional intensity, and inner significance, between the last act of *The Vortex* and the fourth act of *Hamlet*, in both of which the unconscious motivation, in Hamlet and in Nicky respectively, breaks through and creates that " chaotic sincerity " which is a manifestation of life speaking instinctively, not of arranged ideas. Not only in this one act, but throughout the play (more striking, indeed, where the setting is less directly " dramatic ") we can discover the most revealing intimations of the unconscious. I select two or three.

In the second act Nicky and Bunty discuss and analyze their love emotions, and their feelings about life and death. Here we might expect vitality and intensity in Nicky—interest in his own emotions and their reactions on another, matters so pregnant with feeling for the young ; but throughout this discussion Nicky remains inert, negative, dubious, until the talk drifts to his mother. Half pityingly, half contemptuously, the girl Bunty speaks of his mother's pose as a young woman, of her absurd devices to maintain the illusion of youth, of her self-indulgence and poverty of mind. *Then* Nicky becomes alive : his whole aspect changes, his voice deepens, he moves vigorously, his face glows as he defends his mother (" You can't understand," he tells Bunty, " how it is with a woman like her, once the rage among all men, the beautiful Flo Lancaster. . ."). This is the thing that can touch him, and Mr. Coward's acting in this passage displays the full force of its unconscious significance.

Another arresting example in the same kind is the behaviour of Nicky when his fiancée throws him over to join her former lover. Nicky says, and feels, so far as

he knows that his life is in ruins, that everything now is futility. But what does he actually *do*? Like an eager lover, he straightway seeks out the real object of his love (Bunty ceases to exist), he goes to his mother, in order, as he puts it, to wrest from her the truth about her own life. No one who witnessed the scene between Nicky and his mother could fail to realize the quality and intensity of the emotion displayed by Nicky—the lover consumed with torturing jealousy, whose one desire is to be assured that no rival has his own place. And so one might continue to collect evidence, were any evidence needed beyond the spectator's own instant reaction—that appeal from another unconscious to his own which cannot miss its mark.

In *The Vortex* the author has indeed "builded better than he knew," since his structure is based on what Freud has termed the imperishable wishes of the elemental psyche.—BARBARA LOW.

VANITY AND PRIDE.—Our vanity is most difficult to wound just when our pride has been wounded. (*Nietzsche.*)

ON SECTS.—The great vice of sects is that they see in the whole world only two parties: one for which everything is dared, the other against which everything is permitted. (*Vicq d' Azyr.*)

THE DIFFICULTY OF PAINTING.—No language demands a greater effort in order to be understood than the language of painting, in which our comfortable habits would like to find the appearance which we see in objects outside ourselves. Painting is not that. Painting searches out the unstable point where the appearance of the object coincides with the feeling the object arouses in an exceptional man. (*Elie Faure.*)

THE READING OF NOVELS

By The Journeyman

THE charming girl was a great reader of novels: I am not, nor do I often meet with charming girls who are. So I was eager to make the most of my chance.

"Have you read the C—— N——?" I asked.

She had, and she had been disappointed.

I pricked up my ears; she wrinkled her brows.

"It was the last but one," she said. "But I can't remember what it was about. Let me see—there was a large family. No! I can't remember. You see, I'm always reading a novel, and the one I'm reading always makes me forget the one I read before."

That is one attitude, and at all events an honest one, towards novels: they are a kill-time, like most games and diversions. And that it should divert is the demand made by ninety-nine people out of a hundred on a novel; some say that it is made even by the hundredth also, though he may be more particular about the way in which he is diverted, and in support of their argument they point to the dictum of Wordsworth, who declared that the proper aim, even of poetry, is to give pleasure. Nevertheless, even if it is true, it is not a very valuable sort of truth: it is too one-sided, or too indiscriminate. Not pleasure, but the thing which shall give pleasure, is the object of most men's search. And the more serious among mankind find themselves discarding one source of pleasure after another because it has ceased to have the power to please; and very often it ceases to please precisely because it is a diversion. As a man really grows, he learns that diversion and pleasure are

not identical, and that mere diversions, for the most part, begin to leave a remorseful taste behind. There is not so very much time, and it is a pity to waste it.

Then he begins to demand that the literature he reads shall be worth while. That is the point at which criticism begins, and the troubles and perplexities of criticism. For what is worth while in a book? Quite a number of things. It is, for instance, obviously worth while on occasion to be simply and frankly amused—to be, in short, diverted. "I have discovered," said Pascal, "that all man's misery comes from one single thing, and that is not knowing how to stay quiet, in a room." And certainly the man who has learned how to stay quiet, in a room, has not much to fear from destiny. But most of us are only apprentices to that wisdom; we find it easier to stay quiet, in a room, than in a railway carriage, which is still a room within the purposes of Pascal's act; or easier to stay quiet when we are not nervously exhausted than when we are. When we are both nervously exhausted *and* in a railway-carriage, then W. W. Jacobs is a god-send.

But, to make use of Pascal's pregnant saying again, though the worthwhileness of a book is conditional upon our condition, it would be true to say that a book approached more nearly to an absolute worthwhileness, the more nearly our own condition, in which it appears worth while, approaches the blessed state of being able to stay quiet, in a room. For Pascal's phrase is almost a translation, and a very good and vivid translation, of Aristotle's phrase concerning "the energy of motionlessness," which was for him the condition of true wisdom. The book that fits best with this state of contemplation is the best book: and the book that fits best with it is the book that gives rise to it. Pascal, who was a great Christian, indeed one of the greatest, would have said the New Testament. I agree: but there are others, and the finest novels are among them.

This surely is the absolute worthwhileness in literature : the power to awaken in the reader an intense and understanding contemplation of all that is. To create such a condition is, I should say, the final purpose of the art of literature. Yet few critics really have a hold of this truth. They ask that novels shall be worth while, and not as mere diversion ; but they generally ask of them a worthwhileness far inferior to that absolute worthwhileness which a representation of life may have. I will try to show, in a single instance, what I mean.

One of the most serious and most interesting critics of novels now writing is Mr. John Franklin of *The New Statesman*. He is always asking that a novel shall be worth while ; and, since he is an honest critic, as befits his name, he is frequently at some pains to show what it is in a novel that he considers worth while. I have gathered that he makes, chiefly, two demands : first, that the novelist should show that he is aware of the seriousness of marriage, or, if you like, of the relation between a man and a woman ; and, secondly, that he should show himself aware of " the overriding imperiousness of a higher order of experience," that is, of the importance of that kind of experience which can vaguely be called mystical, though contact can be made by other channels than the narrowly religious.

Now, at first sight, these two desiderata seem admirable. If any two things are important in this life of ours, it is these : if any two things are important for us to recognize, it is these. Therefore, surely, in that creative representation of life which is the novel, it is important that they should be recognized too. So Mr. Franklin argues, so he judges. His argument seems good : not so his judgments. That is not to say his views are not interesting : they are. But they are interesting as dissertations on these two perennial themes. The novels are a mere text for these excellent

sermons : they are never regarded in and for themselves.

It is a queer impasse. Somehow, as a literary critic, Mr. Franklin is always missing the mark. It is as though he put important, very important questions to the novelist, but the one right and proper question he forgot, or did not know how, to ask. Let us examine the conclusion to his lengthy review of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's new novel, *Martin Arrowsmith*. He congratulates Mr. Lewis on having at last made explicit his own belief in " higher " experience by representing for his hero a man of science, of whose pursuit it is said in the story : " It is a tangle of very complicated emotions, like mysticism, or wanting to write poetry. . . The scientist is intensely religious." There is a genial and generous confusion in those words. " Wanting to write poetry " is a tangle of complicated emotions, mysticism is not. Still, these things *can* be lumped together with religion vaguely under the name of " higher " experience : and we know what Mr. Lewis is driving at. Mr. Franklin goes on :

> I believe that the excellence of Mr. Lewis's work has always depended upon his tapping, however unconsciously, this region of experience which I have vaguely called " higher," in contrast to the normal conventional framework that determines most of our emotions, acts, and perceptions, nay, even our discursive thoughts. But to develop this would take me too far afield. I must end by pointing out that of the three channels through which this experience finds expression—the religious, the artistic, and the scientific—only the first two have hitherto been used as the immediate subject-matter of novels . . . Who before Mr. Lewis has brought out the real inwardness of what it means to be a man of science? . . . This should be very welcome to all who wish to take literature seriously, because it removes from the novel the reproach of partial sterility. It was anomalous that the novel, as the only living form of literature to-day, should leave on one side the only living spiritual force which the modern world more or less recognises for what it is, and which we all agree in respecting even

> when we do not serve it in our lives. It was more than anomalous, it was dangerous. The place of the scientific spirit in our life is such that the novel could not much longer remain emotionally blind to it, without degenerating into a kindergarten.

In all this there is a serious, even a dangerous, confusion of thought—two of them, indeed. In the first place, Mr. Franklin is a victim, on a "higher" plane, of the old fallacy, that the truth to life of a representative fiction depends upon the inclusiveness of its subject-matter. If I write a novel of London life (he is saying in effect) which does not include the operations of the Stock Exchange, or the workings of a "circulation" newspaper, my novel is untrue, because it omits an important province of the life of this great city. It is a wrong and exploded idea; the truth and comprehensiveness of a fiction does not depend upon the truth and comprehensiveness of the subject-matter. Mr. Franklin would not embrace the fallacy in this crude form; but he transplants it to a "higher" plane, and embraces it there. The important things in modern life, he says, are spiritual. Therefore a novel of modern life to be itself important must represent them. It is the same old fallacy speciously disguised. Before committing himself Mr. Franklin should have looked back a generation. Is *Robert Elsmere* a better novel, a truer novel, than *Treasure Island* or *Kim*? Yet it dealt seriously with religious experience, and they completely ignored it.

The real cause of this dangerous confusion is, first, a general confusion in Mr. Franklin's mind as to the nature of the art of literature, and, second, a particular confusion. Whether the excellence of Mr. Lewis's work has always depended on "his tapping this region of experience" which Mr. Franklin calls "higher," I do not know, because I do not know whether Mr. Lewis's work is excellent. If it is, then I agree

that its excellence does depend on this "tapping." The excellent literary artist always does tap it, simply because he is an excellent artist. The excellence of his art directly depends upon his capacity to do this; he is an excellent artist by virtue of this capacity. *But this capacity has nothing whatever to do with the fact that he chooses this "higher" experience for his subject-matter; and in reality it is a suspicious circumstance if he does choose it.* The artist's comprehension is, in itself, a "higher" comprehension, and the purer it is the less will it need to advertise itself as such by the choice of a "higher" subject-matter. What more powerfully religious books have been written in our time than Mr. Hardy's novels? Do they deal with religion for their subject-matter? No, the religion is in the writer's glance of pity and wonder which he casts upon human destinies. What are more profoundly spiritual, more evidently suffused with a higher understanding, than Tchehov's stories? Do they deal with the experience of artist, the saint, or the scientist? Is *Othello,* or *Macbeth,* or *Lear,* or *Antony* concerned with "higher" thought? The "higher" thought was in the mind of Shakespeare himself, and because it was there, it was manifested not through the thoughts, but through the created being of all his characters.

To me, I confess, this absolute distinction is as clear as day: yet it is continually lost. People who want to take literature seriously are for ever taking it seriously in the wrong way; and the serious critics, like Mr. Franklin, are the most dangerous offenders, because there is a confused conviction behind their words which is impressive. But, however high the plane on which their confusion is made, it is always the same old confusion. The writer is a villain because he represents a villain; or he is spiritual because he portrays spiritual things. It is about time we had grown out of this, once for all. The spirituality of the artist resides in the *way*

he represents what he represents, not in *what* he represents. "The excellence of every art is its intensity capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relationship with beauty and truth." Every critic who desires to become worth his salt should repeat those words to himself when he goes to bed and when he gets up in the morning, with a prayer that he may one day understand what they mean.

Mr. Franklin is mystically inclined. Therefore I will add a few words for his private instruction. The true artist is always a good deal of a mystic : it lies in the nature of creative literature that he should be so, because, as Baudelaire said, " La première condition nécessaire pour faire un art sain est la croyance à l'unité intégrale." Without that unconscious belief no epithet is organic, no sentence truly revealing : it is all a more or less clever intellectual game. The great artist, however, is a great deal of a mystic, but on his own terms and in his own way. The comprehension of the great artist is achieved by a process analogous to that by which the comprehension of the great saint is achieved. He comes to write out of a reborn soul. And, I think, Meister Eckhart told as much of the secret as can be told, when he said :

> Thy face is turned so full towards this birth, no matter what thou dost see and hear, thou receivest nothing save this birth in anything. All things are simply God to thee who seest only God in all things. Like one who looks long at the sun, he encounters the sun in whatever he afterwards looks at. If this is lacking, this looking for and seeing God in all and sundry, then thou lackest this birth.

" God in *all* things," said the great mystic, not in the seekers after God. " I have loved the principle of beauty in *all* things," said the great poet, not in the makers of beauty. And, I suppose the great scientist would say, " Truth in *all* things," not in the seekers of truth.

BOOKS TO READ

TUDOR ECONOMIC DOCUMENTS. Edited by R. H. Tawney and Eileen Power. Three volumes. I.—Agriculture and Industry. II.—Commerce, Finance, and the Poor Law. III.—Pamphlets, Memoranda, and Literary Extracts. (Longmans.) 15s. net each volume.

This is an edition of the University of London Historical Series. The contents are purely documentary, and are intended primarily for the use of undergraduates reading the Tudor period. The editors hope, however, that parts may interest students of more mature years; and it seems that matter so recondite, unelucidated by historical commentary or even notes, requires a good deal of experience and knowledge to turn it "into blood and nourishment." The editors' principle of selection is based chiefly upon the intrinsic importance of a document; but a good deal of matter that is merely statutory or otherwise accessible elsewhere, is omitted. The original spelling has generally been retained. We grow doubtful if this new "scientific" tendency in history really makes for less entertainment than the earlier traditions: certainly any reader should be able to find plenty to interest him in these volumes. We should have been very sorry to miss, for instance, the minutes of the strike of "bayckers" in the citie of Chester, 1557. Miss Power and Mr Tawney put all students of social history under a debt to their learning and industry.

LITTLE KAROO. By Pauline Smith. (Cape.) 4s. 6d. net.

Many of Miss Pauline Smith's stories—including the memorable *The Pain*—first appeared in these pages. We feel, therefore, that we are precluded from expressing our admiration of them as freely as we are inclined to do. They have a singular and unforgettable *purity* of beauty, they are, to use the meaningful slang of an editor, which he so rarely has occasion to use, the *real thing*. But Miss Pauline Smith's genius—for, though it is circumscribed, a smaller word will not suffice—was, alas, no discovery of ours. Mr. Arnold Bennett sent *The Pain* into this magazine. But the editor well remembers the exact time and place—between three and four on a summer afternoon in the train between Pulborough and Amberley—when he read that story, and the shock of its beauty struck home.

FROM A PITMAN'S NOTEBOOK. By Roger Dataller. (Cape.) 6s. net.

This book, like the foregoing, is already in part familiar to our readers. That it comes from the same publisher is a tribute to Mr. Cape's enterprise and sagacity in seeking out new writers. No writing that we know gives so vivid a description of the actual life of the pitman. We have heard the objection made that Mr. "Dataller" cannot be a pitman, because he writes so well, and, of course, it is true that in so far as he is a literary artist, he is no longer a typical pitman · his horizons and ideals are different But one might as well object to Wordsworth's account of poetry (emotion collected in tranquillity) that recollected emotion is a different thing from emotion. It is, but not very and the slight difference is the price we have always to pay for the re-creation of reality in words Mr. Dataller re-creates the reality.

THREE GENERATIONS. By Maude Howe Elliott. (The Bodley Head.) 16s. net.

The *motif* of this book is given in the words by which Henry James (one of the "gods" of Mrs Elliott's pantheon) responded to a birthday toast "This is the time when one lights the candle, goes through the house, and takes an account of stock." As the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, the authoress has a rare "stock" of experience her pages give a very interesting account of literary society in America during the last half-century, revealed by a singularly frank and winning personality. Mrs. Elliott is also widely travelled, yet she avoids the familiar painful "met everybody and seen everything" attitude. The photographic illustrations are good.

CAPTAINS AND KINGS. By André Maurois. (The Bodley Head.) 5s. net.

M. André Maurois' many admirers in this country will be glad to have this rendering by Mr J. Lewis May, the accomplished translator of Anatole France, of a discussion of the great modern theme of "Leadership," couched in a kind of Socratic dialogue The philosopher and the young soldier ("the man of action") seem in effect to exchange *rôles* every now and then; and neither disputant strikes us as holding a very deep grasp of his principles. The whole book gives the impression of a bright and keen, rather than of a profoundly inquiring, intellect.

BOOKS TO READ—*continued.*

FURTHER REMINISCENCES: 1864-1894. By S. Baring-Gould. Illustrated. (The Bodley Head.) 16s.

This is the second instalment of the posthumous autobiography (it was completed) of one who has surely written more books than any clergyman—or layman—in history. The minute and vivid perception that distinguishes the author's novels, his extraordinary memory, and his wide experience lend great attraction to these reminiscences of travel and of rural life in many parts of England. Baring-Gould embodied a type of humour rarely articulate among Anglican clergymen: "je fais dans mes livres," he quotes from Scarron, "comme ceux qui mettent la bride sur le col de leurs chevaux", yet he never actually infringes orthodoxy. The dust-cover announces a picture of "the chief events and personalities of the later Victorian era", but readers will look for them in vain.

THE THREAD OF ARIADNE. By Adrian Stokes. With an Introduction by J. Middleton Murry. (Kegan Paul.) 6s. net.

Owing to the fact that Mr. Stokes's book has an introduction by the Editor of this magazine, it is unfortunately disqualified for review in this place

THE BATTLE TO THE WEAK. By Hilda Vaughan. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a very interesting first novel. It is singularly free from the common faults of "cleverness" and perverse analysis, yet is strong in intuitive grasp and presentation of character—a novelist's *first* essential The theme is a young woman's deep sympathy with the weak, which causes her to sacrifice her opportunities of self-development and happiness in order to succour those around her. The working-out is made more convincing by Miss Vaughan's intimate observation of rural Wales, where her story is staged, and whose denizens and customs she satirizes with grave irony. Our only complaints are that the book is somewhat over long for its purpose, and the action at times becomes drawn out and the style, consequently, loosened.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

MARTIN ARROWSMITH. By Sinclair Lewis. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.
HARVEST IN POLAND. By Geoffrey Dennis. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.
STORM. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Long.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE SKEIN. By J. A. T. Lloyd. (Stanley Paul.) 7s. 6d. net.
ABISHAG. By Alexandre Arnoux. Translated by Joyce Davis. (Thornton Butterworth.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE LANTERN ON THE PLOUGH. By George Agnew Chamberlain. (Mills & Boon.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE RECTOR OF MALISEET. By Leslie B. Reed. (Dent.) 7s. 6d. net
THE BATTLE TO THE WEAK. By Hilda Vaughan. (Heinemann) 7s. 6d. net. See above.
LITTLE KAROO. By Pauline Smith. Introduction by Arnold Bennett. (Cape.) 4s. 6d. net. See above.

THE ADELPHI, printed by LOXLEY BROTHERS LIMITED, Whitefriars House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. 4; and published for the Proprietors, by BRITISH PERIODICALS LIMITED, 12 Cursitor Street, London, E.C. 4.

MAY, 1925 MONTHLY VOL. II NO. 12

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EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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VOL. II. NO. 12. MAY, 1925

PERSONALITY AND IMMORTALITY

By John Middleton Murry

I HAVE received a number of interesting letters concerning William Archer's letter and my imaginary conversation with him. The statement of my position was as clear as I could make it at the time. In writing of such matters one is hampered by the intuitive and immediate nature of one's own convictions; one does not know where the main difficulty for others will lie. Where all is a chain of personal and indemonstrable beliefs, it is not apparent which will be the weakest, or the most perplexing link in others' eyes. The letters make this clear.

There is a paradox, or a contradiction, for other minds in the simultaneous assertion of a disbelief in personal immortality and a disbelief in annihilation. Immortality, for others, is the immortality of this personality; if this personality is not immortal, then the condition after death must be one of annihilation. Or it is a condition of virtual annihilation: an immortality that is not an immortality of this personality, with all its hopes and fears and fallibilities, is empty and worthless. These are the two main objections, or the two difficulties. One is logical and of fact; the other ethical, and of value: one declares that an immortality not of

this personality is meaningless, the other that it is valueless.

The crux of the question, as ever in such discussion, lies in a word. The word is "personality." It is a vague word, one of the vaguest. I have neither the desire nor the authority to pin it to a meaning. But obviously in this context "personality" must be an attribute of all human beings. We are not discussing that still vaguer attribute which we award to some and deny to others when we say that "X has personality, and Y has not." Personality, in the sense in which we can argue whether it is or is not immortal, must belong to all men alike. It is the answer to the universal question. "What am I?"

That question can be answered by any individual in a thousand ways, on a thousand levels. The introspective intellect will find no term to its investigations. The skins of this onion are infinite. "I am this and that," I say. But I am the I which says "I am this and that." And again, more truly, I am the I which says I am the I which says, "I am this and that," and so *ad infinitum*. The intellect can define an organic reality only as an infinite series. The intellect was not made for the work. Whatever I am, I am not an infinite series. I know that, quite simply; and if the intellect insists that I am, then I promptly conclude that the intellect has taken in hand a problem of which it is incapable. We cannot measure beauty in a pint-pot.

There is, at this first check, a choice. We may once for all discard introspection, as certain of the modern psychologists affect to do. We can look on men as we look on animals—automata that behave after a certain describable fashion. The idea is to me nonsensical, and I mention it only to indicate that it is held. For those who hold it, of course, the whole conception of personality is an illusion. Therefore, we need waste no time over it.

PERSONALITY AND IMMORTALITY

My personality in the widest sense exists; I may describe it as the organic whole of my attributes as a living being. But to require or to desire that this personality shall be immortal seems to me inordinate. My cardinal attribute as a living being is my mortality. All that I am grows up out of, is fundamentally based upon, the fact that this body dies, and its functions wither up and cease. If we begin to talk of personality as something independent of this living body, unaffected by its change and decay, we are already plunged full into transcendental realms. To talk of that personality, whatever it may be, and however it may be conceived or imagined, as "this personality," is a mere juggling with words. If any personality can be immortal, it is obviously not "this personality"; and if a personality is not "this personality," why call it a personality at all?

Why indeed? Except for the profound and ineradicable belief of humanity that there is, as it were, a core of living reality hidden somewhere in the swaddlings of "this personality." At moments it seems to emerge; memories of things that have never happened, nor could ever have been happenings at all, premonitions of what will never be, of conditions untranslatable into terms of the life we know,—these strange inward tremors of the human being can be ascribed only to something which we at once are and are not. For some inscrutable reason we set a value on these moments; they are precious to us. In them, it seems, we were on the brink of an understanding that slips wholly from the grasp of our searching mind. They are the poet's "moments of vision"; they are common to all men.

But few men would claim these tremors, or that which is moved by them, as part of their personality. Their personality is their own, these things are not; and when they visit a man, all that he knows as his

personality is in abeyance. Something slips out of those swaddling bands and for a brief instant takes possession. Looking back upon them, striving to retain the memory of them, a man will say : " Then I was not myself," or he will say : " Then I was indeed myself." And, strangely enough, the propositions are interchangeable. For these moments warrant the belief, which doubtless they first inspired, that a man has a self that is beyond and hidden from his self of everyday. It depends upon himself to which side the scale of speech inclines. " Then I was indeed myself " is the word of the idealist ; " Then I was not myself " is the word of the materialist. But the fact is the same ; and it is a fact of common experience.

These are " the intimations of immortality " concerning which Wordsworth wrote his ode. They are not rare, they are not the privilege of peculiar men : it is simply that some men attach more significance to them than others. To one man they are the key to the mystery : to another they themselves are the real mystery, best left unplumbed, incalculable and inexplicable disturbances of the tenour of existence. But to neither are these tremors a function of their ordinary personality. That is, as it were, suspended, and this suspension is welcomed by one man, and resented by another. Whatever it is that a man is, and whatever it is that he touches, in such a moment, it is not himself in any ordinary sense of the word.

If we put resolutely aside the dogmas of theologians, and refuse to accept anything but the immediate experience of mankind before it has suffered metamorphosis at the hands of the doctors, it is to these " intimations of immortality " that we are reduced for the basis of a faith concerning the spiritual reality of man. Doubtless Wordsworth begged the question to some extent when he gave these moments of vision that splendid title. But he had to account for them ; he dared not ignore

them; they were supremely real to him. They had been supremely real to many men through many centuries before him; and out of their felt reality had grown the tenacious faith of man that he possessed a soul, and that it was immortal. This faith, superbly expressed by the founder of the Christian religion, had been vulgarised. The notion of the soul as a hidden and a higher self was too mysterious or too mystical. The ordinary mind fastened upon the concrete elements in its symbolic expression; it insisted on reading in the letter and not in the spirit, and the doctrine of the immortality of the soul became degraded into something scarcely distinguishable from the immortality of the body. It was not surprising, for those who spoke with most authority concerning the soul and its immortality used words that were difficult and strange. They said that the soul could only be found by a hard and mysterious process of death and rebirth. There seemed to be no straight road to the soul. It was remote and inaccessible.

This process of death and rebirth which was, quite evidently, an actual and lived experience for those who authoritatively proclaimed it, was changed into a mere ritual act in religion. A ceremony was performed over the would-be, or unconscious initiate; and he was told that he was dead and reborn into the possession of his soul. And, of course, he remained precisely what he was before. He had to take the existence of his soul on trust. He knew nothing about it, and very few of his teachers knew more than he: and those who did know had to face the old difficulty of explaining a new order of experience to those who had not experienced it. " Even a proverb is not a proverb to you," said Keats, " until your life has experienced it." It was very much as though a man should try to explain to a cow the nature of *homo sapiens*. The instructed cow would imagine him as a very superior kind of cow—every-

thing, in fact, that she as a cow would desire to be in the cow-paradise. The condition of being something profoundly other than cow would be in itself unintelligible, and very undesirable.

So—if the crudeness of the comparison may be forgiven for the sake of its clarity—those who demand the immortality of this personality find the doctrine of the immortality of something other than this personality not only undesirable, but positively repellent. They forget, first, that they are demanding a rank impossibility. The immortality of this personality is a contradiction in terms: the mere fact of immortality would make this personality quite unrecognizable. They forget, again, that the conception of this personality is a vague and unsatisfactory thing. Every deep-searching effort to disengage a solid core of reality from among the superficies of this personality leads straight to conditions of being that are not personal at all. When we touch most nearly the sources of our being, or the heights of understanding, this personal and phenomenal " I "dissolves away, and " personality " is discovered to be not the essence, but a veil, of our own reality. And those others who object not to the possibility, but to the valuelessness, of an immortality not of this personality, forget that the conjecture we make, or the conviction we hold, concerning the nature of the soul derives from those moments of earthly existence when men, and these the greatest, have seemed to themselves to come nearest to the hidden reality of themselves and of the universe. The soul is that of which they are aware at their moments of profoundest comprehension. That this comprehension is of another kind than any our quotidian faculties allow is indubitable. But that it should therefore be valueless, or of less value than our mundane impotencies before all ultimate problems, is a strange position indeed.

In this matter we must hold fast to the spiritual

perceptions of the great men before us. They are the highest wisdom we know. Of course, it is open to any man to reject them absolutely as the utterances of delusion. But even the realist must take count of the fact that these utterances of the poet and the saint have remained indelible from the hearts of generations of men. They may not have understood them ; but they have been so moved by them that they have never forgotten them. The utterance of the great poet and the great prophet is compulsive ; what they declare and reveal may be mysterious, but they speak to us as having authority and not as the scribes. If their wisdom was an illusion, it is curious, to say the least, that this illusion should retain an undiminished power over men, while the so-called truths pass incessantly into desuetude and decay.

But it may be said that what we call their wisdom was only flashes of illumination, momentary and bewildering ; they came to them through no effort of their own, and they were beyond their interpretation, as they were beyond their control. There is no help in them. The presumption will not hold water for a moment. The more diligently we examine the great spiritual heroes of the past, the more evident it becomes that they indeed struggled for the possession of their soul. The ultimate wisdom which they touched was the just reward of what they endured in their loyalty to the truth. Their progress to a consummation was, for all its pains and loneliness, a natural progress ; they received deep into themselves all the suffering that life gave them for their portion ; when the great ninth wave bore up against them they faced it and plunged into its depths. Thus they emerged. It is no accident that the men who have uttered what seems to us the highest wisdom are those who have most greatly suffered, or that the highest faith is wrung out of the deepest despair. When Shakespeare in *The Tempest*

declares his belief that this world of appearances wi
fade, and his faith in a generation yet to come with a ne
vision of the human universe, we know by the darl
horrors of the great tragedies out of what an abyss o
desolation he had wrung his knowledge. It is the ol
knowledge, won by the old ways, which are for eve
new to the man who has the courage to explore them
Of such men there are few. But they are worth under
standing: none are more worth understanding thai
they. "Do you not see," cried Keats at the momen
of emerging from his own wilderness of despair, "hov
necessary a world of pains and troubles is to school ai
intelligence and *make it a soul?*" He, at that momen
of knowledge, had faced his destiny, and "died int
life." He had paid the full price down to the las
farthing for that contact here on earth with eternal lif
which was announced by the founder of Christianity,
and is the always forgotten secret of his message. As
the priestess of the universe declared to Keats in the
sublime allegory of the second *Hyperion*:

> That thou hadst power to die
> And live again before thy fated hour
> Is thine own safety. . . .

It may be that ordinary men cannot themselves attain the wisdom of these heroes. The demand is too great. After all, as Keats himself said many times, "we never understand really fine things until we have gone the same steps as the author." To understand a truly great man's wisdom, we need to undergo his experience. There is no other way. It sounds impossible and presumptuous; perhaps it is not really so. Any man has at least the capacity to deal honestly with his own undeniable experience, and part of his experience will be the profound response from an unknown self within him to the mysterious words of his great forerunners concerning the soul and its immortality.

"FREED THE FRET OF THINKING"

By Thomas Hardy

FREED the fret of thinking,
  Light of lot were we,
Song with service linking
  Like to bird or bee:
Chancing bale unblinking,
Freed the fret of thinking
  Over things that be!

Had not thought-endowment
  Ever mortals known,
What Life once or now meant
  None had wanted shown—
Measuring but the moment—
Had not thought-endowment
  Caught Creation's groan!

Loosed from wrings of reason,
  We might blow like flowers,
Sense of Time-wrought treason
  Would not then be ours
In and out of season;
Loosed from wrings of reason
  We should laud the Powers!

THE BLACK DRESS

By Sarah Gertrude Millin

I.

ALITA wears a black dress now.

It happened this way: I said to Alita—Alita is my native cook, and we live in Johannesburg—I said "Alita, you are no longer a young woman. You have a grandchild. Don't you think it is time you had a black dress?"

Alita met my eyes squarely.

"No, missis," she said with firmness.

"Don't you *want* a black dress?"

"No, missis."

"But, Alita, black is very nice. All the white people are wearing it. Even the young people."

Alita shook her head.

"And think," I persisted, "how beautiful it will look on Sundays when you have on your new black shawl with the long fringes."

Hesitation flickered for a fragment of time on Alita's face. But she answered me with gentle decision.

"The shawl is our custom. But we Kaffirs don't wear black just for play. Missis, black is a big thing."

I could not oppose such an argument. Why should Alita's dress belie her heart? Let other folks' servants appear in black if they chose. Alita could go round as always in her blue dress with the little white spots, or the purple with the cheerful stripe. If that was how Alita felt, why, then, it was artistically right for her to dress so too. Is it not what the best fashion papers advocate? Do they not say one ought to express one's individuality in one's clothes?

II.

Besides, Alita has a dignity which is independent of dress. It is not only that she owns a property in Bloemfontein, her home town, for which she gets ten shillings a month rent, and that she has been paying insurance for her funeral for the last twenty-five years; it is not only that her mother once worked for President Steyn, and that the Kaffir minister comes to call on her, and she brings him tea and biscuits where he sits gravely waiting for her; it is that Alita is intrinsically noble. Her life has been a long sacrifice for first one and then another of an unsatisfactory family. She has never, in any particular, failed a human being. She lives by her conscience. She is not, I must admit, neat or graceful, but she is cheerful, and often wise. I cannot think what sort of a world it will be when Alita no longer knocks at my room in the morning, saying: "Ten minutes past seven. . . ."

About that, by the way, there is a secret between us. I am the only white person who is aware that Alita cannot tell the time. She knows when it is ten minutes past seven because the mine hooters go at seven. She regulates most of her activities by the mine hooters, but she gets up betimes in the mornings because she is, as she says, a fowl.

It is her pride which prevents her both from admitting her ignorance and from curing it, just as it is her pride which makes her sit every afternoon on a stone, in view of the passers-by, reading a newspaper. Alita does not, as she herself confesses, know "where the *a* points"; but it looks well for the house, she thinks, that the cook should sit near it reading the paper.

III.

And so I resigned myself to Alita's gay dressing, and life went on as it had done before I became ambitious about her clothes.

Then, one day, a little odd thing happened. There was a bottle of lavender-water on a shelf, and it looked white and opaque instead of yellow and clear. And said idly to Alita: " I wonder what made it change like that."

Alita did not reply, and the subject dropped.

But when next I saw the bottle, I told myself that water must have been added to the lavender, and I thought: " How does water pour itself into a bottle? "

Alita could not suggest an explanation when I put the puzzle to her.

" But, you see, Alita," I said, " it means someone has taken the lavender and has tried to deceive me by filling up the bottle with water."

" Who would want to deceive missis? " said Alita.

I pointed out that we had a new houseboy, " and I don't like to think he comes upstairs," I added.

" Isaac is not a boy to behave like that," declared Alita.

" Yes, but who else can it be? A bottle does not, on its own behalf, do such things."

Alita answered me with feeling:

" But missis must not suspect Isaac. It makes my heart sore."

She went away into the kitchen, and was very quiet all morning, and I could see that she was dissatisfied with me for having brought about an unpleasant atmosphere in the home; and perhaps, I thought to myself, it would indeed have been wiser if I had said nothing about a matter of so little consequence.

IV.

After lunch Alita asked me if she might go into town. . . . Towards evening I saw her coming back with a bundle on her head. Alita's modern sister, Lena, or her fashionable daughter, Emily, would not walk about Johannesburg with bundles on their heads.

Nor could they do so, because, with constant plaiting, they have trained their hair to grow, and they wear hats. But Alita still swathes round her scalp of peppercorns the traditional head-cloth; and she even comes upstairs, when no one is looking, carrying household things on her head instead of in her hands.

Alita walked with her bundle straight to her room. She did not, as usual, first offer to show me her bargains, and make me bear witness to her receipts. And it was not till evening that I knew what it was Alita had gone to town to buy.

She was wearing a black dress.

"But Alita," I said, "you are not in mourning. Why are you wearing black?"

"I must," said Alita.

"Did you get it this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Because I asked you?"

"No. That was only for the one part."

"And for the other part?"

"For the other part it was right that I should wear black."

There was passion in her voice.

"I am a bad woman, my missis. I made a big fault to-day."

I waited for her to continue.

"It is the bottle of scent."

Her voice was sinking downwards.

"It was I that filled it with water. I did like this with my hand——" she repeated the movement, "and I knocked the bottle over."

Her chin was quivering now.

"I was ashamed to tell missis. And I quickly put a little water in to make the bottle full again."

I could have laughed, and yet it was pathetic too, to think that this grave and virtuous woman should have

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IV.

After lunch Alita asked me if she might go into town. . . . Towards evening I saw her coming back with a bundle on her head. Alita's modern sister, Lena, or her fashionable daughter, Emily, would not walk about Johannesburg with bundles on their heads.

Nor could they do so, because, with constant plaiting, they have trained their hair to grow, and they wear hats. But Alita still swathes round her scalp of peppercorns the traditional head-cloth ; and she even comes upstairs, when no one is looking, carrying household things on her head instead of in her hands.

Alita walked with her bundle straight to her room. She did not, as usual, first offer to show me her bargains, and make me bear witness to her receipts. And it was not till evening that I knew what it was Alita had gone to town to buy.

She was wearing a black dress.

" But Alita," I said, " you are not in mourning. Why are you wearing black ? "

" I must," said Alita.

" Did you get it this afternoon ? "

" Yes."

" Because I asked you ? "

" No. That was only for the one part."

" And for the other part ? "

" For the other part it was right that I should wear black."

There was passion in her voice.

" I am a bad woman, my missis. I made a big fault to-day."

I waited for her to continue.

" It is the bottle of scent."

Her voice was sinking downwards.

" It was I that filled it with water. I did like this with my hand—— " she repeated the movement, " and I knocked the bottle over."

Her chin was quivering now.

" I was ashamed to tell missis. And I quickly put a little water in to make the bottle full again."

I could have laughed, and yet it was pathetic too, to think that this grave and virtuous woman should have

feared to tell me that she had knocked over a little bottle of lavender-water.

" Did you think I should be angry? " I said.

" I did not think at all, missis. My heart dropped because I had made an accident " (Alita and I converse in a very degraded Dutch, but she says such words as " accident " in English—" upsident " she says), " the blood came in my head. And I did this thing. Missis, a person keeps herself proud, and then——"

She made a little gesture of abandonment with her hand.

I tried to console her.

" But now you have told me, it is finished."

" It is not finished. There is another sin, too. Did I not let missis suspect Isaac? "

" You said it was not Isaac."

" But how could missis know why I said so? "

She would not accept false comfort.

" All this morning," she went on, " there was darkness in my heart. And it was when I was beating the eggs that I thought ' now I will get the black dress missis spoke of.' "

It seemed to me there was suddenly a lighter tone in Alita's voice. And I understood why. Alita felt she had done a dramatic thing. It pleased her to wear black for her fault as, in other times, sinners put on hair-shirts.

I responded to Alita's changed tone by examining the dress. " The stuff is really very strong," I commented. " What did you pay for it? "

She told me.

" Well, I must say that is cheap," I said with awe. " It is wonderful how you manage to get such bargains."

Alita looked down at her skirt.

"Yes," she admitted. "They don't fool Alita in the shops. I know my little things."

"And I have always thought," I said, "that a person's dress ought to go with her shawl. You will hear what the women will say about you next Sunday."

Alita gave a little sniff.

"Not every woman has taste, my missis. There are some who forget the years. They dress in bright colours, like children. I know a woman who comes to church with a red cloth on her head. How shall such a woman understand black?"

She lifted innocent eyes to mine.

"I will get the shawl, and then missis can see how they go together."

She went away to fetch it.

I gazed after her with satisfaction. It would look still better that Alita should wear black, I thought, while she was reading the paper under the stone wall.

HÉ-NAURME.—*The Dial,* which is the most "advanced" literary magazine in the United States, has the habit of giving an annual prize of £400 for the most notable work of American literature during the year. For the past year, 1925, the prize has been given to Miss Marianne Moore for her poetry. Our ignorance of Miss Moore's work is as complete as it is deplorable; we have therefore to rely upon the critical description of it given by the editor of *The Dial* himself in making his award. Here it is:—

> I should like here to expose certain literary fragments, torn jaggedly from the hard contexts, fragments which, being felt out with the hammer of the intellect, return the consistency of rock crystal, fragments which, being thrown upon the hearth of our sympathetic understanding, betray the immense, the salt-veined, the profoundly meditated chromatization of enkindled driftwood.

Hé-naurme! as old Flaubert used to say.

OUR CONTEMPORARY HOCUS-POCUS

By Aldous Huxley

THE sciences of phrenology, physiognomy, and animal magnetism seem to us nowadays strange and comical enough. We have lost faith in the bump of philoprogenitiveness; and to explain the phenomena of hypnotism and suggestion we need not have recourse to a caricature of the theory of magnetism. A hundred years ago, however, the people who took what is called,—quite without irony,—"an intelligent interest in science," were mostly enthusiastic admirers of Lavater, Gall, and Mesmer. Balzac, for example, believed most earnestly in their doctrines, and the *Comédie Humaine* abounds in pseudo-scientific expositions of the theory of bumps and phizes and magnetic fluids.

Reading them now, we marvel,—with a superior smile,—how a sensible man, to say nothing of a man of genius, as Balzac was, could believe such fantastic balderdash and, queerer still, imagine that it had anything to do with science. That sort of thing, we reflect complacently, would not be possible in our enlightened age.

But, alas, it is possible. The vague and earnest-minded dilettanti who, in 1925, like to think of themselves as taking an intelligent interest in science, have discovered for their special delectation something quite as silly, easy, and inexact, something at the same time quite as amusing, quite as excitingly and alluringly "philosophical" as the theories of Gall and Mesmer.

OUR CONTEMPORARY HOCUS-POCUS

Phrenology and animal magnetism have gone the way of black magic, alchemy, and astrology. But we need not regret their loss; the ghosts of our ancestors have no cause to pity us. Indeed, we might almost be envied. For we have got hold of something even more entertaining than phrenology. We have invented psycho-analysis.

Fifty years hence, what will be the favourite pseudo-science of the novelist, the lady of fashion, and the earnest-minded but unscientific seeker after enlightenment? Something, we may be sure, that will seem, a hundred years hence, just as ludicrous as phrenology seems to us and psycho-analysis will seem to the next generation. For the type of mind to which the pseudo-sciences appeal is an eternal type. All thinking beings are anxious to know the secret of the universe; but they set about the search for truth in different ways. The man of science relies on experiment, sifted evidence, and a severe logic. The non-scientific man who, however, aspires to be scientific (for there are also the franker mystics, who do not) prefers less arduous methods. People of this type are generally incapable of close reasoning; they have but the vaguest conception of what constitutes evidence. They believe in short cuts to the absolute, backstairs approaches to certainty, get-rich-quick methods of acquiring the truth. Hence, rejecting, because not comprehending, the more difficult sciences and their laborious methods, they devote themselves to the study of what seems to them just the same as a real science—a pseudo-science.

The subject of all pseudo-science, from magic to animal magnetism, from astrology to psycho-analysis, has always been Man,—and Man in his moral nature, Man as a suffering and enjoying being. The reason is not far to seek. Man, the centre and in a sense the creator of our human universe, is the most spectacular and exciting subject that can be studied. Moreover, we

all know about Man, or think we do ; no preliminary training is necessary before we begin our study. A science of Man presents itself as the shortest of all possible cuts to absolute knowledge ; hence the invariable subject matter of the pseudo-sciences.

The methods of all of these " sciences " betray the same family likeness : Employing arguments from analogy in place of logical reasoning, accepting without subjecting to control-experiments whatever evidence they find useful, making assumptions which are then regarded as facts, inferring a rule from a single ill-observed instance, changing the connotation of terms whenever it suits them, assuming light-heartedly the identity of *post hoc* and *propter hoc*. Thus do the unscientific seekers after truth put together their strange and fantastic bodies of doctrine.

Some of these pseudo-sciences have enjoyed, in the past, whole centuries and even millenniums of popularity. The development of genuine science, the spread of education and the accessibility of knowledge have, however, in recent years enormously accelerated the process of their growth and decay. Astrology and magic endured among the civilized nations of the past for tens of centuries. But animal magnetism lasted no more than a generation before it was exploded. Phrenology lived no longer, and of the promising pseudo-scientific sensations of the twentieth century, the Calculating Horses of Elberfeldt only contrived to keep the stage for two or three years, and the gorgeous N-rays of Nancy undulated rather abruptly into nothingness after a span of popularity that, however intense, was no more enduring. Psycho-analysis has lasted and, we may be sure, will last a good deal longer, for the simple reason that its falsity cannot be conclusively proved by a single experiment, as was the case with the N-rays. As with the other great pseudo-sciences of the past, a conviction of its absurdity will

gradually appear and grow in the minds of its sectaries, until at last even those who take an intelligent interest in science will find it too manifestly absurd to be believed in. By that time, however, some new anti-scientific genius will have made its appearance with a new pseudo-science. The ex-devotees of Freud will not be left mourning.

The pseudo-science of psycho-analysis is one of the finest specimens of its kind ever devised by the mind of man. The fact is sufficiently well attested by its prodigious popularity among all classes except the scientific. And when we come to analyze it we find that it does, as a matter of fact, possess all the qualities that a pseudo-science ought ideally to have. To begin with, it deals with man in his moral nature. In the second place, no special education and no remarkable intelligence are required from its students. No painful mental effort need be made in order that we may follow its arguments; nor, as a matter of fact, are there many arguments in the strict sense of the term to follow. Anyone with the faith that can accept unsupported statements as facts, with a feeling for the significance of symbols and the more than logical force of analogy can study psycho-analysis. And the science has other and more positive charms. For the neurasthenic it offers cures (whether it fulfils its promise is a question into which we shall go later); it is, as it were, a tremendously high-class patent medicine. And for those interested in the blushful mysteries of sex,—and who, after all, is not?—it provides a mass of anecdotes and theories of the most fascinating character. If it could only incorporate into itself some method for foretelling the future, some miraculous recipe for making money without working, psycho-analysis would be fully as complete a pseudo-science as astrology, magic, or alchemy ever were. In time, perhaps, these improvements of the theory may be made; psycho-analysts are

resourceful and inventive folk. Meanwhile, take it even as it stands, it is incomparably superior to animal magnetism, phrenology, and the N-rays and only inferior to the most grandiose creations of the anti-scientific mind.

My own profound disbelief in psycho-analysis began when I first read, many years ago now, Freud's work on the interpretation of dreams. It was the machinery of symbolism, by which the analyst transforms the manifest into the latent dream-content, that shook any faith I might possibly have had in the system. It seemed to me, as I read those lists of symbols and those obscene allegorical interpretations of simple dreams, that I had seen this sort of thing before. I remembered, for example, that old-fashioned interpretation of the Song of Solomon ; I called to mind those charming bestiaries from which our ancestors in the Middle Ages used to learn a highly ethical brand of natural history. I had always been doubtful whether the leopard were really a living symbol of Christ (or, as other bestiaries affirmed, of the Devil). I had never, even in infancy, whole-heartedly believed that the amorous damsel in the Song of Songs was, prophetically, the Church and her lover the Saviour. Why should I then accept as valid the symbolism invented by Dr. Freud? There are no better reasons for believing that walking upstairs or flying are dream equivalents of fornication than for believing that the girl in the Song of Solomon is the Church of Christ. In one case we have the statement of some pious theologian that an apparently scandalous love song is really, if we will but interpret it in the right way, the expression of an innocent and, indeed, positively commendable aspiration towards God. In the other case we have a doctor asserting that an innocent action in a dream is really, when we interpret it properly, the symbol of the sexual act. Neither adduces a proof ;

each leaves us with a bald and unsupported statement. In either case, it is only those who have the will to believe who need believe; there is no evidence to compel assent from the sceptic. That anything so fantastic as this theory of interpretation by symbols (which are made to mean anything whatever according to the taste of the analyst) should ever have been regarded as possessing the slightest scientific value, is really quite unbelievable. It may be remarked in passing that while all psycho-analysts agree in regarding dreams as being of first-class importance, they differ profoundly in their methods of interpretation. Freud finds suppressed sexual wishes in every dream; Rivers the solution of a mental conflict; Adler the will to power; Jung a little bit of everything. The psycho-analysts seem to live in that marvellous transcendental world of the philosophers, where everyone is right, all things true, every contradiction reconciled. They can afford to smile down pityingly at the practitioners of other sciences, who crawl about in a muddy world where only one of two contradictory alternatives can be true at a given moment.

It was the symbolic interpretation of dreams that first shook my faith in psycho-analysis. But a systematic criticism of the theory should have begun by questioning its still more fundamental doctrines. There is the assumption, for example, that dreams are always profoundly significant. This is taken by the psycho-analysts as an admitted fact, though it is, to say the least of it, quite as probable that dreams have practically no significance and are no more than vague and haphazard series of associations set in motion by physical stimuli, internal (such as digestion) or external (such as the ringing of a bell or the rumbling of a cart).

The psycho-analytic assumption that dreams are in the highest degree significant is made necessary by the other still more fundamental assumption of the existence of the Freudian Unconscious. To read a description of

the psycho-analyst's Unconscious is like reading a fairy story. It is all tremendously exciting and dramatic. The Unconscious, we are told, is a sort of den or inferno to which all the bad thoughts and desires which clash with our social duties in the world are sent. At the door a mysterious being called the Censor is set on guard to see that they do not get out. Life in the underworld of the mind is extremely lively. The evil wishes pullulating in the den of the Unconscious are forever trying to escape, and the Censor has to prevent them from emerging into consciousness. The most extraordinary and ingenious stratagems are resorted to on both sides. The bad thoughts will put on disguises, drape themselves in sheep's clothing, and emerge as harmless thoughts; this is what happens in dreams. Hence the significance of dreams and the necessity of interpreting them symbolically, so as to get at their latent meaning—*i.e.,* discover the identity of the evil wish under his disguises. Sometimes, when the bad wishes are too strong for him and fairly shove their way out, the Censor himself will provide them with their fancy dress, insisting that they shall wear a mask and domino, so as not to give the conscious mind too much of a fright by the aspect of their ugly faces. In the invention of stratagems the suppressed thoughts and the Censor show themselves incredibly ingenious. One is left with the impression that they are far more intelligent than the poor stupid conscious mind which, unless it belongs to a psycho-analyst, would never be able to imagine such ingenious tricks and devices. The truth of this exciting anthropomorphic myth is cheerfully assumed by all psycho-analysts, who proceed to base their arguments on it as though it were a scientifically established fact.

All the other great " facts " of psycho-analysis are found on examination to be mere assumptions of precisely the same character. There is the assumption, for

example, of the widespread existence of an Œdipus-complex. There is the assumption that young children have sexual feelings and desires. Infants at the breast, Freud assures us, experience a genuine sexual pleasure; and to prove this, he bids us look at their faces which wear, while sucking, that perfectly contented expression which, in after life, only follows the accomplishment of the sexual act. This is a particularly scientific piece of evidence. We might as well say that the expression of profound wisdom and rapt contemplation which we often see on the faces of babies lying contentedly in their cradles is a proof that they are great philosophers and are thinking about the problems of free will and predestination and the theory of knowledge. Or again, there is the assumption that most normal human beings are somewhat homosexual as well as heterosexual. There is the assumption that a large number of children experience anal erotism. And so on. No proofs of any of these assumptions are adduced. But they are all treated as facts.

Psycho-analysts defend their theory by pointing to its practical therapeutic successes. People are cured by psycho-analysis, they say; therefore psycho-analysis must be correct as a theory. This argument would be more convincing than it is, if it could be shown: first, that people have been cured by psycho-analysis after all other methods had failed; and secondly, that they have really been cured by psycho-analysis and not by suggestion somewhat circuitously applied through psycho-analytic ritual. In his excellent little book *Psycho-Analysis Analyzed,* Dr. McBride records cases of phobias, supposed to be specially susceptible to treatment by psycho-analytic methods, which have been cured by the simple procedure of reasoning with the patient on his fears. The possibility that psycho-analytic cures are really due to suggestion must seriously be considered. Psycho-analysts, of course, indig-

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Desiderius Erasmus, on whom all the faces of Wisdom and Folly smile equally"? You may do so if you wish, you morose young man, provided only that, when you have done so, you laugh.

READER: Never, if it must be after your manner in this detestable book!

SHADE: Detestable, eh? Come, come, isn't that rather a hard word for a book which I considered but a trifle, composed "as a camel is made to dance"? The volume is perhaps my truest word, but none the less that word was spoken in jest. I wrote it in a few days while at Thomas More's house, and its principal object was not to invite the detestation of youth, but to while away the time against the arrival of my library and the departure of my lumbago. The idea had come to me as I jogged norward over the Alps. Italy and my fortieth birthday were behind me. It was early autumn. The leaves were scarlet in the ravine. All around me rose the whisper of hidden cascades. There was, as one of your poets has it, "a harmony and a lustre in the sky which through the summer is not heard or seen." The fall of a distant avalanche loosened among the heights a volley of echoes, resembling the exchange and prolongation of monster laughter. And I too laughed, leaning backward on my horse, and in that moment was the book born. Already I had forgotten Rome and the Curia save as a supreme example of cozenage and imposture.

READER: Where nevertheless you played the sycophant—as so often in your life.

SHADE: Very much less so than in other places where I was not so much appreciated, and at any period scarcely more than your typical popular writer of to-day, such for instance as Messer Frank Crane. I depended on the caprices of princes, he depends on those of the public. He has never given himself cause to tremble. I was frequently in danger of losing my

head. Nature has made that impossible to Messer Frank Crane.

READER : Do not despise him. He sometimes talks such obvious good sense as you and I may well have absorbed and forgotten, but the less fortunate not yet discovered. He too is a humanist—of a kind.

SHADE : Perhaps.

READER : There have been minutes while reading this book during which I have wondered whether both you and Crane were not sophists—he cheerful on principle despite the abyss and saturnalia of folly he is careful not to approach too closely, you full of horrible laughter provoked by the gases which rise from the abyss over which you have leaned. But he has the advantage : he is at least cheerful.

SHADE : And am not I? You very much mistake me if you suppose anything else. You have been paying too much attention to the everlasting babble concerning the egregious crimes and follies of contemporary Rome. Believe me, you have only to read my little book with imagination and you will discover that it was not Rome alone I had taken the measure of, but mankind.

READER : I fell into no such error. I understand you only too well. For I have beheld more filth, foolishness, and carnage than you in your forty years, and that insane laughter you indulge in, to which I have been so often tempted, prolongs itself very dreadfully in my ears.

SHADE : Insane? The very last word to apply to it. You express yourself with lugubrious violence as though humanity had done you a wrong in being what it is.

READER : So it has.

SHADE : Indeed? Young man, you have either been reading Pascal, a sage who could not smile at himself, or drinking sour wine.

READER : No : I have been reading your book. The Righteous of this country have forbidden wine.

SHADE : I would take no interest in the discoveries of Columbus, and now I see I was right. By my gouty fingers, the sovereignty of Folly is even more absolute than I supposed. You are in a hard case and I no longer wonder at the splenetic humour which has fallen upon you.

READER : To Tophet with the wine—it is your book.

SHADE : The devil will be more grateful for the wine than you seem for the book.

READER : Look at the scene you draw.—Folly originated all things and rules all things. We are begotten in folly because, without the foolish usurpation of the mind by the body, no one would be sot and criminal enough to beget another wretch to sin and suffer in this idiot world. We endure life only through the inane relish folly lends to it, in proof whereof you gravely quote from my favourite and the least foolish of all Greeks (the least foolish of people) Sophocles : "To know nothing is the sweetest life." You proceed to prove that Folly is at the root of the most honourable occupations no less than of the dishonourable. Sage and sycophant, lover and lecher, prince and pander—all, for you, are merely Folly's children. Folly cements society and supports it. Did you not write—"And indeed the whole proceedings of the world are nothing but one continued scene of Folly, all the actors being equally fools and madmen ; and therefore if any be so pragmatically wise as to be singular, he must even turn a second Timon, or man-hater, and by retiring into some unfrequented desert, become a recluse from all mankind."? You expostulate with my Timon's attitude and you yourself are its author—for it is you who have finally opened my eyes.

SHADE : Thank you.

READER : I can say like Rimbaud—

> Industriels, princes, sénats :
> Périssez ! Puissance, justice, histoire ! à bas ! . . .
> Ah ! passez,
> Républiques de ce monde ! Des empereurs,
> Des régiments, des colons, des peuples ; assez !

SHADE : Rimbaud, a greater man than Napoleon, is heady reading. You would do better to study more closely my book which you have not understood. Folly may make your heart stand still, but it makes the world go round—however elliptically. If to err is human, it is also the first step toward the divine. As my friend Goethe has it—" Ein guter Mensch in seinem dunklen Drange ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewusst."

READER : Do not speak to me of men " good " or otherwise : the mass of them love " good " men. They have no " aspirations " even of the most " obscure " and so can have no " instinct of the one true way." Swine do not err : they wallow.

SHADE : You dwell too much on man's crimes and too little on his conceits. His crimes he shares with animals, his conceits with the gods alone.

READER : Ah, your cursed *Philautia*—the art of having an excellent conceit of one's self.

SHADE : You resent it because you yourself are suffering from it—and a very peculiar and unfortunate form of it. But I would have you know that it is the task of the truly sensible to mix with all people, either conniving readily at their folly, or affably erring like themselves. Do not be too virtuous. Drink a little, wench a little, be one of the crowd.

READER : Bah ! as Baudelaire said—" A chacun son ivresse."

SHADE : Gall was his and seems to be your tipple. It is a poor one. Rabelais, who filched so much from me, was wiser than your Baudelaire. There was no grief in his cup whatever and there is little in mine.

READER : He has humour and you wit. I have only a weary and disgusted heart.

SHADE : Your peculiar folly has bewitched you. You remind me of Alceste in Molière's *Misanthrope,* who gratulated himself upon his hopes of losing his lawsuit because it would irrefragably demonstrate to him the villainy of man.

READER : Life is too long.

SHADE : You will not always think so, and meanwhile do not make it longer. On the roundabout of this world we are all seated astride our nags whether we will or no. Folly, that oils the wheels and grinds the tune, alone makes the ride endurable, putting giddiness in the head, exhilaration in the breast, gaiety in the eyes, and laughter in the mouth. Love Folly—for of it were you born, by it you must live, and in it you will die!

READER : Hush, you will break my heart.

SHADE : Let it break (for that is the beginning of wisdom) but let it break in laughter, not tears. *A chacun son ivresse :* laughter or tears? It is better to be fuddled with the first than sodden with the second.

READER : I do not wish to be either. I wish merely to see and to judge.

SHADE : Impossible. The merry-go-round is in motion. You have your choice—keep your eyes on your surroundings and do not glance beyond and be merry, or endeavour to see and be sick. Life is a roundabout and Folly turns the wheel.

READER : My friend Aldous Huxley calls that grinding figure a slobbering cretin.

SHADE : Swallow your bile and laugh. That figure has a fair face, for it is that of the Spirit of Life itself and the notes that gush from the organ are of the waters of perpetual youth. The roundabout spins merrily ; ceaselessly children succeed to children upon the hobby horses ; loudly ululates the mysterious, repe-

titive tune ; round we swirl and over our heads circle the equivocal stars.

READER : A nightmare.

SHADE : A hobby horse. And Democritus, sage of my favourite Epicurus, bears me out. Modern physicists, who seem to have more wisdom in their folly than that Socrates I describe as " exercising his geometry upon the measure of a flea," expand the lesson. All that is is a whirligig, both in particular and in general ; the electron swings about its nucleus in an almost ellipitical orbit, this orbit itself rotating, and Einstein's universe returns upon itself. All moves, and I would that it moved us to laughter. Ah ! why was I not born in the days of Einstein, Rutherford, Bohr, Bragg, Planck, and Millikan? There is the new Renaissance, the new extra-nationalism, and ultimately the new church.

READER : What percentage of mankind knows or cares anything of them or their works? Modern ethnology gives us little hope that man will relinquish his innate conservatism. The slobbering cretin grinds the wheel and the helots shout.

SHADE : Nevertheless, the enormous discoveries of these men will ultimately affect ethics. They make for humility, reawaken man to mystery and abate the asperities of dogma.

READER : You are more optimistic than I.

SHADE : No, I am more far-seeing : for depth of sight has always been my supreme virtue. Not to put too fine a point on it, young man, despite the continued saturnalia, which I deplore no less than you, I hope, young man, I hope.

READER : You are unreasonably elated by the discovery of someone reading at the remotest edge of a continent, but newly discovered in your day, the trifle you penned some four centuries ago and by the power that trifle yet possesses to provoke. In other words,

you are yourself a victim of your famous Philautia, Folly's own sister, self-love.

SHADE: And if I am, young man, if I am? Read my friend Unamuno on the Tragic Life and grant Don Quixote his glory. Sancho at least was merry and could dance, while you are only bilious. Be not too sure of that reality which oppresses you, as it did me, till I learned from the skies of Italy to throw it off. Personally, my benign folly is more sagacious than your sullen wisdom. In Italy I left a later son, student as I of ancient texts, who trod an even darker road than I, one whom not even his native skies could console. For Leopardi the true reality was "a reality which waits for us to construct," by the creative power of the mind, its natural "virtu" which he calls imagining ("immaginare") and associates with love. Let each Pygmalion create his statue, perhaps his passion will infuse it with life.

READER: Passion! Love! Now I know why you have such a hold on me. You are magnanimous.

SHADE: That is a quality that comes only when the heart is broken, and that is why I said such a breaking is the beginning of wisdom. Farewell.

READER: Stay but a moment, one moment!—when will mine be broken? Speak . . . speak . . . It does not answer. . . . It has melted away.

THE LAND OF SILHOUETTES

By L. A. Pavey

THE seaward edge of that Eastern country is flat—"flat as a map," it was once described by Robert Buchanan. In one region in particular it is a land of wastes, of rank and tussocky grass, of sedgy waterways, of mud and ooze, and sometimes, for its waters are tidal, *of incalculable floods that hide these things equally* under their surface as far as the eye can reach. Where possible the land is tilled and cultivated to the edge of the inlets, though even then sometimes turned by the floods into saltings; but mostly it is a hopeless and irreclaimable waste, the undisturbed home of the sand-piper, the dunlin, and the curlew, and the black ooze of the channels is the breeding-place of crabs in unnumbered thousands. Half a mile inland you may find occasional farmhouses, but even on the deserted fringes man has not been beaten. From any point, mile after mile, as far as the eye can reach, stretch the earthworks he has built against his immemorial foe, the sea that he has taken upon himself to hold and to bind, and against which still, old as are those barriers, year after year he sets his vigilance and renews his defences. There is something better than the merely geometrical in this long line of earth-walls; there is something noble, almost Roman. Their flat, narrow tops wind everywhere into a space that seems immeasurable; a space that would be almost without meaning but for the covering dome of cloud-flecked sky, there

to tell you that you are still below and among finite things. There is a delight in that country, on a clear day, in the resting of the eye on the unbroken level distances, undisturbed by variations in land and water, and hardly by a tree (save perhaps for an occasional pollard willow clinging desperately to a dyke-side), a delight in the effect of space that is missing from the beauty of hilly country. Every change of light, every movement of cloud, and the interchange of blue and white—a whole unbroken circle of sky, are yours. There you may watch the drama of the day, complete, the swelling and dwindling of the storm, the following triumph of the sun, the steady inflexible gathering of the forces of night, the splendours of changing sunsets of which not one pulsation is hidden, that great show suspended there, inverted, open to you on your first free and easy entrance to the marshes. Even when the startling frankness of that countryside is lost in the low sea-mists that roll across on occasion, white and woolly, from the shallow salt wastes, it has still its own attraction, an eerie one, of the seawalls cut horizontally by that dead blanketing, so that you walk them, clear underneath the dome of the sky, and look down on a lost earth and a milky smoking sea. You might be a Superman survival, and below you the expanse of a buried world, save that, with the hugeness lent by its white distortion, weirdly shapeless objects sometimes loom at you, their bases lost in the void, a haystack perhaps, or some dwelling in the waste that looks in that covering as though undisturbed since the Danes first discovered those waterways. It is as though the ghosts of thousands of invaders who, legion after legion, once found them the entrance to Britain, and fought in the many battles on these marshes, roamed now perpetually over their conquests refusing to leave them to their quiet.

It is never quite calm there. On the hottest summer

days there is a little whispering breeze ; on the stormiest you cannot walk against its gales, you must shoulder and push your way with every step against a persistent strength that is soon bewildering in its unvarying opposition. It would not do, in the rain and dark, to miss your footing on those exposed seawalls ; on every side of you run the dykes, and you can cross no part of the coast country direct. There are many tales of deaths from exposure, even among the few natives who know those places as well as they can be known. It is a region where you win your tenure hardly.

But the most remarkable feature of that countryside is the unbroken skyline against which all things moving on the walls are shown in a relief that is startling. That is why I have called this sketch "The Land of Silhouettes." You will find, in this unaccustomed setting, new qualities and appearances, new dignities, in the human body itself. So bold is the starkness of its outline, there set high on the seawalls, that, until you remember those tales of the victories of the elements, you are tempted to think exaltedly of man's triumph, striding along the paths he has made through the waste, reclaiming and dredging and keeping a countryside that was lost to the waters before he came. Occasionally there is a boat moored up those lonely creeks, the masts standing up high above the earth-walls and cutting your sky into segments—and quite as often there are the broken ribs of a hull brought there to the wastes for its slow death. Just once awhile in the slow cycles of the unflurried days those inland waters may be disturbed by some adventurous sailing-boat or by a barge taking a short cut from river to sea. And even those barges have an outline that is distinguished, so low are the shores, an individuality, a certain impressiveness that you will find lacking on inland waterways.

It is free, this country. Nobody claims for it prettiness, and it thus runs no risk of acquiring those distressing

inhibitions often so necessary to prettiness; it is not fenced off to the last square yard, the rich have not made it their province, and it has not been "exploited" in any shape or form. Call it, if you will, poor marsh-land, and leave it at that. Nobody will quarrel with you, and a certain few will even feel relieved, knowing that you do not intend to interfere with it. It has endured, from outsiders, that sort of thing for centuries; but those who saved it from the tides knew it for what it was, and those who have maintained it, and read aright its appeal, will leave you your own opinion. You are looking at it with other and alien eyes, that is all. But they know what it means to eyes that see, clearly and with understanding, an individuality that marks it off as a place apart from the beauty spots that are favoured of their fellows.

THE TOWN BEYOND

By Henry King

OVER the hills and far away
In the noontide glare of a windless day
You once appeared; your white walls shone
Like a pebble of quartz in the southern sun.
So much I saw.
My vision lied;
Your walls a common sun denied.
Hills lay between. The road was lost
And deep within the valley crossed
The silent Lethe streams that sever
Your world, your light from mine.

THE TOWN BEYOND

Ah, never
Shall I walk softly in your streets
Where, without price, the fountain greets
The life-worn traveller with wine
Vouchsafed to other lips than mine ;
Not mine to reach your cypress shade
At noon and rest me unafraid ;
Nor from this drowsy caravan
That with the birth of time began
Shall I at eventide alight
To your sweet harbour from the night ;
Not mine to know your secret ways,
Thread the warm darkness of your maze
Of fountained courts, secure as one
Who has a magic freedom won.
Maybe if I were newly born
I might be native to your morn
And breathe your air and hear your streams
And touch the wonder of my dreams :
But I am old, and though I seek
The road till death, yea, climb the peak
That hangs above the silent river,
Descend and cross—yet I shall never
Enter your gates.
The streets will shine
With this same sun, and mortal wine
Will slake my thirst, common the pool
Wherein my weary feet shall cool :
And though these precious things be dear,
I shall remember.
Once you were
(Was it a dream or perfect sight ?)
The fortress of the heart's delight,
The soul's own city, poised in day,
Over the hills and far away.

THE NOVELS OF CONSTANCE HOLME

By Doris N. Dalglish

Achieving its excellencies, as it does, at the cost of so many limitations, the contemporary novel cannot fail to give the impression that its purpose is ultimately suicidal. It is as though a hundred dangerous and combative torches had been hastily lighted from a flame whose real and sacred mission was to sustain life by means of its illumination. Until some crisis has arisen the excellencies appear to outnumber the limitations. But suddenly, personal loss and disappointment compel one to turn to literature in order to find reason that may reconcile, or a flaw is observed in our political or economic apparatus, and we put literature to the test. Can it merely express, or can it communicate certainty or, at least, refreshment? Something checks the rhythm of individual or social life. Ugly things in life's foundations are revealed. Out of the consequent mental suffering we draw the conviction that intellect is not enough. Intellect may be self-contained, spiritually lazy. Its bright things, among them the new novel, come quick to confusion. The fictitious passions, in criticizing which we sought relief, burn themselves out before our eyes, and we are left still searching for consolation of our sudden pain. Those vivid writings cannot quieten the rhythm that trouble, within or without, has jarred. We ask for steadiness.

Rare as it may be, this longed-for quality can be found in the contemporary novel, and it is richly displayed in the work of Miss Constance Holme. In the

last ten years her six novels must, at intervals, have lit up a scattered company of torches. The company must remain small, one theory accounting for this by the fact that the novel of the crowd—even the superior crowd of informed readers and persons of taste—is a sedative rather than a tonic. It is one thing to hand out the annual and lucrative story to the appreciative and but faintly critical audience, pulpit ministering to slothful pew. It is another thing actually, as it were, to be with and among your readers, co-operating rather than exhorting. There is a recognition accorded to novelists of this spirit which differs essentially from the deluding " recognition " which sweeps the novels of the successful in scores from the library shelves. The novelist who expects his readers to work and to make mental and spiritual progress achieves recognition from those whose spirits must, for the sake of life itself, make progress, and that not because the books are in the library, but because the reader has been seeking from life that which he suddenly discovers to be the spiritual content of a certain novel.

It is not surprising that a novelist possessing this peculiar appeal to effort and fellowship should be a woman. It is, however, irrelevant.

The secret of this " higher principle " of composition to which reference has been made is quickly explained. It is the method of the poet. Where other writers—even women, harassed, when their novels are good, by conscientiousness—organize their characters, a writer of Miss Holme's calibre is content with a wise passiveness. It is the poet's method, the slow assimilation of the man who contemplates and will

> Watch from dawn till gloom
> The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,
> Nor heed nor see what things they be.
> Yet from these create he can
> Forms more real than living man. . . .

These forms are the only characters of fiction with whom the reader is quick to identify himself. They are less strongly drawn in Miss Holme's first book, *Crump Folk Going Home,* but its successor, *The Lonely Plough,* sets before us a band of Westmorland gentry and farmers of whom a dozen certainly " come alive." Gentry, farmers . . . types who might be treated with Miss Kaye-Smith's rather forced eloquence or Mr. Galsworthy's delicate helplessness, so that with either method they would draw apart from us into their native land of artificiality. Or again, we have met in Mr. Kipling's less savage passages those country gentry of whose nobler prototypes Miss Holme has written, " On the backs of its often inadequate "—(what use would Mr. Kipling make of the inadequate?)—" but willing gentry the agricultural county moves forward, exorbitant with them because it has bred them. Titles —silver—illuminated addresses—a portrait to hang behind their empty chair . . . the real guerdon is surely immeasurably different and beyond."

The gentry of many otherwise admirable authors inflame the reader with an indignation which is the sheer unreason of politics—a piece of silliness as it must appear to the reader of *The Lonely Plough.* Lord Bluecaster, that kindly, ineffective young man, never sent one convert to support the dictatorship of the proletariat. He is set among too many poignant accidents —a lovers' quarrel and a son departing from the farm, the old people exiled to a lesser home, that home wrecked in the tragic waters that tore in from the sea and smashed and destroyed the sea-wall that Bluecaster had let stand because a Lancaster had built it, and " what a Lancaster says, goes." Tragedy and reconciliation, and the ordeal of Lanty Lancaster, Lanty, the strong servant of a lovable and inefficient master, who had to see his father's wall crippled by the sea ; who d to live out in convincing anguish the proof of his

theory that "there's only one tie between man and man that will stand a week, and that's just simple faith. . . . I tell you it is better to keep trust and be betrayed—ay! better even to betray trust in keeping trust, than never to have trust at all!"

The chapter in which the reader is hurried from the track of one character to follow another's progress while the thunderous winds and the rising tide storm on through the black night is a piece of eloquence rarely equalled by the literary modern novelist, who shrinks too often from bringing his sensitized personalities into actual conflict with nature. It is easier to exercise one's fevered band of intellectuals in urban surroundings; easier also, if nature must be sought, to be idiotically pagan. Miss Holme does not allow her characters to be slaves to the earth, even when—

> clay of the pit whence we were wrought
> Yearns to its fellow clay,

as when the girl Deborah explains in *Crump Folk* her love of "every blade of grass springing upon Crump land . . . every furrow turned in Crump soil; every tree that draws life from it, and every sunset painted on its woods."

Along with Lanty Lancaster, Bluecaster and the characters of her own story, Deborah speaks as one who can give devotion without losing a sense of values. Life, for all of these—not "characters" but friends—consists of a progressive sacrifice. Life is hard.

"We all stand alone," says Lanty, "if it comes to that. We drive our furrow single-handed, out of the dark into the dark. . . . It's always one man's hand on the lonely plough."

Even love between man and woman, which Miss Holme, without any slight, dismisses to a secondary position, is not to be regarded as a passion of physical ecstasy. It meets with obstacles because it is honest and

generous and scrupulous, and its final conquest is not so much a personal triumph for possessive vanity as a soul's contribution to the common human stock of power and delight.

The licence to be given to humour in art is a perplexing subject. It is instructive to remark how wisely humour plays about the chapters of *The Lonely Plough,* never shrinking to the facetious or grinning a broad welcome to farce. Critics have been heard to complain that so destructive an element must not be allowed to invade a work of large intent, but, in our foolish phrase, we are human, and when author, character and reader so intermingle their personalities, the event which twists a smile from one of the three must be communicated to the others. It is a pleasant competition to decide which of the partners first saw the joke.

Less well-known, *The Old Road from Spain* is filled with pictures of the same grey hills and green dale pastures, the same austere stone houses whose atmosphere Miss Holme can so delicately interpret in a tune of words; the same sports and garden-parties and tedious brief scenes in drawing-rooms; horses and dogs, families with traditions of service, a cold touch of legend from old unhappy things.

Then comes a severance. Three novels follow, after 1916, in which the events of one day, a tragic but never wholly desperate day, strike something of awe across simple lives. The sophisticated, even the best and soundest of them, make way for personalities whose emotions are less speedily articulate. The delicate consciousness of privilege and duty, the intimate, humorous contact between personalities, are like rivers forced underground, running through the stiff soil of less developed minds but never ceasing to run generously and to give forth a sound of life and motion.

"Tread softly because you tread on my dreams" was written on the title-page of Miss Holme's first

book, and this is no plea from arrogant authorship, but a voice speaking from the humblest of her characters. These simpler personalities are not poorer in the capacity to create for themselves houses not made with hands. Each of them, as Stevenson put it, carries his lantern in his heart.

Kit Sill, the hero of *Beautiful End,* is returning to the farm of that name to spend his old age with his son and daughter-in-law. He has spent a shameful and agonizing interval in the squalid home of his second son's wife. Insults and privations and taunts for the masterly playing of the fiddle which had once made him famous, have lengthened out one weary day after another. Nevertheless, the material house to which he returns is repugnant to the visionary in the old man.

> " You can't bring back the dead to the lone living. You can't put back the laylock by the door."
>
> " Nay. I wish I could." Thomas's face fell.
>
> " At Marget's I hed 'em both."
>
> " It's your old home, think on," Agnes said wistfully, but he shook his head.
>
> " 'Tisn't home when the music's all ganged."
>
> A silence fell on the three of them after that, the silence of helplessness ceasing from futile speech. . . . The music could only live where the dream lived, and he had left it behind.

Kit returns to his other and wretched home, for " it's never a poor house where folk find their dream."

The Splendid Fairing, winner of the *Femina-Vie-Heureuse* prize, is a tragedy from the beginning. Perhaps it is only at the last, when Sarah Thornthwaite has knowingly sent her supposed nephew, the son of her greatest enemy, out to death in the imprisoning water, that one fully appreciates the air of suspense and irony which has put a grim point on countless little details in the chronicle of the day. Tiny incidents and broken speeches have helped to set the tragic scene,

in which Sarah, "betrayed by what is false within," a disappointed, embittered woman, discovers that the stranger from Canada who has gone out into the dusk to the sinister estuary is not her nephew but her own Geordie.

But the tragedy is not overclouded by utter desolation. Just before the thunderclap of despair and wrong breaks over Sarah's mind, her husband attempts to voice the dominant philosophy of Miss Holme's writings.

> "Anyway, we've had the best on't!" he cried triumphantly, as if inspired. "Eliza's had what looks most, but we've had the real things, you and me!"

The real things . . . faith, love, sacrifice, sympathy, humour, the will to work and give service. These do not change. They ennoble the hard but not tragic story of *The Trumpet in the Dust,* that remarkable picture of a day in the life of old Mrs. Clapham. The end of the day that sees the grand disappointment of her life and her enforced return to a life of charing and scrubbing has a dignity of its own which austerely surpasses the triumph of the morning. Hearing of her election to be tenant of the alms-house, Mrs. Clapham hurries off to spend an afternoon's felicity in the rooms that are to be her new home, and returns in ecstasy to learn of her daughter's death and her own responsibility for two grandchildren. As in *The Splendid Fairing* evil has been working through an enemy, and there has been mean treachery, but Mrs. Clapham herself is blameless from the beginning to the last moment when she lays her old head down to cry in the middle of writing her request that the alms-house, her longed-for haven, may be given to Martha Jane, the village slattern.

It is not easy to stand outside these books as a critic. Very early in the act of reading one is taken inside. The story merges into life. One is there, involved, amused, active, sympathetic, sharing the responsibili-

ties, dreams and delights of these extraordinarily human people. We are, in the act of reading, made wise enough to understand. Nor are we acutely conscious of someone aloof from ourselves who is displaying a purely personal faculty for telling a story and outdistancing our merely receptive minds in achievement. The criticism that we utter when the book is finished is a criticism not of any well-told story but of life itself, life in which we stand and suffer and hope. Possibilities which we never saw before are revealed. Almost it may be said that we feel the continued life of those characters pulsing in our own. They have not come to an end. We remember them—Kit Sill finding a glimpse of eternal beauty as he fiddles for a children's game and watches his own unattractive grandchild, Lup Whinnerah waking to find his distraught mother silently awaiting by his bed the flow of the grey and terrible tide without, Mrs. Clapham talking racily to the old alms-house folk and bringing before their tired old eyes the drama of her own vigorous life.

More than that, actual passages come to memory. There is a tiny chapter in *The Lonely Plough* whose fateful rhythm, once apprehended, remains vivid in the mind.

> Dawn saw a boatload of haggard faces under the walls of the Pride. There was water as far as eye could see, and the grim light filtered through six great gaps in the bank. The Let had given in all directions, and from Watch How the whole Wythe valley showed like one vast lagoon.
>
> Lup stood up in the stern to hail, and found his voice a dead thing in his throat. All night long it had been calling, but it was dumb now. In his pocket his icy fingers crushed the forgotten violets meant for his mother.
>
> Lancaster, at an oar, looked up at his terrible face and shivered. Somebody called, and they rowed closer. Across the sill of an upper room the wind had blown the silvery strand of a woman's hair. They hailed once more, and drew towards it; but when they saw the water-mark, they were silent.

So, on Mothering Sunday, Lup Whinnerah came home again.

Or again, in less tragic vein, there is the picture of Dandy Shaw's gradual acclimatization to Westmorland.

For the first time in her smooth career she was arrested, called to halt by something that thrilled almost to pain. For the first time, too, she saw herself no longer the pivot of her world, an outstanding figure on an obliging background of earth, but a mere unnecessary pigmy on its surface. She found the country cruel and very lonely, full of shut secrets, fearful, yet unquestionably alluring. In this new atmosphere, where the true Romance still brushed by on velvet wings, her unfledged soul shrank a little, and as yet was lost. The name of it in books had stirred her to a vague desire; the reality of it, keen as a sword, rich as purple curtains before God, made her afraid.
The house affected her in the same way. Its tranquillity, its dignity, its rapt air of hiding secrets mystic as the Grail, impressed her as the attributes of a living thing, with a mind and being larger than her own. Its susceptibility, too, amazed her. Halsted, for instance, had cared nothing for weather. When the sun burned, you drew the blinds, and, within, the luxury grew cool and fragrant; and when storm held sway without, again the blinds were drawn, shutting you into soft comfort, where electric light, silver and china, laughter and the click of balls or the slur of dancing feet, struck always the same note of lapped pleasure. But, at Watters, when the sun shone, the old house stirred dreamily and smiled, and half-forgotten pictured faces looked alive from the dim walls, and threads of hot gold ran molten along the dark floors. There was no need to curtain the sun; the place needed it, and turned its old bones gratefully under its touch. And on days of stress the house shared it with the day; you could not shut the storm from Watters. The wind was in the house itself, lifting the rugs, whistling up the stair, crying like a lost soul in the eaves. The hurrying sky was mirrored in the glass of the panelling, and the beating rain filled the stone eyes with streaming tears. Outside, the full river swung above its banks, and the lost wail of sheep on the mist-hung fell rode on the tortured air. . . .
Slowly, very slowly, the faintly shifting kaleidoscope of

> the months adjusted Dandy to her new conditions. The first sense of stagnation, following on the hurry of Halsted, was replaced gradually by a feeling of steady movement and expansion. The days were alive but never feverish. She came to see that rampant activity does not always mean progression, that the stimulant of rush may finally produce stupefaction, and flying feet carry one over all the great truths of life. The country's gift was hers—time to grow.

It is enough—the style is the philosophy which it embodies. Nothing is accidental, ornate, or prodigal.

Life by itself does not satisfy a majority of novelists at the moment. They exert themselves to turn its lustre and keen edge into the vicious shapes of gloomy cleverness. To one waiting for life, watching and receiving, there must inevitably come terror and loveliness far more lasting than can be deliberately prearranged as material for art. The truest adventures, as it has been said, are not those we go to seek. They are not far from us at the moment of our birth. Life by itself is sufficiently dangerous and grisly, yes, and sufficiently beautiful, without the ingenious labours of the intellect that has read rather than lived.

> O mystery of man, from what a depth
> Proceed thy honours. I am lost . . . but this I feel
> That from thyself it comes, that thou must give,
> Else never canst receive.

Miss Holme has recaptured the very sense of wonder which thus touched the poet of her own county, where men and women of the dales live by and respond to the same vital interests, "trust in the morning and quiet in the evening, our own folk and work, and food and sleep—seed-time and harvest, cold and heat . . . the real things." Indeed, at moments one speculates that her peculiar gift to the modern novel is the gift of an intellect which has been kept immune from the fretfulness of the ailing society of cities, enriched by the messages of hill and sea, and instructed thereby to appreciate the nobility of man's dependence.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OLIVE SCHREINER : THE TRAGEDY OF A THWARTED ARTIST.—Last year her *Life* was published, and now we have her *Letters* (Fisher Unwin, 21s. net). Why have they not made more stir? They are such amazing letters—not for wisdom or beauty—but for their passion and truth. Perhaps they made the critics uncomfortable; they are uncomfortable letters. Often it hurts to read them. They are so intensely personal; cries direct from the heart, spontaneous and unrestrained as the cries of a child. She cries, she suffers, she rebels, she endures, but she does not laugh or smile. She never laughed at the world, for she saw only its tragedy; its comedy quite escaped her.

"It is impossible to feel that there is anything but agony in the world," she wrote once to Havelock Ellis from Paris, and the cry continually recurs. "We mustn't hurt other people . . . life is such awful agony." . . . It seems that she felt too much to have a sense of humour, for she never knows a moment's detachment. And this intensity of feeling made life a prison from which she could not escape. She even thought from her heart, not her brain. She thought, as she wrote . . . "with her blood." "Why must I write everything with my blood? Other people don't."

And again: "I sometimes feel as if I were bleeding to death."

Yet her feeling was never false. It was angry, sad, bitter, despairing, agonized—but always vital feeling; and passionate, as only youth is passionate. But it was never gay or joyful. Happiness to her meant peace. It meant only respite from suffering. "Happiness . . . means to me . . . I am for a time in a condition to master my own feelings and keep them from rending me." And, after her return to South Africa, she writes:

"My whole emotional nature seems dead and yet I am so happy."

Passionate as youth is passionate. And angry, as youth is angry; and hopeful with the hope of youth, and bitter with youth's blind bitterness. For though these letters reveal a big-hearted woman, a pure soul—frank, proud, sincere, idealistic—they show, too, a thwarted development, a spirit that never wholly matured. For she never quite grew up. Her genius withered before it could blossom.

And that she knew this herself I feel sure. For this is what the letters reveal: this is their unconscious confession. And this is the cause of her suffering. She does not admit it in words, but she was aware of some deep frustration. And although she attributes her incessant suffering to other things; to her ill-health, to her shyness, to her dread of loneliness and to her equal shrinking from personal contact, to her sensitive nerves, and to all the stupidity and cruelty around her—these are but effects, not causes;—all arising from the frustration of her artistic powers, from this nipping of her soul's maturity and her painful realization of this frustration. For there is no bitterness so black, no despair so deep as that of the thwarted artist. This cause only can account for the poignancy of her letters, and for her painful attitude to life. For her pain could amount to agony. Nothing else can explain it;—this life that was one long suffering.

In her early twenties she was writing: "I wish when I was two hours old the nurse had tied a garter round my neck, then I would never have known the pain of living." Exactly ten years later she writes to Ellis in almost the same words: "Oh, Harry, why didn't my mother tie a garter round my neck the day I was born? . . . the hidden agony of my life no human being understands." And again: "Last night I cried for hours! I don't know why. It was like a mad

agony come upon me." And a little later : " I have been passing through the stiffest time of my life." (But there were many such times.) " I am utterly alone in the world, and I wish it so, because I only inflict suffering." Yet no woman had stauncher friends.

And her generalizations strike the same note :—

" Life is a battle to be fought quietly, persistently, and at every moment." In one of her last letters she wrote to her husband . . . " nothing matters in life but love and pity for all our fellows . . . it is terrible to be human creatures . . . the universe is so awful. . . ."

Her external circumstances cannot account for this suffering. In much she was fortunate. Her recurring attacks of asthma were certainly burdensome, but otherwise her vitality was strong. When she first came to England, she had youth, beauty, fame, and friends on her side ; but even then these weighed light against her misery. And throughout, this overbalance remained. Life itself cannot account for it. To all sensitive, idealistic natures such as hers, its facts are ugly—often beyond endurance—but beauty is no less undeniable. And an artist must reconcile the two, or build a new world in defiance. But Olive Schreiner did neither. Her sensibility hampered her executive powers, and it crushed her creative spirit. She could never escape from herself. Even her criticisms strike this narrow, too personal note. Writing of Hardy she says : " It seems . . . as though he were only fingering his characters with his hands, not pressing them up against him till he felt their hearts bleed." And of Heine : " I personify myself with him . . . the infinitely burning, tender, passionate heart will be known only to a few . . . it must be so, heart to heart."

She worked with vigour and intensity but with despair gnawing her vitals. For none of her later work fulfilled the promise of the *South African Farm,* that almost perfect expression of adolescence in its pas-

sionate groping for truth, its blind anger and bafflements. But it was the book of a youthful genius, and a genius not yet matured. The genius never matured. For Olive Schreiner did not grow up. As an artist she remained adolescent. She saw always through the eyes of youth, with youth's hot sincerity; but with youth's bitter blindness. And all she wrote after twenty was but repetition, for the creative fire had died, though she agonized to rekindle the flame. Her life and her work prove this. Her allegories . . . her preoccupation with social questions—her mystical yearnings for union—were all unconscious acknowledgments of failure. They are the expression of her soul's despair. She wrote once to Ellis:

"My feeling is that there is nothing in life but refraining from hurting others and comforting those that are sad . . . what kind of feeling is that for an artist to be narrowed down to? . . ."

But that is the nearest to a conscious confession that she makes.—BARBARA BURNHAM.

"HOUSE AT SURBITON."—"The tickets are only half-a-crown each," she said.

"But I never win anything in a lottery," Jones countered.

She frowned.

"Oh, it isn't a lottery. The police, you know. It's a ballot. And it's for a very good cause. And, of course, the first prize *is* a thousand pounds."

"All right," Jones smiled. After all, she was very pretty.

"And your friend over there? You'll take one for him too? Numbers 4774 and 4775. Five shillings, please. Thank you so much. Good-bye."

"Which will you have, Smith? 4774 or 4775?"

"What does it matter? I never win anything in a

lottery. Here's your half-crown. You'd better keep my ticket for me. It won't win, and if it did I should only lose it. What would you do with a thousand pounds? "

" House at Surbiton," said Jones; and he put No. 4774 away in a separate compartment in his wallet with the word " Smith " scribbled lightly in pencil on it.

It was incredible, but there it was. In the morning paper quite plainly.

FIRST PRIZE: NO. 4774.

Mabel found it at breakfast. The tickets, quickly. She threw 4775 impatiently from her. She read every word on 4774.

" Why, you've got some silly scribbling on it," she said. " We must send it in clean."

And she found an india-rubber in record time and removed the offending scribble.

" I s'pose," said Jones, gulping at his coffee, " I s'pose it can't—can't—be Smith's by any chance? "

" Why, of course not, dear. Whatever put such a silly idea into your head? There's Mr. Smith's ticket, that one. You know you really ought to have written his name on it. Let me do it before it's too late—in case they find a mistake in the number.

And she wrote " MR. SMITH " in large letters on No. 4775.

" Oh darling, now we can have our house at Surbiton." And she kissed him on the bald patch.

After all, he thought on the way to the office (as far as anyone who has come into a thousand pounds can be said to think) after all, Smith wouldn't know what to do with it. He would invest it in something gilt-edged and add the income to the capital. Wouldn't help trade a bit. Of course, they might share it. Fifty-fifty. But then he would only get five hundred, and he couldn't

buy the house with that. Oh, damn it! what a cad he was. Of course, he must own up. Why, it was simple stealing. He would 'phone Smith as soon as he got to the office.

Then he thought of Mabel.

There was a lot to do at the office. Such a pile of letters. What with one thing and another he hadn't time to telephone. And when Smith rang up as usual for lunch he said he was so busy that he wouldn't be able to get out to lunch to-day. He would have told Smith then, but there was so much that ought to be done, and really he disapproved of private calls in business hours. It was a matter of principle, and he was a man of principle. Good heavens, if a man didn't stand by his principles, where was he? Business must come first.

But Smith saw the winning numbers in his paper at lunch, and he rang up.

"I suppose neither of us has won anything?"

"Why, don't you know, old man? Hasn't anyone told you? I've got the winning number. Yes, 4,774. No, I'm sorry, old chap. Wish it had been yours. Feel almost inclined to hand it over, you know, or go shares. Except that it really was my number—and not only that, it's not myself, it's the wife I'm thinking of. Yes, of course. House at Surbiton. Yes, thanks so much. And I say, old man. I'm awfully sorry it isn't you, you know. I mean it, really. You do believe me, don't you?"

Damnation! Why had he added that? He wasn't that sort of cad really. Not that sort. Better ring up and explain. Oh, how could he? Must go through with it now.

There it was all right. No. 1, New Terrace, Surbiton. They had wanted to call it No. 4,774, but the authorities wouldn't let them.

And now they had to think of a name for it. Somehow Jones never quite took to the house, didn't even like it enough to think out a name for it.

"I don't quite like Lottery Villa," said Mabel, "though it is better than Hospital House. Can't you think of something?"

"Smith's House," he suggested.

"But it isn't," she said.

"I know," he answered. "That's why."

"You silly boy. You must have your little joke." And she moved her fingers caressingly along the top of his head, just as if there was really some hair there. He always loved her for that. It showed a divine understanding.

"You angel," she whispered.

"What a funny place heaven must be," he thought irrelevantly.

And she kissed him on the tip of his nose.

F. G. STONE.

SCHNITZLER'S "FRAULEIN ELSE."—Schnitzler's latest story, *Fräulein Else,* following the recent mode, is wholly of the "streams of consciousness" type. It records, in short staccato sentences, the thoughts of a young girl during a single evening, culminating with her death that night, and is so real and immediate in its effect that the reader is made to go through her experiences and to share her feelings—alas, of unrelieved discomfiture! The story, briefly, shows us *Fräulein Else* pondering over her mother's suggestive telegrams and letter and trying to make up her mind as to whether she should take the hint and appeal to a remote acquaintance—an elderly *roué,* staying at the same hotel in Switzerland—to remit a large sum of money to her father who is in deadly need of it. At last she steels herself to do so—and the gentleman responds, but being a business man reluctant to give

up something for nothing stipulates for the privilege of seeing the lovely Fräulein Else nude. She detests him —because he is an old *roué* instead of being a young one, shrinks back, argues with herself, accepts, suffers, and finally appears in the required state, but—over and above the stipulated terms—in the public lounge, and faints of shame. She is carried up to her room, where shortly afterwards she dies from an over-dose of Veronal.

A commonplace plot, it may seem—but brilliantly executed. The method is of some technical interest to novelists, since this is a really brilliant example of what can and cannot be done by this method—already employed by one or two German writers of our day, to say nothing of our own Mr. Joyce. It is all *thinking*, only here and there relieved by a line of dialogue, which is printed in italics so as to stand out from the rest. But it is attractive thinking. Here is an example :

> O, wie schön wäre das tot zu sein. Aufgebahrt liege ich im Salon, die Kerzen brennen. Lange Kerzen. Zwölf lange Kerzen. Unten steht schon der Leichenwagen. Vor dem Haustor stehen Leute. Wie alt war sie denn? Erst neunzehn. Wirklich erst neunzehn?—Denken Sie sich, ihr Papa ist im Zuchthaus. Warum hat sie sich denn umgebracht? Aus unglücklicher Liebe zu einem Filou. Aber was fällt Ihnen denn ein? Sit hätte ein Kind kriegen sollen. Nein, sie ist vom Cimone heruntergestürzt. Es ist ein Unglücksfall. Guten Tag, Herr Dorsay (that is the old *roué*), Sie erweisen der kleinen Else auch die letzte Ehre? Kleine Else, sagt das alte Weib.—Warum denn? Natürlich, ich muss ihr die letzte Ehre erweisen. Ich habe ihr ja auch die erste Schande erwiesen. O, es war der Mühe wert, Frau Winawer, ich habe noch nie einen so schönen Korper gesehen. Es hat mich nur dreissig Millionen gekostet. Ein Rubens kostet dreimal so viel.

And so on, till, unnoticed, she falls asleep and dreams on in this way, but less and less coherently. She wakes up, and returns to the hotel, still thinking. Her thoughts are unusually frank ; she can even ironize about her

own facile conclusions. Shrinking from the stipulation, for example, she decides to ask him to withdraw it but to send the money all the same. She will tell him that she understands that he was only joking. What he asked of her was a joke—true, not in the best of taste—but a joke, and she counts on him to send the money, since he is a gentleman, &c., &c. But directly she imagines his ironical rejoinder: "Certainly. I demand nothing whatsoever in return for the privilege of being allowed to send the money to your dad. I would gladly send double that sum. As a matter of fact, I'd be delighted to keep your whole family for the sheer pleasure of it, if you would be so kind as to allow me," or words to that effect.

Schnitzler, a brilliant artist, shows us what can be done in this new way when the author is a Schnitzler. But, on finishing this book, I am inclined to think that more can be done in other ways. *Fräulein Else* is only one hundred and thirty-five pages long, but I have been exhausted by her thoughts to the point of myself cherishing an easy death like hers, having lived through her experiences in the dreary painful way one does in actuality, with nothing else to relieve me. And why should one be made to suffer in this way? This "streams of consciousness" method is all right for the shortest of short stories, and most effective when touches of it are introduced, at intervals, in a long novel. But even *Fräulein Else* is too long for it.—WILLIAM GERHARDI.

ANATOLE FRANCE: THE FRENCH ATTITUDE.—I lately received two special numbers of French periodicals, each wholly devoted to Anatole France. For some days I left them unread, thinking that they were the usual unctuous and vapid *hommages* to which our French neighbours are addicted. In an idle moment I

began to glance through them. Imagine my astonishment at finding that they were filled with indignant and passionate attacks upon him. One is a special number of *Clarté,* the anti-war journal which was founded, I think, by Henri Barbusse at the peace, and of which, if I remember rightly, Anatole France himself was one of the original supporters ; the other is called *Un Cadavre,* and is rather a broadsheet than a special number, for it seems to have been published for this single and special occasion.

These are the only French "tributes" to Anatole France that have come my way, and it strikes me as remarkable that they should both be passionately hostile to the man and his memory. *Clarté* does not particularly impress me ; its attitude, though obviously honest, is in the main the narrow attitude of the revolutionary Socialist, who regards Anatole France merely as a bourgeois *bourreur de crâne*—which means, "a head-stuffer" or humbug, or more exactly (in American) a "bunk-merchant." *Clarté* is for the class-war ; Anatole France was not. Nevertheless it would be untrue to say that this is the real substance of *Clarté's* contempt for him ; it is not. *Clarté* is obviously run by men who went through the war and do not intend to forget it : and they do not intend to forget Anatole France's attitude during the early years of the war. The editor of *Clarté* declares : "Only one other man was utterly despised by the men at the front : that other man was Barrès." I do not think that even the most rabid Bolshevik would risk such a statement, without there being an element of truth in it.

Still, if I had *Clarté* alone to go upon, I would not repeat it. But the statement is borne out by the writers in *Un Cadavre.* It so happens that I am personally acquainted with one or two of these : and for the sincerity of these one or two at least I can vouch. They are also young men who went through the war. And

I know, for instance, that Pierre Drieu La Rochel
utterly sincere when he writes this :—

> Yet another who lived in that golden age, Before
> War, of which we understand nothing. He is ever
> Frenchman *par excellence* of that age—this Anatole Fr
> But, you see, our piety is turned elsewhere; it is not
> able for this feather-bed death. . . . No, our piety is
> on those who died young, whose words were not le
> melt in their mouths like sugar-plums, but were torn
> their lips with blood and bloody foam. And I ask y
> this question will supply the reason for the tone I must
> in order that there shall not be heard in Europe onl
> voices of men who blow their noses and can sanctimoni
> agree on this alone: that France is dead and France li
> I ask you what help was this old grandfather to
> boys who died?
>
> A nice old grandfather, far too like many other mc
> French grandfathers: without a God, without deep
> without intolerable despair, without mighty anger, wi
> utter defeat, without complete victory.
>
> A total ignorance of God—we understand each othe
> we not, O poets desperate with nothingness? Thread
> threadbare philosophy! And love? Intrigues,
> *Français*. The poor love of the *Lys Rouge*. I beg pa
> of the race of women. And art? Literature? This nic
> grandfather ignored or laughed at all the fathers and u
> whom we love.
>
> No, we cannot forget all that, even though we reme
> that we owe to him the tool which makes us work and l
> the tool which may be broken in our coarse hands, blis
> on the rifle-butt and the trigger. . . . We cannot f
> that they made us as schoolboys admire those old b
> Bergeret, Coignard, Bonnard. *Vieux marcheurs, a*
> *pions habiles!*
>
> Our love and our hope lies elsewhere; but our bitte
> is here. It is right that our bitterness should be felt ar
> the tears of the pious crocodiles who will crawl alon
> Avenue du Bois.

An Englishman has no right to criticize an atti
such as this. Whether it is just, I do not know : but
know that I understand it. Moreover, it seems to
right and proper that the existence of such an atti

among many of the sincerest and most gifted young Frenchmen to-day should be made known in England.

I have been taken to task by one whose word of praise or blame touches me deeply, for the meagreness of my own praise of Anatole France in these pages. Perhaps it is that I am younger than he. At all events, I could no other. At the point where I stand to-day, Anatole France *means* nothing to me. It is no use my pretending that he does. His view of the world is distant and faint and alien to me. I have examined my conscience many times in this regard, since my friend upbraided me : and still the same answer comes. Anatole France is dead for me. I can remember and acknowledge only what lives for me. Many things have died for me. There was a time when Rossetti and Swinburne and Tennyson were great poets for me ; there was a time when Anatole France was a great man for me. Because these were great poets and great men to me once, I *must* owe them much. I know it. They must have opened roads for me into the then unknown. For all this I am truly grateful. But it happened long ago ; and since then I have gone so far on the roads they opened, that I cannot remember what the first miles were like, any more than I can remember the " me " who once loved these men. I know that he existed. That is all.—J. M. MURRY.

WAGON AND STAR !—At the age of eighty-one Tolstoy, being unable any longer to live with his wife, left her. After nearly half a century of marriage he felt he could not bear another moment of it ; and one pitch dark night he packed up his things and ran away . . . not to save himself as Leo Nikolaevitch, but to save " what, at times, at least to some small degree, there is in me."

In the October ADELPHI there is a translation of

Maxim Gorki's defence of Countess Tolstoy. She was, he suggests, the buffer between Tolstoy and Life. As Tolstoy hit up against Life, as Life bore down upon Tolstoy, she stood there to receive the impact and to deaden the concussion.

This, he thinks, was, in a large part, the cause of the unhappiness she radiated around her.

And yet, if the Countess Tolstoy was like other women—and, apparently, she was—she must have found in this position of buffer, not her unhappiness, but her happiness. It is the deepest ambition of women to play just this part in the destinies of their men. Even David Copperfield's Dora aspired to it : she took charge of his pens.

It was not because Sofya Andreyevna did too much that she suffered, but because she could not do more. She wanted not only to be very lavishly a mother, a grandmother, and an aristocrat, she wanted also to be the complete wife, the authentic mate. She wanted, as in earlier days, to copy out her husband's manuscripts and play the piano to him. And he, because his soul was less covered by flesh than ordinary souls, cried out when her nearness chafed him, and said, in his passion (as he describes), that he would rather live with a rude peasant woman—any rude peasant woman—than with his refined and dutiful wife. That, as far as she could see, was the reward she got for her virtue. . . .

Is it not the trouble with people married to geniuses that they are in the position of wagons hitched to stars—a sport of the gods? There they go, the star flashing along, and the poor, lumbering, earthly wagon creaking dismally after him, and they cannot tell who is to set the pace, or who to choose the way—the wagon or the star. And they jerk to this side and to that. And from below mortals watch the queer gymkhana ; and, on the grand stand, the gods lean back and laugh.—SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.—Mr. Henry King bids us "coördinate the most intimate and fateful experience of men," who "have touched the reality of themselves," so that in our spiritual inquiry we may "begin where the mightiest of our predecessors ended." Newman, says Mr. King, can find a moral order in the universe "only by an intellectual sleight." One is reminded of Mr. Murry's Roman Catholic friend: "He manages, by some sleight of brain, to conceive for a moment the existence of a God." Professor Sidgwick "doesn't think it can be proved."

Such experiences must be co-ordinated along with the rest, I suppose. It is all very unsettling. To the plain man, the prospect of searching for spiritual guidance in such a maze is alarming. Some of us would rather "begin all over again from zero."

It may be Mr. King's intention, however, to boil all these things down and serve them up in a form capable of being assimilated by the wayfaring man. But is not that very much what the Roman Catholic Church professes to do?

I, too, have been reading Newman's *Apologia*, and, fascinating as it is to read, have been impressed with the futility of all religious argument. What small proportion of my fellow men is capable of following it? Where does it all lead? Is there anything there to satisfy the child in years or comprehension?

But, after all, Mr. King's inquiry may lead us back to profound simplicities. The first chapter must deal with "the most intimate and fateful experiences" of One who is, above all others, the "mightiest of our predecessors," and probably the second and many subsequent chapters may not be found sufficient to cover all that must be said about these.—FRANK H. KNIGHT.

A PITMAN-VISITOR

By The Journeyman

I should have been less surprised had it been a Tibetan lama who had called upon me. It was a coal-miner; and he had come to see *me*. I was vaguely ashamed. When he told me it would do me good if I could be down the pit in South Wales and listen to a group of miners discussing what I have written here, I wondered whether indeed it would. To hear tell of it embarrassed me; by hearing it I should have been quite discomfited.

Probably my feeling is absurd, and I don't want to be sentimental about coal-miners; but the thought of them and, above all, the thought of their reading what I write, puts me out of countenance. It *is* a silly feeling. If I were a gentleman of independent means, a capitalist, a politician, there might be a reason for it; but I do more than an eight-hour day for my living, and I make very little out of it. Very little, speaking relatively, but uncomfortably more than my miner-visitor who gets 46s. a week. I am not well paid; but he is very badly paid. His presence in the office gave me a momentary but acute feeling that mine is a luxury trade.

I have nothing to be ashamed of: I am certain of it. But the uneasy feeling returns, primitive, unanalyzable. I try to define it, and it escapes me. At first it seems that he, by virtue of his occupation and his miserable wage, is more solid than I am. But I don't believe it: that is mere sentiment. I put it firmly out of my mind. Yet I am still embarrassed: I feel that I ought to do something. "If there's anything I can *do*," I murmur timidly and vaguely, "books or

anything. . . ." *Books!* Good God! I trail back into my embarrassed silence. "You know," I begin again, "I live so much apart, I see so few people, that I forget. . . ."

"But you don't shut yourself off. You let me drop in to see you like this."

He doesn't understand what I am trying to say. I can't explain, and it would be ridiculous, wrong, if I did. "Good-bye . . . good-bye . . . I'll not forget to send the book." Now, please don't say it, please! But he does.

"It's a day I shall always remember—being allowed to come and talk to you."

Being allowed!

Day after day that encounter goes on within me, irritating, gnawing, rankling. I think of a friend of mine, a man of genius, a miner's son. The encounter which has upheaved me would have been as trivial to him as giving a penny to a bus-conductor. I think of the only time I ever entered a mining village. Darkness, thick material darkness billowing invisibly out of those caverns in the elemental earth; darkness palpable, heavy, hostile, stranger to me than the jungle of the Amazons. I was scared out of my life. To that terrifying darkness people were native, as I to the soft evenings of my home. They lived and laughed in it; in those unimaginable rows of miners' dwellings, grey line after grey line on the scarred hillside, warm life teemed, a life warmer, richer, more enveloping and more oppressive than any I had known. That dense darkness was filled with physical vibrations; there was no space between me and the unknown man who walked on the other side of the way. His physical presence flowed out in the darkness, suffocating me. It was something I had never known, and could never have guessed.

All this I now remembered, and it gave no help.

Here was a thing foreign to me that I could not include in my scheme of reality. It was too big, too elemental, and I was afraid of it. I had put it out of my mind ; and I did not remember it while my miner-visitor was with me. But now that I did, he seemed to have felt in London and with me a feeling not unlike that which I had in the mining village. He was as grateful to me for being decently human as I should have been had anyone been decently human to me there. In fact, I was all but arrested for being concerned in a local murder, so obviously did I not belong.

So I might have explained my embarrassment as due to this meeting of aliens from strange worlds ; but the explanation would not have satisfied me. That was part of it, no doubt ; but the thing was simpler and more subtle besides. I felt that *I* was responsible for his getting only 46s. a week. That was obvious nonsense, but the feeling remained. I didn't want him to be there down in the pit—not that *he* made any bones about it—for half a London dustman's wage. And yet I had no solution. Neither had he. But it was *my* business to have a solution. I felt that I had none—none, at least, that I could offer him in his presence.

That was the trouble. It came over me violently a few days afterwards, when I read of the disaster at Scotswood : 38 men and boys drowned by a sudden inrush of water. And in the debate in the House of Commons it was stated that in the last five years 5,554 miners had been killed and 811,298 wounded. 46s. a week. It doesn't fit. Double it : 92s. a week. Still it scarcely fits. Yet Mr. Cook, the miners' secretary, who suggests 12s. a day for the miner's wage, is called a dangerous Bolshevist. 12s. a day for a miner will upset the economic apple-cart completely. No one abroad will buy our coal ; all our manufactures will cost more : in every market British goods will be undersold.

I don't know. I suppose I ought to know. But all the time I have to spare for learning things was taken up long ago. I can't begin all over again. What I am, I must remain—one with an instinctive suspicion of arguments against increases in wages that are uttered by people with more thousands per annum than I have tens. But an instinctive suspicion is not itself an argument, and I have noticed that even the Socialists are not sanguine about the ultimate effects if the miner's wage were increased by one-half instead of being doubled at it ought to be.

I don't know, and, so far as I can see, nobody does know. There is no economic solution. Yet still I feel that *I* ought to have one ; that it is part of my personal responsibility that a miner should get more than 46s. a week. Why, I would be willing myself to make it up to £3. Let the State knock another 14s. off my pay and stick it on to his. But the system will not permit of such casual adjustments. The system, the system! The older I get the more does dumb resentment against systems smoulder inside me. Yet I have little to offer in their stead. And I don't believe things were ever better in the past ; and I don't believe in human equality, in the material sense, anyhow ; and I am not a pessimist. How I manage to reconcile these beliefs with each other and with the sense of personal responsibility that rankles within me, I don't know. I will try to discover.

It seems to me that there are no real solutions of these problems in material terms. I do not believe in any political panacea by which millions will be made happy by a stroke of the pen. Happiness is a matter of individuals ; it is a condition which has to be conquered and cannot be bestowed. And the man who has conquered it will not be made less happy if his income drops to twenty shillings a week, or more happy if it soars to a hundred pounds. The essential is that

a man should take control of his own destiny : if he is not satisfied with the place assigned to him by the system, let him not rest till he has worked himself into another and found an occupation with which he is content. Content is not an affair of money ; it depends upon having found one's function in life and fulfilling it to the utmost of one's power.

An easy doctrine, it may be said : but what of the facts? Men cannot move about within this rigid system to find their function. Can they move when there are no houses? And yet I cannot help thinking that if they want to badly enough they will find a way. It all comes down to individuals ; and I have never met one who was really bound hand and foot by circumstances. If he desired to change and would not, the cause lay not in circumstances, but in his fear to change them. It is not in our stars, but in ourselves. Not that a man can be blamed for being afraid : life is a terrifying thing. But it lies with him to overcome the fear.

And no matter what the reformers and the humanitarians may say, this belief in the responsibility of the individual for himself is ineradicable in me. There is his prime duty ; and by accepting it he honestly bears his full share of responsibility for others. If he will accept his own portion of circumstance for himself, he will have done his part towards helping the world at large to bear its troubles : for any man can do what he has done.

It sounds like political indifferentism. I do not think it is. It is, at all events, the most promising political creed I have been able to find. It is one which does not demand that you should wait till a few millions of your similars agree with you for something to be done. It gives you no excuse for wasting precious hours in denouncing the stupidity of your fellows ; keeping an eye on your own takes all your time. You do not look for the millennium to-morrow. If it takes one man the

best part of his life to become an individual, how long will it take a nation of men? By this reckoning centuries begin to appear small indeed, and time itself to be illusory. So much the better. You are saved from impatience, and your own days are filled to the brim.

I am afraid my solution would not be admitted as a solution at all by most people; and I myself should have been embarrassed to offer it to my miner-visitor in person. Not because he was a miner, and not because he earns only 46s. a week. (After all, I have lived through a year on less than that.) But because one is embarrassed at offering a solution of that kind to any other person. Such things, lying deep within me, inextricably intertwined with one's most intimate and secret faiths, are best reserved for home consumption.

THE LAST WORD.—We must learn to understand that science has never at any time said the last word with any description whatever of objects. There is always a *beyond*, an *above*, a *within*, a *nevertheless*, of every description. We ought to have seen that the unity of the self, for instance, is not destroyed by its divisibility into empirical factors, nor its freedom by the insight into mechanism of psychic life, that the value of religion is not destroyed by the affidavits of pscychiatrc investigators that the founders of religions have been epileptics or men of unsound mind. We ought really to have begun to blush from the superficiality of our culture, which betrays itself in the fact that people are always ready with an *either-or*, when mature reflection must authenticate a *both-and*. (Vitalis Norström: Translated by C. T. Harley Walker.)

BOOKS TO READ

THE PORTRAIT OF ZELIDE. By Geoffrey Scott. (Constable.) 12s.

This is a brilliant study. As an ironic chronicler Mr. Scott has perhaps but one superior in England. He has rare material in this very Latin Dutch-woman who became Mme. de Charrière, the tutor's wife, after an astounding husband-hunt, in the course of which she nearly became a Marquise and even more nearly Mistress of Auchinleck—but Boswell was frightened. It is a complex personality to which Mr. Scott has "given vital breath again." Zélide "wanted the prize for goodness as well as the forbidden fruits." After her portentous youth she became the mistress of the boy Constant, and in her old age, "a feared, benignant idol," we see her as something very like a figure of tragedy. Thus it is that the biographer's irony almost betrays him: in his opening chapters he is near to frivolity; in his later, nearer to rhetoric. He is incidentally unhappy in his attitude to the great transition though one's private sympathies may be with him and his *ancien régime*, there is no excusing his bias against Mme. de Staël. In truth, Zélide was much more like the young rival to whom she lost Constant than her champion realizes.

THE GOLDEN KEYS. By Vernon Lee. (The Bodley Head.) 6s. net.

If it be permissible to speak of a *doyen* of lady writers, Vernon Lee is, we think, that *doyen*. She is one of our most distinctive essayists; and the great body of work she has produced is sustained by wide culture, sensitive and always dignified expression, and stimulating thought. In "the sanctuary of the Genius of Places" she finds the peace and goodwill which seem to be chased from the earth by the War and its spiritual ravages. It is to no tower of ivory but to the "human heart, upright and pure," that she seeks Golden Keys; as will be evident to a sympathetic reader of these pensive studies of Continental and English places revisited. The one realistic sketch, "Ethics of the Dustmen" (staged in a Paris hospital) is perhaps the finest: but there is nothing to choose between, and nothing that detracts from, the more conventional beauty of the rest.

EMPTY CHAIRS. By Sir Squire Bancroft. (John Murray.) 10s. 6d. net.

The veteran actor is also a practised writer; and though he follows the familiar lines of theatrical recollections, the great men he has known are greater, his anecdotes more skilfully told, his tributes more graceful, than is usual with his *confrères* when they take reminiscent pen in hand. The most touching and impressive chapter is the last, *One other Empty Chair* "My apology for the book," as its author says Marie Wilton, whom Dickens called "the cleverest girl I have seen on the stage in my time, and the most original," was the wife, fellow-worker and collaborator of Sir Squire for over half-a-century; her early retirement was a heavy loss to the London stage; her recent death a heavier loss to the small circle who "knew and loved" this most gracious woman.

GONE ABROAD. By Douglas Goldring. (Chapman & Hall.) 12s. 6d.

Some aspects of Italian life seem to have been *made* for Mr. Goldring! In this new book his charm, his humour, his observation, his whimsical discursiveness can be found at their best his personality grows more mellowed and unobtrusive. Mallorca, the Balearic Islands, Liguria, Middlesbrough-on-Tees, and finally London all awaken in him more than mere traveller's discursiveness: his pathetic sketch of two literate bar-crawlers at Cannes and his playfully earnest admonishings ot Colonel Buchan and "Sapper" recall the reader to a quiet strength always to be reckoned with. It is perhaps a pity that his impulse to social and political propaganda is so insistent.

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS. Translations and Imitations. By A. L. Francis and H. F. Tatum. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

A readable version of the chaster epigrams of Martial by two veteran masters at Blundell's School, whose names are well known to classical students. One more of several recent indications of a revival of interest in the literature of the Silver Age.

BOOKS TO READ—*continued.*

CHARLES DICKENS AND OTHER VICTORIANS. By Q. (Cambridge University Press.) 10s. 6d. net.

It has been said many times: we say it again. Q's outstanding quality as a critic is his extraordinary readableness. At times we almost resent it, for there is a studied artifice in the construction of these seemingly slap-dash lectures. Q is a *very* cunning writer. All the lectures are good. With that proviso we may honourably declare that "Dickens" does not fill the bill. Charity is in him of course, but it is not the central quality—that is his prodigious pure "creativeness"—yes, greater than Shakespeare's, greater than anybody's, bar perhaps Tolstoy's. "Mrs. Gaskell" is a perfect piece of appreciation. "Thackeray," "Disraeli," and "Trollope," are briefer yet somehow more satisfactory than "Dickens"; but not on the level of "Mrs. Gaskell."

TOLSTOY ON ART. By Aylmer Maude (Oxford University Press.) 18s. net.

Unexpectedly expensive and full of misprints for an Oxford book. It is a pity, for the book is a valuable one, to which we hope to return. At first we were inclined to resent the mixture of Mr. Maude's exposition and Tolstoy's own writing; but, on second thoughts, we decided that Mr. Maude's exposition was good enough to deserve its unusual place of honour. Mr. Shaw once wisely said that *What is Art?* was the great booby-trap. We have observed with interest that some of the aesthetes have once more fallen headlong in. One would have thought they might have learned by now that Tolstoy was not a fool.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By J. Arthur Thomson. (Methuen.) 7s. 6d net.

We pity the poor young Theological gentlemen who had to cope with this course of lectures. It consists almost entirely of closely packed notes on biology, physics, and ontology; bewildering to the unscientific. Professor Thomson begins his search for religion, "the greatest common measure," by remarking that · "If we refuse the Positivist dogma, then it becomes clear that there can be neither alternative nor antithesis beween a scientific and a religious view of the world and man's place in it. . . . We absolutely refuse to admit the legitimacy of any alternative between the empirical and the transcendental." We read on and on, doing our best not to "refuse" the author's dogma; but we cannot strike out much wisdom from this wise man on the religious side of his theme—and we are genuinely disappointed.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS MYSTICISM. By Prof. J. H. Leuba. (Kegan Paul.) 15s. net.

A really adequate treatise on the psychology of religious experience still remains to be written. The present book certainly does not supply the deficiency But it is an instructive example of the shortcomings of certain lines of approach. Professor Leuba's work suffers throughout from a lack of sympathy with his subject and from a failure to appreciate clearly the nature and limits of psychological explanation. He is so anxious to contend that the mystical claims are mere illusions that he never pauses to consider whether the question of their validity belongs to *psychology* at all. The fact that he includes in his book a highly dubious "philosophical" chapter is itself symptomatic in this regard. In short, the work as a whole leaves the impression that Professor Leuba has not fully understood either psychology or mysticism.

ST. JEAN DE LA CROIX ET LE PROBLEME DE L'EXPERIENCE MYSTIQUE. Pa. Jean Baruzi. (Paris: Felix Alcan.) 40 francs net.

This remarkable volume, which is the result of ten years' original research and intensive study of the life and literary remains of the great Spanish mystic and poet of the sixteenth century, is one of the most valuable contributions to the study of mysticism made in recent times. M. Baruzi holds, and may fairly be said to have proved, that St. John of the Cross belongs to the highest mystical type—the conscious and intellectual, who deliberately seeks to rid himself of all consciousness of object and otherness as a means to an ultimate self-knowledge. In other words he is a masculine and not a feminine mystic, and an unrelenting critique of knowledge is at least implicit in all his work. It has been obscured, according to M. Baruzi, by his ignorance of the intellectual tradition, and the consequent difficulty of his vocabulary. Certain of M. Baruzi's pages contain a masterly descriptive analysis of the metaphysics of mysticism.

CHESTERFIELD AND HIS CRITICS. By Roger Coxon. (Routledge.) 12s. 6d.

A book containing twenty-seven fresh letters by Chesterfield should need no recommendation. We are also given some new historical matter and a selection of his essays from "Common Sense" and "The World." The main purpose of the book is to set right the popular misconceptions of Chesterfield: the work was needed; and is carefully and competently done. Mr. Coxon's close parallel between Chesterfield and Johnson may seem a little surprising, but it contains a germ of truth. We fear the gracious nobleman will not be even now a favourite: he is too plainly the exemplar of certain moral and literary qualities in which our age is wanting.

A GOLDEN TREASURY OF IRISH VERSE. Edited by Lennox Robinson. (Macmillan.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a pleasant book to have and to handle. The range of authors is catholic: there are seventy, besides the translators of Gaelic. But Mr. Robinson's selections are not likely to please all tastes: he has a marked leaning towards the "dreamy" element, itself preponderant in poets of the "twilight." The weakness of Irish literature in the past has been its shyness of reality. A Yorkshire journal would probably have a good deal to say about the inclusion of Emily Brontë in this team!

AUTHORS OF ROME. By the Rev J. Arbuthnot Nairn. Preface by J. W. Mackail. AUTHORS OF GREECE. By the Rev. T. W. Lumb. Preface by the Rev. Cyril Alington. (Jarrolds.) 4s. 6d. net each.

The aim of these companion volumes, by the Headmaster of Merchant Taylors School and one of his colleagues respectively, is to guide the general public, rather than the student, into classic paths. The method is to give an account of the life and works of the greater authors; not an *abrégé* nor a literary history. We fear both these writers show traces of their profession: we get but a poor half-pennyworth of insight to an intolerable deal of description. Among fifteen authors Dr. Nairn might have found a place for Propertius; and Mr. Lumb relegates Aristotle to four pages under the heading of "Demosthenes." Dr. Nairn would have done well to expend more polish on his very crude translations of Latin extracts. Mr. Lumb is an enthusiast; and his bludgeonings of the modern mind are diverting.

THE STORY OF ELIZABETHAN DRAMA. By G. B. Harrison. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) 5s. net.

This is apparently the third of a series of popular handbooks on literature. Mr. Harrison dashes through his subject in a very light, elementary, and readable manner; and has a distinct flair for quotation. We like the illustrations, which include an instructive model of the Globe Theatre and three contemporary title-pages.

THREE MASTER-BUILDERS AND ANOTHER. By Pelham H. Box. Introduction by Ernest Barker. (Jarrolds.) 18s. net.

Mr. Box's three Solnesses and another are Lenin, Mussolini, Venizelos, and Woodrow Wilson—he does not say which is the another. Putting aside any private opinion that they include two or three "anothers"; one may welcome these careful biographical studies, which are based upon a considerable knowledge of modern politics and economics. The author is fairly detached; he does not reveal his own point of view, but elucidates events and facts independently of any historical theory. That is a consistent attitude: but his work as yet lacks the unifying vision of the mature historian.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEHOV. Translated and edited by S. S. Koteliansky and Philip Tomlinson. (Cassell.) 16s. net.

In the Russian edition Tchehov's letters, numbering over 1,800, are published in six volumes. About 300 representative letters have been selected for this translation, and the editors have included a critical monograph by E. Zamyatin, and reminiscences by Tchehov's younger brother Michael and by Mme. Knipper-Tchehov.

THE BRUTE. By W. Douglas Newton. (Appleton.) 7s. 6d. net.

A story of the crude, vigorous order, dealing with South American adventures amid bold, bad Dagos, first aboard ship and then in the jungles. The theme is "Beauty and the Beast"; the strong, silent man being remarkable even of his kind. Mr. Newton is no hand at the psychological side of his business.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

BRAVE EARTH. By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Sheppard is a considerable writer, though his historical sense is a little uncertain, and his narrative style not always clear. Those who are not afraid of the length and remoteness of his romance of the Reformation period will enjoy contact with a powerful and essentially spiritual vision of the human soul working out its liberation in the grimmest of environments. Humphry Arundell, the hero, in revolt against convention and ultimately, in arms, against the Crown itself, is a memorable figure.

THE AGE OF MIRACLES. By Conal O'Riordan. (Collins.) 7s. 6d. net.

The author of "Adam of Dublin" slightly disappoints us. He is an able writer, and can command a bright and pleasant irony; but here he both misplaces and overworks it. The story seems to be at odds with its stated and serious motive: but there is real, if superficial, entertainment in his high-born characters—especially when they write letters!

SIXTY-FOUR, NINETY-FOUR! By R. H. Mottram. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is largely a reworking of the material of "The Spanish Farm," with which Mr. Mottram won the Hawthornden prize last year, the story being told this time by a young officer. Artistically it is not equal to its predecessor; though regarded as an "actualistic" record of the War, it is often convincing. The hero has not quite the depth of spiritual feeling which seems to be assumed, and which would give his experience a more universal significance.

INNER CIRCLE. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. (Constable.) 6s. net.

The modern short story in England is developing along decidedly introversive lines; but Miss Mayne is one of the few with whom the tendency is fruitful. Her method is reinforced by sensitiveness, restraint, and a subtle simplicity of style that misses nothing. We are particularly impressed by "The Latchkey," "Stripes," and "White Hair," all of which deal with the poignant agonies that can be awakened by little things. This book is certainly consistent with the claim that has been made for its author, to rank as our best woman writer in this important *genre* since Katherine Mansfield.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1924 (English). Edited by E. J. O'Brien and John Cournos. (Cape.) 7s. 6d.

The Editors have studied the short story very elaborately, as is shown not only by thoughtful if slightly incoherent prefaces, but by a laborious sifting and indexing of periodical contributions touching the theme. The collection is pretty good · we are impressed by Dorothy Richardson, Viola Meynell, L. P. Hartley, Martin Armstrong, and A. E. Coppard. The other twenty-one contributors are worthy, if not all at their best. There seem to be distinguished absentees: but this may be due largely to formal limits of date.

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THE ADELPHI, printed by LOXLEY BROTHERS LIMITED, Whitefriars House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. 4; and published for the Proprietors, by BRITISH ... Street, London, E.C. 4.